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HORACE, BOOK I., ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

[Solvitur acris hiems.]

(*Archdeacon Wrangham's Translation, 1821.*)

By spring and zephyr's gladsome sway
Unloosed, stern winter hastes away.
Again the vessel tempts the sea;
The herds again bound o'er the lea;
His ingle-nook the hind forsakes;
And frosts no longer bleach the brakes.
Beneath the moon, o'er grassy meads
The sprightly dance soft Venus leads;
And link'd, the nymphs' and graces' train
With foot alternate beat the plain;
While Mulciber, with kindling fires,
The Cyclops' toilsome forge inspires.
Now round the brow be myrtle twined
In verdant braid; now chaplets bind
Of flowers, from earth's freed bosom thrown:
The sacrifice now lead to Faun,
Lambkin or kid, whiche'er he claim,
In grove deep-hallow'd with his name.
Pale Death knocks with impartial foot
At prince's hall and peasant's hut:
Warn'd, Sestius, by life's brief amount,
Forbear on distant bliss to count:
Soon, soon to realms of night away
Hurried, where fabled spectres play,
Thou shalt 'neath Pluto's shadowy dome,
Thyself a shadow, thither come;
No more shall dice allot to thee
The banquet's jovial sovereignty;
Nor Chloe more shalt thou admire,
The virgins' pride, the youths' desire.

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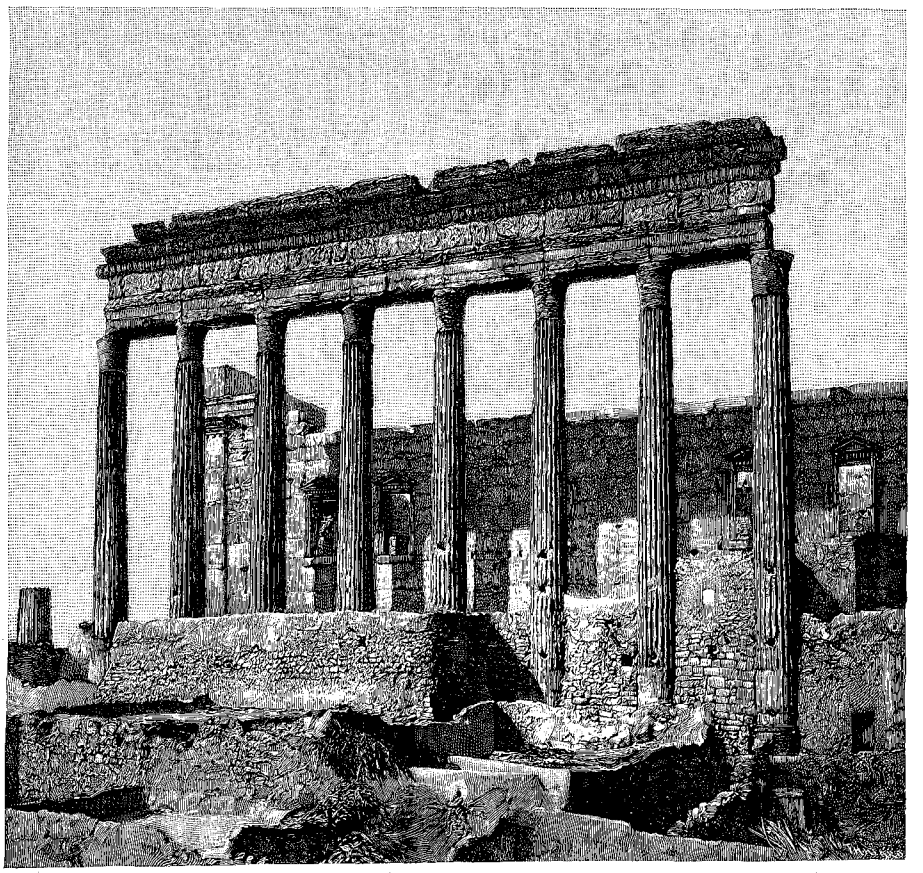

Colonnade of the Temple of the Sun, Palmyra.

TADMOR IN THE WILDERNESS.

By Frederick Jones Bliss.

I.

EASTER in Palmyra: it certainly had a fascinating sound. In the first place, though spending the winter in Syria, not one of us was quite sure just where Palmyra might be. "Tadmor in the wilderness" was a description at once vague and splendid. It fired our imagination. It did not suggest Cook's Circular Tours, and it did suggest Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, general vastness and desolation, and a probable descent of Arabs on "coal-black chargers," demanding our money, our watches, perhaps our ears. They might even strip us and leave us to find a way out of the wilderness as best we could. We decided to go.

So Palm-Sunday found us in Damascus, at the house of a veteran missionary, whose story of the cheap and simple way in which he had made the journey to Palmyra had first put the idea into our heads. On Monday we presented the appearance of veterinary surgeons, for the horses which we inspected looked as if they must have been brought to us for treatment rather than as mounts for a one-hundred-and-fifty-mile ride and return. They were lean, they were angular, they were not shaped exactly according to one's idea of a horse, but they

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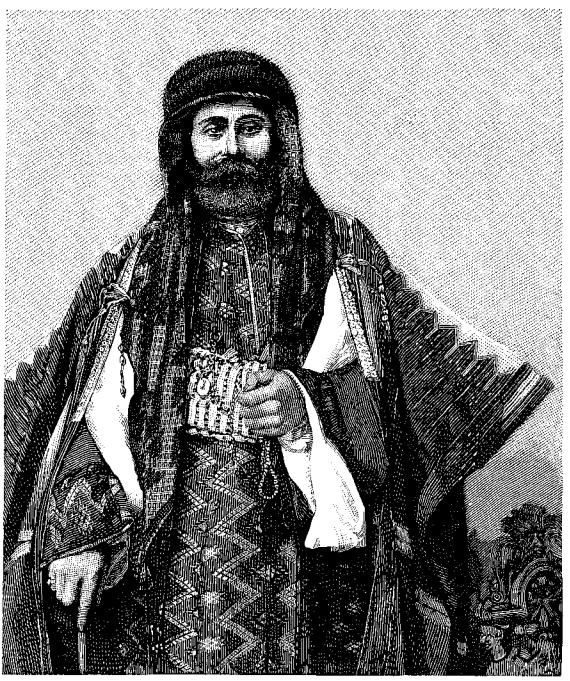
could walk off at a grand swinging gait which augured well for the trip. We chose three horses for ourselves, one for our man-of-all-work Yusif, and a hack animal for our moderate baggage. We felt that in taking three cots and two small boxes filled with canned goods, tea, coffee, and sugar, with a spirit-lamp, and a very few utensils, we were doing our proper share, and that the country was bound to furnish us with everything else. We had chosen Yusif for his versatility. He could cook an omelette, and, if necessary, shoot a Bedouin ; he could talk theology, and flatter a village sheik out of his house if we needed it for the night ; he understood grooming a horse, and was familiar with the history of Zenobia. And, best of all, he spoke no English, and as we spoke Arabic we were always masters of him and of the situation.

On Wednesday, at one o'clock, our small cavalcade filed through the narrow Damascus streets toward Bab Tûma, or the Gate of Thomas. The owner of the horses, who had agreed to go along as groom, had started an hour before, riding the baggage-horse. He was a wicked-looking old Metuali, with high shoulders, and with a white beard flaming out from his face in the style of the traditional Turk in the story-books. We called him the Count. He looked as if he might have had a share in the Christian massacres of 1860, and we hoped that when in an amiable mood he might be persuaded to divulge a few atrocities. But we were doomed to disappointment. Our horses' hoofs clattered on the large stones of the rough pavement. The small doors in the high walls of the passage-like streets give no promise of the splendid courts of the houses to which they lead. Damascus interiors are spacious, often containing thirty rooms or more, on the four sides of an open court, paved with marble, and bright with fountains, orange-trees, and roses.

Once out of the city we began to wind among the fruit-gardens, still pink and white with blossoms, while the tender green of the spring foliage was already appearing. For miles about Damascus we can wander in a forest of apricots, plums, and apples, mingling with pomegranates, walnuts, and olive-trees. The plain owes its fertility to irrigation. A mile or two away the River Barada rushes out of a mountain gorge and is at once divided into channels and aqueducts and carried this way and that, through the city, into the gardens, away to the wheat-fields, and on to distant parts of the plain. It is a most fascinating stream. You have but to see it as it hurries down the deep gorge, full of life and exuberance, and you recognize it wherever it appears. It fairly



Sheik Mohammed Abdallah of Tadmor.

pervades the city. It breaks out into fountains in the houses and mosques. You hear it laughing and singing behind the walls as you pass along the narrow streets. You see an opening in the wall, and there it is bubbling up from a central hole in a polished brown slab, and dividing itself off to

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right and left to run down two other holes and gladden houses in different directions. And it is not simply water: it is always the Barada, with its power and sparkle. In one place this irrepressible stream seemed to need lock and key to keep it in its place, for it was gurgling behind a clay projection in the wall, with a cover stoutly padlocked.

After leaving the gardens we ascended to the northeast, and by five o'clock we had reached the top of a ridge over which our road crossed. We turned for a last view of the plain. Directly below us the rocks formed a deep precipice, and then the land rose and fell in a rolling, treeless country to far lower ridges a couple of miles away. Beyond this stretched the great plain to the pale-blue hills of the Druse Mountains in the distant Hauran. It was like a sketch in water-colors. Everything was so light and bright and clear. The soil of the rolling land below us showed tints of pink, yellow, and maize, varied with the darker square patches of the brown ploughed fields and of the green of the springing wheat. The plain was a carpet of many shades of green, from the light tender foliage of poplar and mulberry to the rich dark coloring of the olive-groves. Over all arched the soft, intense blue of the Syrian sky. Like a rocky island in the sea of verdure lay the city of Damascus, stretching out a long cape here and a rounded promontory there. It was an extensive bird's-eye view, and our gradually descending foreground saved us from the map-like effect which usually spoils such a picture.

Crossing the ridge we soon caught sight of Maarra, a low mud village on a higher plain, where we hoped to put up for the night. A solitary horseman stopped at the village fountain just ahead of us. It was the Count, who received us with a salutation full of Metuali blarney.

Supper-time found us seated on the floor around a well-spread tray, set on one of our small boxes. We had taken possession of the one living-room of a mud house belonging to a man whose name we had picked up in Damascus. It was primitive, but it was clean. A post or two supported the thatched ceiling. The windowless room had no furniture on the mud floor except a couple of rugs and cushions. Beds were piled high on a shelf in the mud wall, in which also little holes were scooped out to contain jars and other utensils. A mud receptacle for wheat was built into one corner. A mud chimney, narrowing at the top and generously large at the bottom, was built down into another corner of the room. A fire of twigs threw a rich red light out into the dusk of the clay room. Before the crackling fire crouched Yusif, coaxing the kettle for our tea. Warming herself in the same corner sat a blind girl, in dark blue gown and veil, the spoiled daughter of the house, with her deaf brother Nikola, who resembled a rabbit both in face and movements. Im-Nikola—a Syrian woman prefers the name of Im, or Mother, of her oldest son to any other title—bustled about the place, dismally coughing, as her share in the afflictions of the family. This cough was an affliction to us later on, for, as Im-Nikola apparently did not mind sharing her one-roomed house with the travelling public, she spread out her bed next to Nikola's on the mud floor and kept up a painful coughing the whole night through.

II.

All Thursday morning we were riding under the shadow of a mountain-range — gravelly hills rounded to a steep, bare incline, terminating in a rocky palisade which reared itself to an apparent height of seventy feet, now in smooth pillars and pilasters, now in fantastic shapes like teeth with monstrous fangs; for miles ahead and behind, the red and yellow rock-work of this fortification reared itself against the deep blue sky above. We came across this same formation in various ridges all the way to Palmyra.

The Count's blarney was explained: he had wished to prepare us for his abdication, which occurred in the morning. So the pack-horse got a lighter load in the person of a village lad of fourteen, with a square, flat-nosed, good-natured

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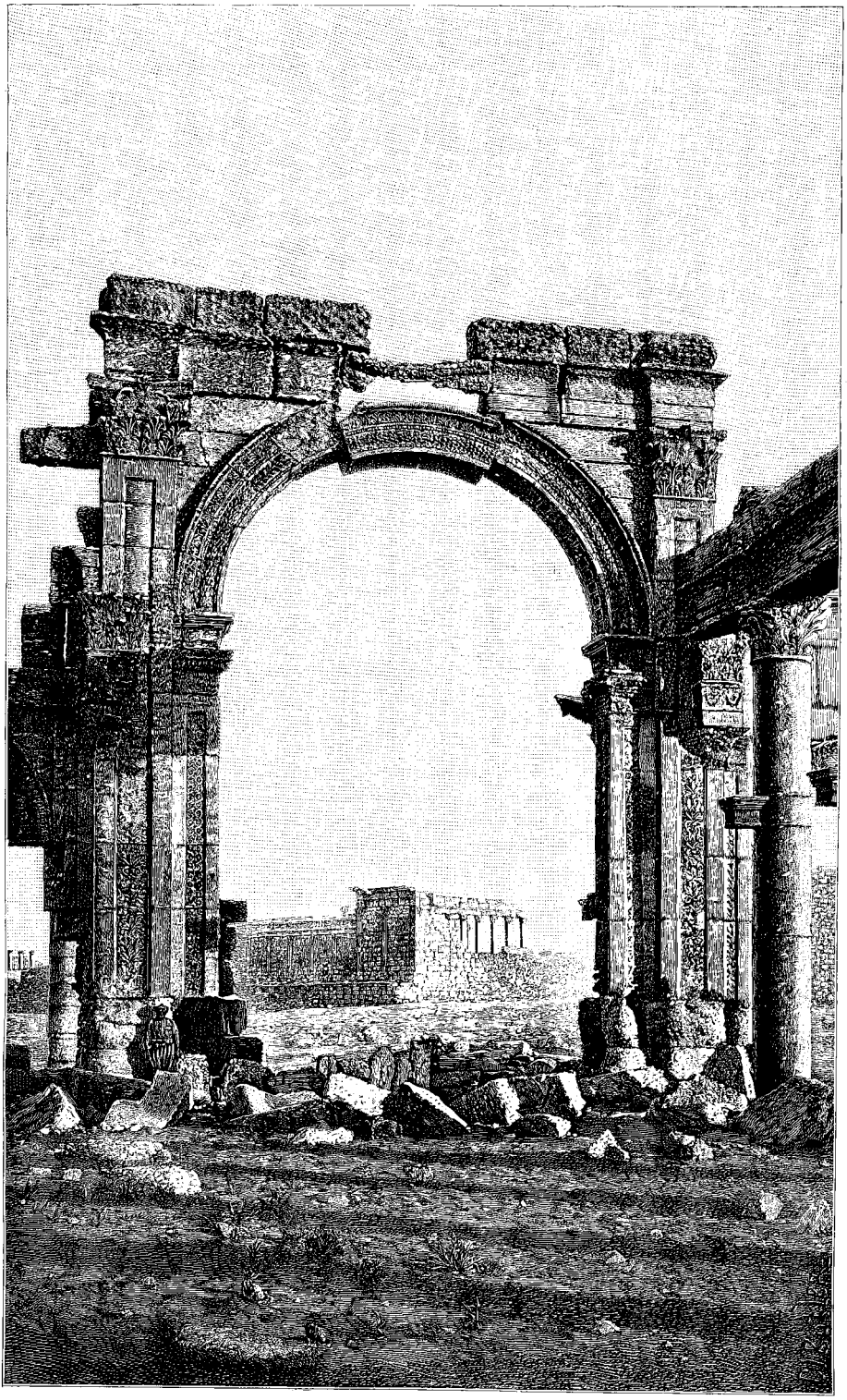

Arch of Triumph at Palmyra.

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face, which was rather black to start with, but which became a very nice brick-color after we began lending him the soap. He received our announcement that he was to be called Joe with the phlegmatic good-humor which was his one characteristic. I believe he had no idea where we were going, but he sat astride of the broad load the very model of a lazy content.

Water after a Desert March.

At about noon there were signs of a break in the massive palisade. It rounded inward and then outward again, and in the back of the hollow thus formed there were two gashes or ravines leading up to the high land above. Rocks, still smooth in surface, lay in confused heaps at the foot of the palisade, which here must have been two or three hundred feet high. Rising from this amphitheatre quite up into the rocks and crags, its houses growing out of each other, as it were, clinging tier above tier to the steep sides of the hollow, and accommodating themselves to the projections of the rock, hung the village of Malula. The soil was dazzling white; the houses, only a little less blinding to the eyes. Hanging from almost every window and over every wall were dozens of lehafs or bed-quilts, evidently put out to dry—dabs of white and color that gave the place a holiday appearance. From the bottom of the village a series of grassy terraces descended into the plain. As we looked down, the effect of contrast between the white sides of the terraces and the vivid greenness of their surface was almost garish.

Malula is one of the three or four villages in Syria where the ancient Syriac is still spoken as the local dialect. The people have their Arabic, of course, for communication with other villages. A merry girl, with blotches of whitewash on her handsome face, was filling her jar at the stream which trickled through the village, and she seemed immensely amused at our questions about the place. She told us that everybody was preparing for Easter. After translating several Arabic words into Syriac, she laughed and said: "Why don't you stop a while and learn our language?" We told her that we must "hurry on." Hurrying, however, became impossible as we began to ascend the narrow, craggy streets, or paths, zigzagging up this honey-comb of a town, with the houses climbing the precipitous road on either side, and sometimes forming a bridge over our heads. We dismounted. Joe's horse, which was ahead, stumbled, fell, and began to roll, boxes and all. As we were directly in the path of the equine avalanche, it looked for an instant as if we might never leave Malula, except possibly on a litter. A ledge, however, providentially cropped up and stopped the rolling horse just above us.

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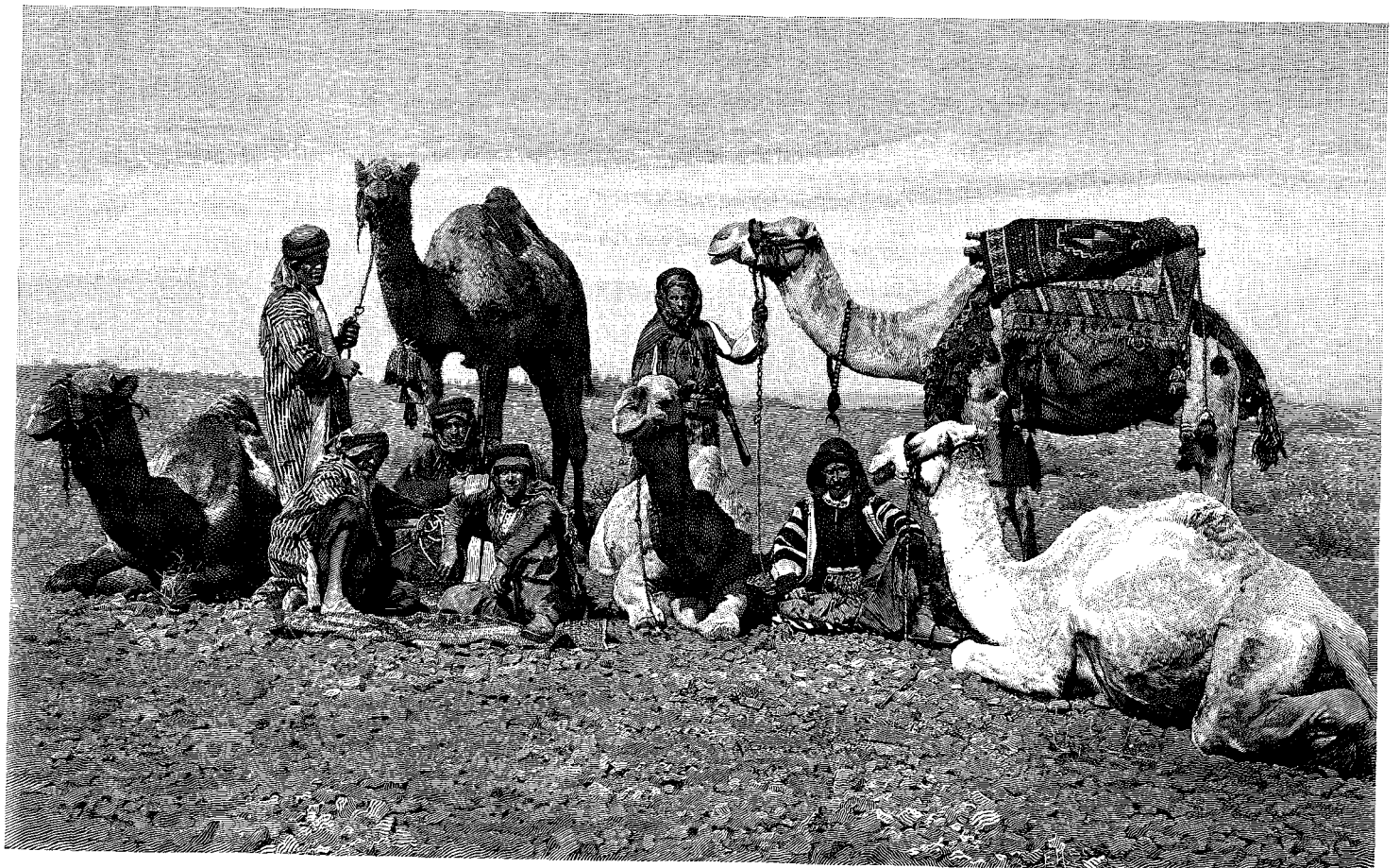

A Group of Travellers in the Syrian Desert.

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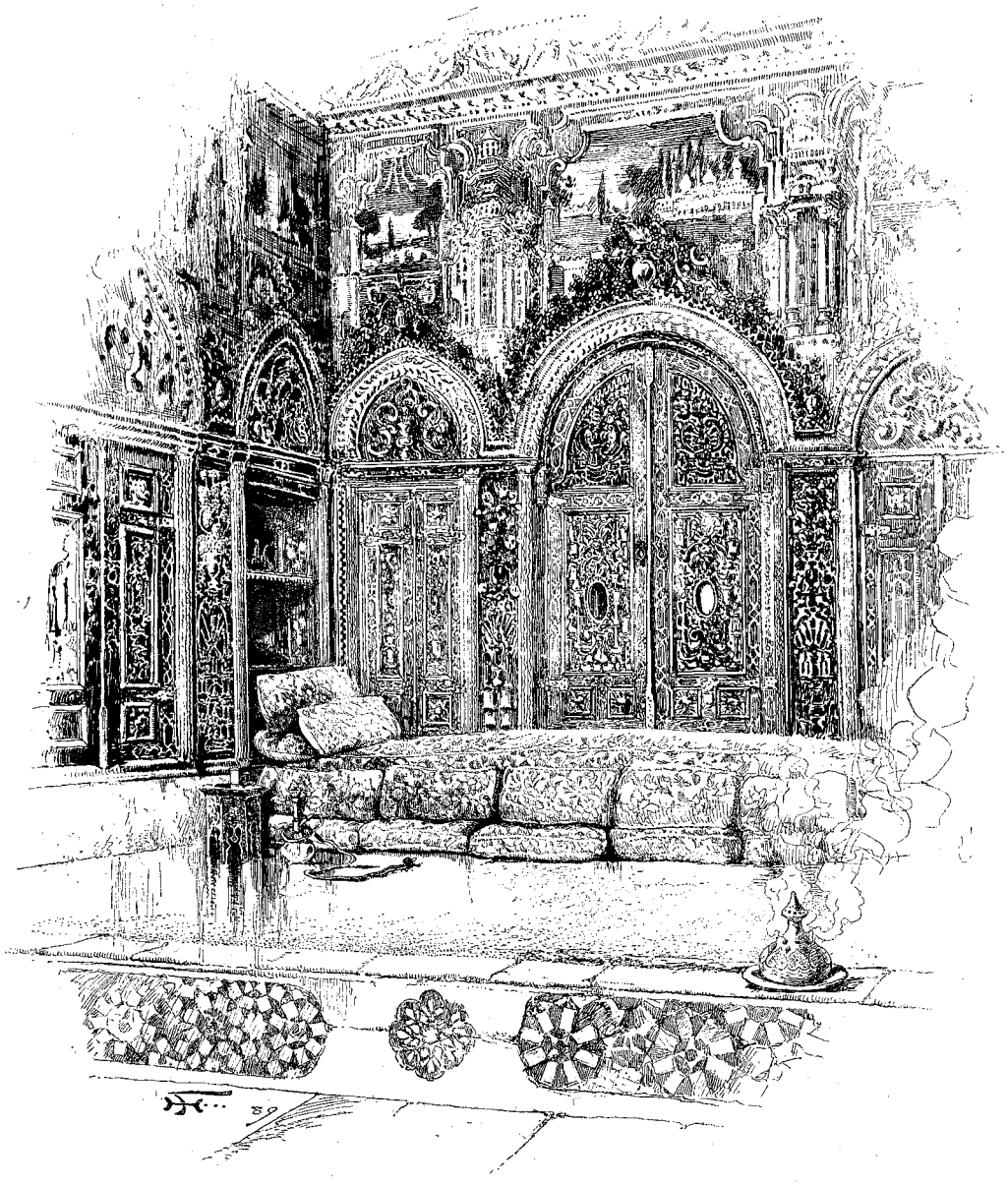
Yusif was sent on to explore the gorge, which disappeared through huge walls of bare, smooth rock, richly colored. high leather boots, and flying head-gear suggested a sort of orientalized "Freischütz." Bronzed face, flashing eyes,



An Arab Interior, Damascus.

On the left of the entrance towered one side of the amphitheatre, pierced here and there with square holes leading to rock tombs. Suddenly Yusif made a dramatic reappearance from between the yawning rocks. His baggy trousers, and fierce black mustache so completed the idea that I waited involuntarily for him to strike an attitude and begin a bass solo, but he only advanced and said, respectfully:

"I think we can get the horses up."

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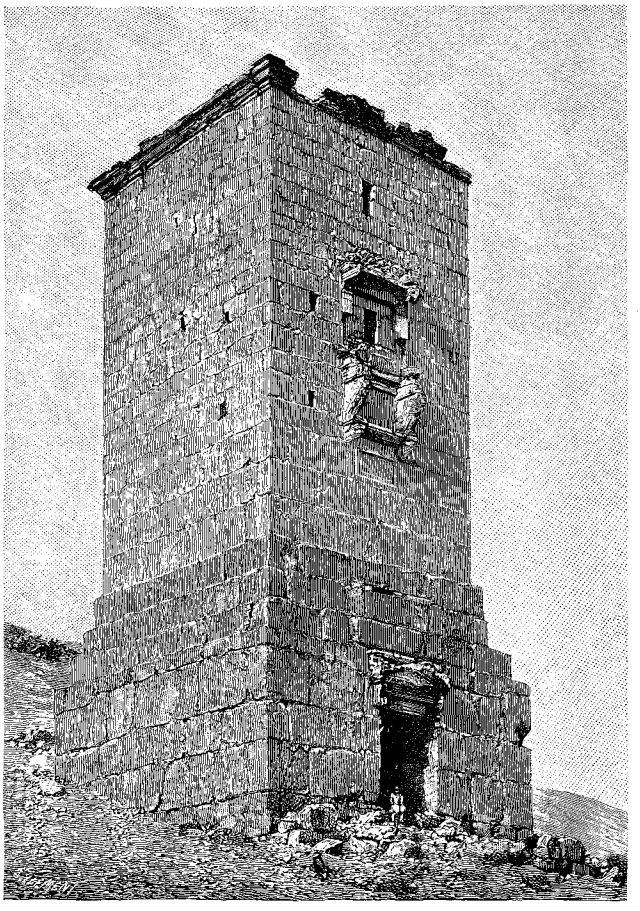
The attempt was very like leading our horses upstairs; but somehow or other we found ourselves at last on high level ground, quite ready for a pleasant meal in a cool convent perched on the edge of the cliff.

A hearty welcome awaited us at Nebk, where we arrived at sunset. A young Syrian doctor sent us in a fine dinner, and came himself in the evening with his aoud, a sort of viol, strung with gut and metal and played with a quill. It sounds like the combination of guitar and banjo. He played us some dashing Turkish and Arabic airs, which hummed in our ears for days. The next day's ride to Kuryatan was long and uninteresting, and Saturday morning at nine o'clock found us mounted again, and ready for twenty-four hours in the Syrian Desert.



A Four-story Mausoleum Filled with Sarcophaguses.

III.

The name is misleading, if one associates the word desert with sand and barrenness all the year round. The vast place is certainly deserted, but we found many signs of verdure and no sand. As we left the gardens of Kuryatan—a town securely walled against a descent of the Bedouins — we noticed, a few miles away toward the south, a low steep mountain-range which seemed inclined to our course at an angle of less than thirty degrees. Farther away on the north, and of less regular formation, another range converged toward a distant eastern point, where it seemed to meet the southern range. Beyond the distant meeting of the hills lay Palmyra. For this point we steered. The word is suggestive. The great plain between the hills was not unlike the sea. It had the sea's monotony, which is not monotonous. No track, no road, except here and there the semblance of a beaten way, like the path in the wake of a steamer. We rode on and on, hour after hour, and never tired of the beautiful sameness. The elements of the view were simple, but it *was* beautiful. The nearer hills to the right had shoulders and hollows at almost regular intervals, and a sky-line of an almost regular curve. That day their coloring was a warm blue, with deep shadows in the hollows morning and evening. The more distant Jebel el Abiad, to the left, had foot-hills, with an apparent vegetation. Far away over our left shoulder we could see the Cedar

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Mountain of the Lebanon, streaked with snow. It seemed one last link with the busy world. The plain over which our horses gayly stepped was of firm brown soil. Under our feet the short grass always seemed sparse, and the low sage-shrubs rather dingy; but as we looked over the plain, stretching away in every direction, it had a distinctly green tint, blending with the brown and contrasting with the blue-gray of the sage-shrubs which were scattered over it regularly like dots on a muslin. We saw occasionally a red poppy and a purple iris; but owing, perhaps, to a lack of rain we failed to find the carpet of flowers over which our missionary friend had once ridden here.

Not a tree was to be seen, nor a rock. Sometimes the land lay absolutely level and smooth, with hardly a stone larger than a bean. Again it would be more rolling, and furrowed by the bed of a winter water-course. The soft blue sky was cloudless; the air, cool, bracing, and perfectly pure. What was there to exhaust it? We and our horses seemed to be the only living creatures larger than a gazelle in the great solitude. The phlegmatic Joe was roused to a show of enthusiasm by the sight of a herd of these graceful creatures skimming the plain. High in the air the larks soared and sang. The ground, perforated with holes, gave signs of an abundant population of springing mice. A rapidly disappearing tail, however, was about the only other sign we had of their existence. The holes were also utilized by lizards. I remember one specimen who planted his forefeet on the edge of a hole and held up his square head with a stupid curiosity in his beady eyes, and who executed an admirable descent on my approach, diving in and then under so that one's last view was of the underparts of his body and tail. The only object during the day to distinguish one part of the plain from another was a stork-haunted old tower about seven hours from Kuryatan. We loitered here for a quarter of an hour to wait for the baggage contingent. This had been enlarged by two furry, white-nosed little donkeys, with pretty faces and kittenish ways. One of them carried a couple of water-skins and some barley, while on the other rode the most remarkable object we saw on our journey, including Palmyra itself.

He was over seventy, and we called him the Sect. This was because he was introduced to us as the only Protestant in Kuryatan besides the teacher. We liked the importance of having as escort the whole Protestant Sect of the town. He was short, he was the color of a rich mahogany, his nose was a perfect triangle, he had a long slit of a mouth which parted when he smiled (a yard of smile), revealing a beautiful set of white teeth. A mixed beard of white and black grew straight down from cheeks and chin. His expression was like that of a great bird, an idea carried out by the chirps and squawks which he doubtless intended for articulated speech. He wore a coat, short in the sleeves and waist, made of sheepskin lined with blue cloth, or of blue cloth lined with sheepskin, we never could tell which, as he wore it first one way and then the other. A blue veil with black ropes on the head, a long white shirt open to the waist, and a pair of full white trousers completed his costume. Up to this time he was nothing to us but a queer-looking old guide. We found later that it took moonlight to bring him out.

At sunset we encamped. And what a sunset! There was still the same simplicity of the desert, for all the glory in sky and mountain was not aided by a single cloud. The west was brilliant with pure gold, while the hills to the southeast glowed with a burnished blending of red and blue like the bloom on a plum. Every crag and valley stood out distinct, while the outline of the range was sharply pencilled against the deep purple of the sky, which changed imperceptibly to a blushing crimson and then paled upward to a clear star-pierced blue. Above our heads there was no longer a rounded dome; it seemed to dissolve into an infinite number of colored particles, each radiating a light of purplish-blue. Long, thin lines of shadow were cast by the tiny sage-bushes as the western light slanted over the plain. The great wide plain, so silent all day, seemed hushed to a more solemn stillness.

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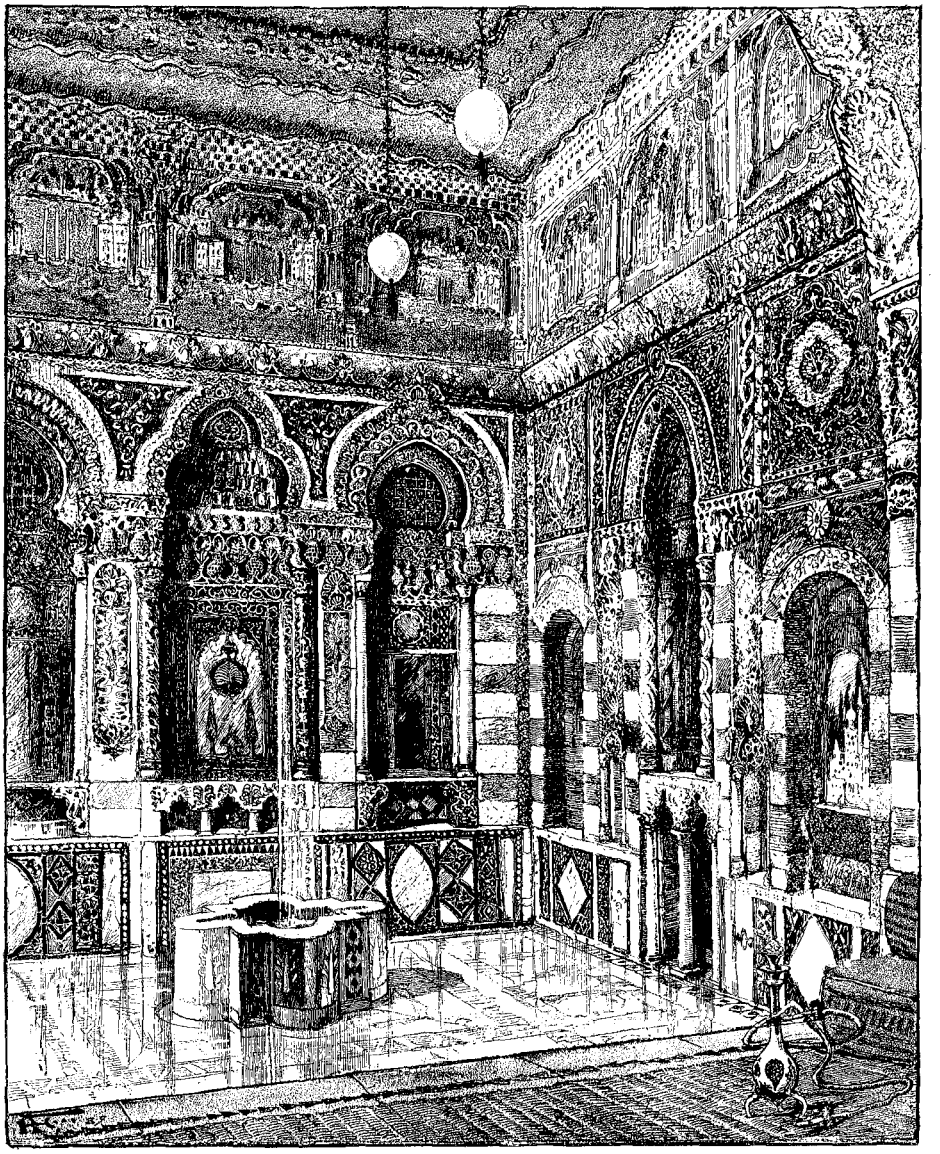

Salon in an Arab House, Damascus.

Syrian twilights are short, and we bustled about to get our little camp in order before darkness should fall. Cots were put up, the spirit-lamp set going, and soon we were ready for bed, after a hearty meal from our box. It was indeed a curious experience, this trying to sleep under the blazing stars, out alone in the Syrian Desert. The air was cold, but perfectly dry. The sound of the horses, as they contentedly munched their barley about our beds was pleasant to the ears. One did not sleep much. The stars were too beautiful for one thing. They seemed to hang down out of the sky like rounded lamps. Then one would be falling into a delicious doze when suddenly his bed would be jerked up into the air by the horse that was tied to it! Yusif would call out "Deh!" to the refractory beast, that would wake us all up for another look

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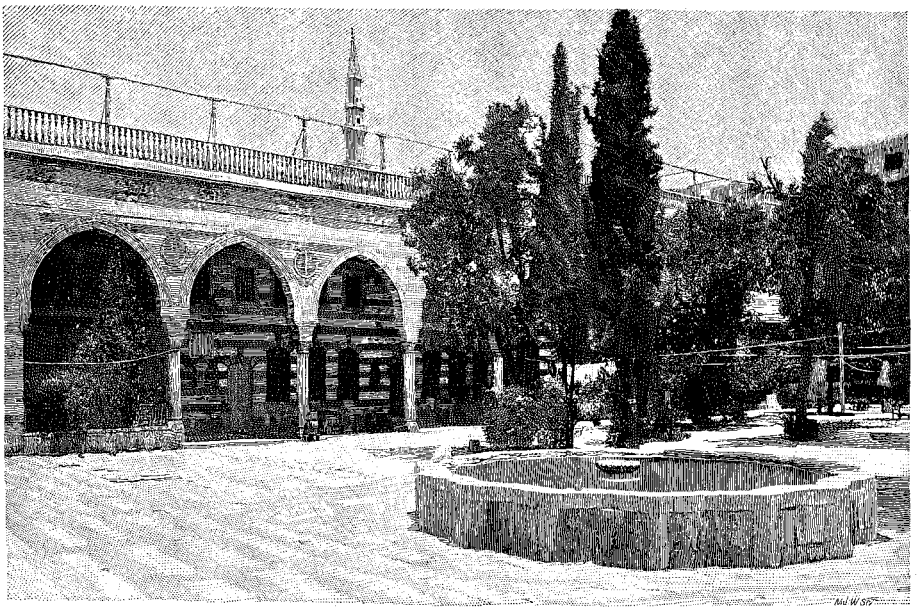

Court of an Arab House, Damascus.

at the stars, and then we would doze off again. Only one thought troubled us. We had come without the usual guard of soldiers, and we longed to realize the risk. Our imaginations, however, miserably failed us, even when we tried to stimulate them by recalling the Bedouin raids which had occurred on this very plain. It was very mortifying. The sense of security would not be shaken off.

The late yellow moon rose soon after ten. We broke up camp, and started off in the exhilaration of the cold night-air. The moonlight seemed to affect the Sect as the warmth of summer does the sleeping brown bear. All day long this aged man had ridden along in a torpid state; but soon after midnight, when the moon was mounting in the sky, without the slightest warning he leaped from his tiny donkey, emitted a series of sharp, bird-like cries and ran after both donkeys, brandishing a huge white club. The little creatures scampered off in opposite directions, but, with an agility that was simply ubiquitous, he chased them together and then turned upon us. He danced about our horses, club in hand, he picked up stones and pretended to throw them, he squeaked out noises like "sook, sook, sook," and "ur-r-r-r," and in a few minutes our cavalcade was dashing off at a rattling pace, with this grotesque imp skurrying in our rear and acting as tonic to the whole party. If a horse gave any sign of falling behind, the Sect would instantly dart after it, and the terrified beast would plunge on again, while the rider would be almost unseated by laughter. To this the Sect instantly responded with a series of extraordinary winks from the dozen folds of brown skin about his sunken left eye and with the sudden gleam of his horizontal smile. This went on for a couple of miles. All at once he collapsed. He mounted his donkey in his original method of standing behind it, falling lengthways on its back, and then crawling up. He fell to the rear of the party. He relapsed into his torpid condition. He was no longer a dancing, screeching fiend, but our aged guide of seventy years, the Sect.

The night passed quickly. We dreaded the rising of the Easter sun and the sleepiness its warmth would bring; but for two hours after it peered over the hill a sweet, cool breeze tempered its rays. The dawning light revealed to us a shocking sight in the large gaunt eyes and the unnatural lines which appeared in each other's faces. The meeting-point of the hills seemed near, and

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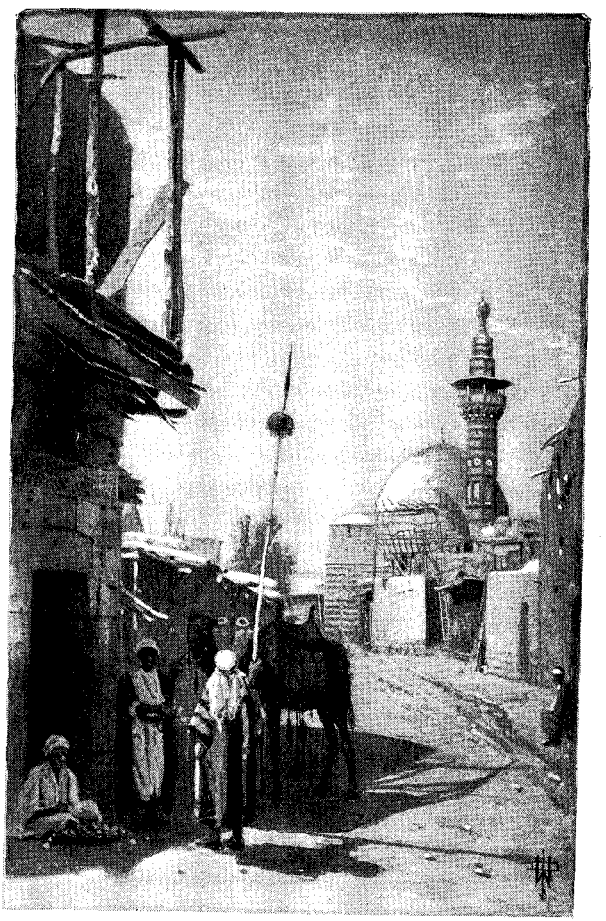
two or three towers were soon visible. These, however, seemed to recede as we rode on hour after hour. The heat increased and the soil grew white and blinding. A moody silence fell on the party. The last hour was a desperate fight with sleep. But just twenty-four hours after we had left Kuryatan (twenty of which had been passed in the saddle) we were actually crossing over the low pass, and there, in another plain below us, lay Palmyra. With feeble interest we noticed the broken lines of distant columns, the oasis of green, and the desert stretching beyond.



Faubourg du Meidan, Damascus.

Our horses hastened toward a stream which gleamed in the sun like a broad ribbon of light blue satin. Their need was water, and soon their long thirst was slaked. Our one idea was sleep, and soon in the welcome shelter of the house belonging to the village sheik we were sunk in a profound and dreamless slumber.

IV.

Leaving us to our much-needed sleep, the reader may like to recall the principal events in Palmyra's history. In one way this history is like a novel, for the interest culminates in the last pages of the third volume. After Zenobia, Palmyra was almost nothing politically, but under her it aimed at, and achieved, supreme power in the East.

This Arab queen contrasts strangely with the Egyptian Cleopatra, who may

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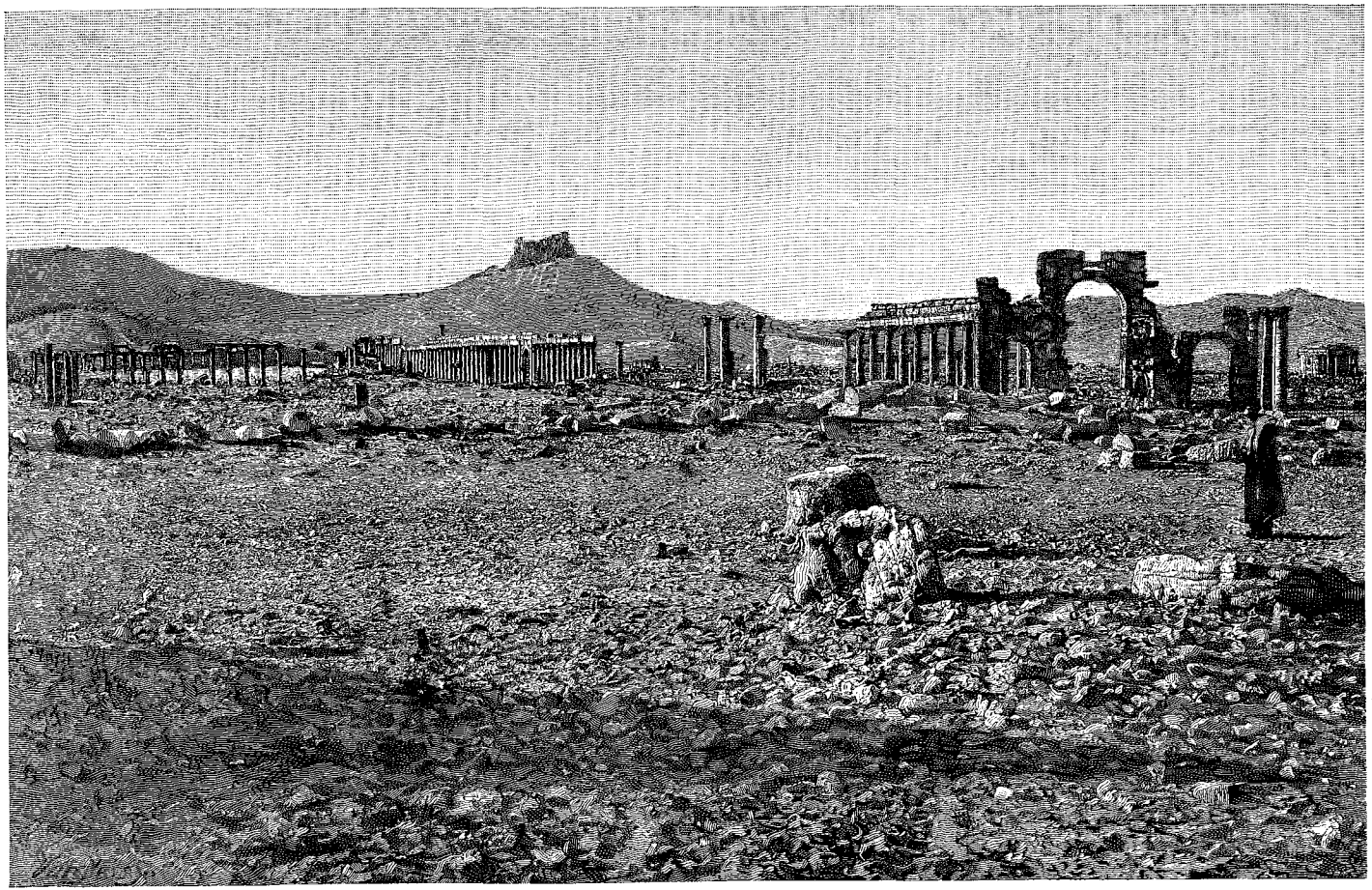

General View of Palmyra.

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be called her rival for the position of the most interesting woman in history. Both were rarely beautiful, but Zenobia's beauty was of the handsome rather than of the lovely type. Her flashing eyes, her commanding manners, subdued men's wills rather than their hearts. She had the virtue of a Roman matron. Her versatility was admirable. She joined a military skill with a clear understanding of economic questions. She was a clever linguist, and something of a student.

When Zenobia was born, Palmyra was a great commercial city of the Roman Empire. From the earliest times, when a tribe of nomads settled in the spot, doubtless attracted by the phenomenon of a copious spring in a desert land, the genius of the place was commercial. Gradually it became the centre of many caravan-routes between the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, Petra, and central Arabia. Its isolated position always secured for it a sort of independence; but as early as Germanicus it acknowledged Roman control in general. Hadrian celebrated his visit to the city by calling it Adrianopolis. Later on it received the *jus italicum*, and became a Roman colony. When the Persian Sapor captured the Emperor Valerian in the year 258 A.D., we hear of a certain Palmyrene, called Odenatus, sending propitiatory gifts to the Eastern conqueror. Odenatus then enjoyed the honorable Roman title of Consular—a title which may have just been conferred in person by Valerian. However, Sapor refused the gifts, and Odenatus, who always had an eye to the main chance, promptly joined his forces with those of the weak Emperor Gallienus, who seemed a promising sort of suzerain, and the united armies were soon victorious over Sapor. Odenatus was named Supreme Commander in the East, and though he was looked upon at Rome as a subject of the Empire, yet within his own wide realm he was practically sovereign. Our interest in him, of course, is merely for his wife's sake. Aurelian gives Zenobia the credit of her husband's successes. At any rate, the assassination of Odenatus made no difference in the power which radiated from Tadmor in the wilderness, except that this increased until it was felt through Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and in Asia Minor as far as Ancyra. After a few years of actual royalty Zenobia decided to assume the name of it as well. Coins were struck in her own name and that of her son, with no reference to the Empire. Rome could not let this challenge go unnoticed. Aurelian's army met hers at Antioch and Emesa. Rome was victorious. The imperial army crossed the desert and laid siege to Palmyra itself. After a brave defence the town was taken, and Zenobia, who had escaped as far as the Euphrates—a distance of five days—was captured and brought back. It is sad to think of the proud, noble queen as an ornament to the triumph which greeted the Emperor at Rome. She was, however, well treated and allowed to end her days in a Roman villa, as a Roman matron. These events took place in 272. The next year an insurrection in the town was punished by its destruction. After this the place was never glorious, though it appears as a Roman city. Later on it fell into the hands of the Saracens, and its history is obscure. Indeed, its very site was forgotten, and when, in 1678, some Aleppo merchants came across it, they hailed it almost as a new discovery.

V.

Promptly at two in the afternoon our host, Sheik Mohammed Abdallah, knocked at the darkened room, and a refreshing lunch was brought in, of cool sour milk, eggs fried in Arab butter, with the native bread, coffee, etc. The sheik had lunched long before, and he watched us in dignified silence, varied by an occasional brief remark, while we sat cross-legged around the low table, eight inches high, which had been carried in and placed before us, all set. He was a handsome man of forty years—tall, straight, with clear brown eyes, good features, a well-shaped mustache and well-trimmed black beard. His first appearance had strongly prejudiced us in his favor. In fact, he had played the part of a deliverer. Deathly tired, overpoweringly sleepy, and without a will of our own, a few hours before we

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had entered the "Guest House" in the village and desperately submitted to the salaams of what seemed to be a score of polite Arabs. In a dream we had seen them flitting about, spreading rugs, arranging cushions, preparing pipes, evidently expecting that the Franks would settle down for a good long chat. We knew that their elaborate Arab compliments must be matched by an ingenious answer of sweet nothings on our part. The dream became a nightmare. I was beginning drearily to construct a pretty speech, when suddenly there was a stir in the room. Our score of hosts arose. Mechanically we rose also. Into our midst, with stately tread, and calm, gracious bearing came a man dressed in silken garments, and with a long black cloak hanging from his shoulders. On his head there was a silk scarf of a maroon color, bound with black ropes of camel's hair. Authority surrounded him like an atmosphere. *Incessit rex.* He greeted us in Arabic and French, and then, with a sweeping glance about the room, he said:

"They are as thick as flies here; come with me."

Immediately the low, crowded room melted from our sleepy vision, and we found ourselves thankfully, trustfully following the sheik out of the village to his house a few rods away, where, as I have said, we were left to a delicious rest.

This house was given up to us during our short stay. About a year ago a rich French lady visited Palmyra, and determined to return its hospitality. Accordingly, Sheik Mohammed Abdallah had a trip to Europe, with visits to Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo, as well as to madame's famous château. He picked up a primitive but most effective French, though he never got hold of the letter *p*. I will try to reproduce for the reader his terse account of the sensation that his Oriental splendor made at the Grand Opera.

"Barti—moi—à l'Obéra. Dont le monde barla: Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" His simplicity was delightful. He found nothing to eat in Paris. The Koran forbids wine, and the water made him ill. He was received by President Grévy, and the great bedstead in the corner of his Palmyra hut was a gift of M. Wilson. A Parisian varnish was visible not only in his speech but in his house. Paris and Palmyra do not mix well. The roof consisted of unhewn beams with a ceiling of twigs, in which birds were planning to build their nests. The walls were covered with rough plaster. The only window was blocked up with large stones. Handsome rugs were stretched over a part of the room. The only bit of furniture besides some boxes and Paris trunks was M. Wilson's bed, which was piled high with rugs and blankets. On a shelf were nargilehs with porcelain bowls. There was a good display of firearms, among them a Remington repeater. Against the walls were hung robes of silk from Damascus. The sheik showed us all his treasures with the frank enjoyment of a child. His brief descriptions usually ended in one way, with, "Madame B——." This lady's notions of hospitality were indeed admirable. Taking down a lady's wrap that was hanging on the rough mud wall, he handed it to me and asked:

"What would be the price of that in Paris?"

I turned it over, and, catching sight of the maker's name, read the magic word "Worth." I think that we may now say that the nineteenth century has done its best—or its worst.

Our Easter Sunday began after lunch, when we strolled through the narrow lanes between the high mud walls that protect the fruit-gardens from Bedouin raids, to a cool place by the brook, where we enjoyed the quiet for an hour. On returning to the house we found that a kid had been killed and prepared in our honor. This was brought in at dinner-time, after a nourishing soup, with a huge pyramid of rice. Iron spoons were conceded to our Western habits, but the Arab way is to dip in anywhere and scoop out a handful. Then came cooked dates, and various dishes of curds. Tea was served in Persian china, with gold spoons. A younger brother of the sheik stood in a depression of the room, near the door, with a glass clasped in both hands, which he presented whenever anyone wished to drink. He was expected to be silent, as we found when

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we tried to talk with him. Sheik Mohammed was master in his own house. His brothers did not sit in his presence, except on invitation. A certain etiquette, however, did not prevent affectionate relations between the members of this really charming family. The next evening the youngest sheik, a silent boy of eighteen, with something very winning in his simple manners, was to be betrothed. He was a favorite with his eldest brother, who had given him a fine garment of silk. The young fellow was as nervous as a girl. Old Sheik Faris was dining with us that evening, in sign of the healing of a family feud, and etiquette seemed to demand that the ceremony wait for him. The young lover, though polite, was very *distrait*, but the old sheik was having a fine time with the Americans, and had no thought of leaving. A wonderful old man he was—a veritable personage. As he sat before us on the floor, his beautiful dark eyes flashing from under his cavernous brows, with his thick white beard flowing down over a shaggy breast, with his splendidly set head and well-shaped hands, which he used in eloquent gesture to accompany a voice both deep and rich, I felt like a youth at the feet of a patriarch, not as a civilized Frank in the presence of an ignorant, barefooted, camel-driving Arab. His personality was still more potent when he announced that he would cure me of a headache. Fixing his blazing eyes upon mine, he smoothed and puckered my forehead with his right hand, muttering some incantation in a low, rumbling voice, which he suddenly raised to a trumpet-like monotone as he intoned the words, "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Gracious One."

Then his face relaxed from its intense look, he removed his hand, and in a pleasant, natural tone he said:

"Now you will be better."

I am sorry to say that his touch did not help my head, neither did the paternal kiss which he gave me on parting, though this was gratifying as a mark of extreme favor. We learned the next day that there had been some hitch in the betrothal, and the young sheik's spirits were very low in consequence. If I did not like him so much, I should say that he was decidedly sulky. But then, did not Achilles fall to crying when he lost his bride? I think that the Palmyrene lover behaved, on the whole, rather better than the Greek.

VI.

A SOFT gray coverlet of cloud was spread over the sky on Monday when we started out for the day's work of examining the ruins. First came a delightful bath. The Sacred Fountain of Ephka flows quietly out of a cave that penetrates far into the side of a hill. A bath-house has been built over the mouth of the grotto. It was a new sensation, this swimming along a river fifteen feet wide, in a cool dark tunnel, straight toward the centre of the mountain. The water is warm, and strongly impregnated with sulphur, which renders it soft and oily, sweetish to the taste, and delicious to the skin. Outside the cave the stream slides noiselessly over an irregular pavement of flat white stone, fringed with a gray-green growth like sea-weed. The water is a clear opal in color, and on its surface are dark, oily circles floating down in rims of gold. The stream has a strange effect, as of molten, moving glass. Farther along on the hill-side we found the towers which had mocked us the day before. The Palmyrene tombs are unique. Imagine a tower of four or five stories, each story consisting of a square chamber, lined with deep shelves for bodies. In one corner there mounts a staircase. Some of the chambers are elaborately carved in stone, with pilasters, cornices, and diamond penetrations in the ceiling, in which portraits—now sadly defaced by the Arabs—were sculptured. The art is not fine, and represents a debased classic period. Mummies may still be found in these tombs. We came across a lot of wrappings, bones, skin, teeth, and fingers. The exterior of the towers is usually plain. Half-way up one sees a tablet with a long inscription in Greek and Palmyrene. A good view of Palmyra is obtained here. Bare white hills protect it on the north and west, with a hill of grayish-blue more to the south. High on an

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eastern peak is a massive Turkish fort, quite deserted. One looks east to the great enclosure of the Temple of the Sun, which shows a gate-way, lofty walls, and a few pillars here and there. Directly to the east of the Temple is the bright green patch of the gardens, the only sign of fertility in the landscape, for beyond this stretches the flat of the desert, with streaks of yellow and of white, and with a band of dull blue toward the horizon, like the sea under a leaden sky. Stretching for the best part of a mile along the plain between the great Temple and the western hills is the Street of Columns, with scores of smaller ruins, temples, markets, houses, to right and left. The effect is very light, for the stone used was the pale yellow limestone of the surrounding hills.

The court-yard of the Temple of the Sun occupied a platform two hundred and sixty-five yards square, approached by a broad flight of steps, since destroyed, and enclosed with a high wall, still standing, divided off by pilasters. We entered by the Saracenic gate-way, which replaces the old portal, expecting to get a good sight of the fifty remaining columns of the colonnade, double on three sides and single toward the east, which followed the inner line of the wall. But the court is no longer open. Huddled within the enclosure and filling its whole space, like sheep in an Eastern fold, are the scores of mud huts which form the modern village of Tadmor. We made our way through long lanes of wretched hovels, with naked children playing about and half a dozen dignified old men sitting in flowing robes at the corners, to the Temple itself, which stands at about the centre of the court. This building, which had a single peristyle of fluted columns, preserved only on the south side, was about sixty-five yards long and thirty-four yards wide. A richly ornamented door-way leads into the interior, part of which is roofed in as a mosque. The portal of the Cella is considered one of the finest bits of work in Palmyra. The ceiling of the door-way bears a sculptured eagle, with outstretched wings on a starred ground. A broken flight of steps in the northern apse brings you to a charming view from the walls. I like to remember one glimpse through the framework of the Temple gate, over the roofs of the squalid village, between the yellow-white columns of the outer court, with the bright oasis just outside and the gray, flat desert beyond. I confess that my preference is for these general views, and that I was sorry to descend to the instructive but arduous duty of examining the row of columns without the Temple walls.

There is enough here, however, to set the imagination at work when one remembers that the imposing system of streets, consisting of one long avenue, having its double and perhaps fourfold set of columns, with branching side-streets and small plazas at their intersection with the main way, was once alive with merchants, shoppers, and caravans of camels, and brilliantly lined with gay bazaars. I confess that the visitor will be at first confused by the irregularity of the ruins strewn over the sandy plain. He will find that a sense of order will grow upon him if he walks along the whole extent of the street from the Eastern Portal, with its Triumphal Arch, flanked by two lower archways, to the six monolithic columns of the ruined tomb which terminates the long colonnade. He will observe that this is not quite in a straight line, as a slight divergence to the right occurs at one of the open places where the crossway is marked by four larger columns. He will notice on almost every column, about two-thirds of the way up, a corbel or shelf, on which statues were erected to prominent citizens. Scattered about everywhere are fragments, variously ornamented with the lotos and egg-and-dart pattern.

The ruins of Baalbec are not so extensive, but they are, on the whole, more imposing, and their detail, while no richer, represents a purer art. Baalbec, however, can mean no more than a splendid achievement of architecture. It has almost no history. Upon the sympathetic visitor Palmyra acts like a charm. The prostrate columns rise. The plazas hum with the noise of barter. The spot in the desert is still a terror to Rome. The whole Eastern world is still ruled by the beautiful Zenobia.

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VII.

On our return journey to Damascus we had all the pleasure of seeing familiar landscapes under different effects of cloud and sky. Again we felt the solemnity of a night in the Syrian Desert. We had the same good fortune in weather. Thunder-storms raged a mile away, but only cooled the air for us, and passed on, leaving us untouched. Our last night, like our first, was spent at Maarra. The blind girl sat by the fire and Im-Nikola still coughed. The village turned out to meet Joe, who received the ovation with a nonchalance befitting an experienced traveller, but I know he was gratified. To watch him roving about the village with a transient air was distinctly edifying. The sense of leisure which we had the next day was new and pleasant. We had been riding eight and nine hours a day, and the four hours to Damascus seemed a trifle. When we crossed the ridge and saw the broad plain, it was under the canopy of a thunderous cloud with vivid spots of sunlight on the green beyond. Our last lunch was taken in the gardens outside the city walls. The Barada water rippled a welcome as we sat under a generous walnut-tree. Soon after, when we found ourselves entering Bab Tûma, the sight of the Oriental Mohammedan city of Damascus really thrilled us with a sense of home.

THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

I.—AS A HOUSEHOLDER.

By Frederick W. Whitridge.

THE series of papers upon the rights of citizens, of which this is the first, happened lately to be mentioned before a person of ripe and sound judgment, who has seen much of the world, but who is not a native of this Monte Cristo of nations; and this person, illuminated by the knowledge of many cities and men, thereupon exclaimed: "Rights of citizens! You Americans haven't got any rights; or if you have, you are all so afraid of each other you dare not assert them." The distinction which underlies this somewhat feminine observation between the rights to which a citizen is legally entitled and those which he actually enjoys would be interesting to follow, but the attempt to do so would lead to the consideration of innumerable questions, such as: why citizens do not make themselves felt at the primaries; why the negro vote is not counted; why political corporals in large cities are so often scalawags; why taxes do not fall equally upon the just and the unjust—and others, the discussion of which would be here misplaced, and which, moreover, are threadbare. The distinction ultimately rests, however, upon the principle that every right carries with it a corresponding duty, and in attempting to consider any class of a citizen's rights, this distinction is to be kept continually in mind.

The more civilized we become the more the rights we enjoy depend upon the performance by our neighbors of their duties to us. In the complicated life of great cities, especially, most of a citizen's rights are enjoyed through the fulfilment by other citizens of their duties to him. If everybody spontaneously discharged these duties the millenium would be at hand. If anybody might enforce them as he had the power we should be under the reign of brute force. As neither of these conditions is true, we depend upon governments as the instruments by which rights are defined and protected, inordinate desires restrained, the performance of duties compelled, and the citizen thus

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really enabled to enjoy the rights to which he is legally entitled. This is indeed the idea of civil society. It was admirably stated in 1643, by Governor Endicott, upon the occasion of the first symptom of a revolt against the Puritan authority, in words with which, if we only could, it would have been a good thing to have branded every man who has come through Castle Garden since 1848. John Winthrop reports him as saying: "Concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt), and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. . . This is that great enemy of truth and peace; that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal. . . This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard, not only of your goods, but of your lives, if need be."

When men began to be householders each probably did in his own dwelling what, in his corrupt nature, he listed; and it is in a man's own house that the largest amount of natural liberty still exists. In the endeavor to protect that liberty houses grew into castles. "A man's house is his castle" is a maxim which early expressed how strong and free a man was in his own house. Castles and their inhabitants were, perhaps, always able to take care of themselves; but at the dawn of the English law a man was protected by it in his own dwelling. Magna Charta declared that no free man should be taken or imprisoned, or ousted from his property, or in any way destroyed, save by the judgment of his equals and the law of the land. His house is a man's castle, in many ways, still. True, he can no longer put his enemies, if he catches them, into his cellars, and pluck out their teeth and hairs one by one, yet there remains in the modern householder a residuum of the rights of a castellan. A man's house is his own; nobody else can occupy it or enter it, unless he enters in the name of the law, without his permission. If one man burglariously breaks into the house of another to-day the owner may lawfully, if necessary, kill him. If the householder finds an intruder in his house he may eject him. And in his own house a man may do many things which he cannot do outside of it. He is the descendant of the Teutonic house-father, and he must still be obeyed in the house by his wife, children, and servants. If they disobey, he may turn out the servants and punish the children. Within three hundred years he might also have punished his wife with a rod not bigger than the judge's thumb. If, however, the wife disobey her husband in these times there is nothing which the Teutonic house-father would have been likely to do under those circumstances which can be safely accepted as a precedent by the modern husband.

The citizen may, in his own house, wear what clothes he likes, use what language he likes, and, generally speaking, may do in his own house what he pleases to do; save only the things which conflict with what some other householder happens to please at the same time, or the things of which the consequences would be injurious to the whole body of citizens. In Boston, for instance, he may, in his own house, swear freely, which he cannot do outside without committing a misdemeanor; in Washington he may take the name of the Trinity in vain, while if he does it in the streets he renders himself liable to be fined two hogsheads of tobacco; and in Maine and Kansas, if he can get wine and beer into his house, he may drink it without let or hindrance, and without a physician's certificate.

In cities, the crowding of people has necessitated laws to govern what they may do and what they may not. These laws treat of many matters which in the country would be regarded as flagrant breaches of the liberty of the citizen. In the country a man may build his house exactly as he pleases; but in New York, for instance—and the same is more or less true of other cities—there

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are a great number of laws for the prevention of fire; among them are twenty pages devoted to the "construction of buildings," which restrict that liberty. A Bureau of Inspection of Buildings is created in the Fire Department, and before the erection, construction, alteration, or repair of any building or part of a building can be begun, in New York, the modern householder must file with this Bureau a detailed written statement of the specification, and a complete copy of the plans of the building he proposes to undertake, and must, moreover, swear to it, or get his agent to do so for him. After these plans have been approved by the Bureau, the citizen may begin to build his house. He may not, however, south of One Hundred and Fortieth Street, build of any material except stone, brick, or iron, and the law contains the most minute regulations as to the manner of building. It defines how excavations are to be dug, and foundation walls, party walls, and partition walls to be built; it describes the quality of brick and mortar which can be put into buildings, and prescribes the use of anchors, girders, beams, and columns. The construction of arches over openings, of lintels, openings for doors and windows, hoistways, chimneys, stairways, flues, hot-air flues and registers, and the manner of introducing steam, water, and gas pipes, furnaces, and smoke-pipes, are all elaborately limited and specified.

Many of these regulations are intended for public or quasi-public buildings, such as schools, theatres, and churches, rather than for dwellings. But enough of them apply to private houses to have filled citizens of the time of Poor Richard or Sir Roger de Coverley, could they be restored to become householders in modern New York, with wonder and, at first blush, with indignation. Our liberty, they would say, is gone. Submerged, indeed, it partially is, in the rights of others. Such feelings, moreover, are not peculiar to the citizens of another century. Citizens from Montana, and even Ohio, where the individual does not yet wither before the world, have been known to express a similar feeling when they first come to New York to become householders; though they vent it differently from the way in which Sir Roger would have expressed himself.

The law provides that in dwellings, as in every other sort of buildings, each floor must be of sufficient strength to bear seventy-five pounds on each square foot of its surface. Every exterior cornice or gutter must be of fireproof material. The roof of every building, as well as the top and sides of dormer windows, must be covered with slate, tin, zinc, copper, iron, or such other equally fireproof material as the Fire Department may approve. Every building must have a scuttle leading to the roof, which in tenement-houses must never be locked, though it may be bolted on the inside; and all buildings must be provided with metallic leaders for conducting water from the roof to the sewer or street gutter, in such way that the water cannot flow over the sidewalk. Besides conforming to all these laws, and filing his plans with the inspector of buildings, the householder must also file in the Health Department, suitable drawings and descriptions of the plumbing and drainage which he wants to have; and not until those have been approved in writing by the Board of Health, can he proceed with that part of his house. Should he attempt to evade this provision of the law, he would be guilty of a misdemeanor.

All these restrictions upon the citizen as a householder, which prevent him from doing what, in his corrupt or ignorant nature, he might list, are for the purpose of preserving the health, property, or security of other citizens; and the right of each citizen to compel others to comply with these restrictions, as well as to perform the duties they impose, constitutes a large portion of the rights to which he is entitled. Accordingly, we find in the statutes another class of provisions, for the purpose of protecting not merely the individual householder, but, if it may be so expressed, the circumjacent householders, against the careless, ignorant, or reckless acts or omissions of the individual, and which give to public officers the right to enter any building on the complaint of a citizen, or of their own motion, in the interest of the public

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health or safety. We also find certain further provisions which limit the owner's use of his own house, with the same end in view. These statutes relate first to the Fire Department proper, second, to the Bureau of Buildings, and third, to the Health Department.

First, in case of fire, it is lawful for the mayor, or in his absence the recorder, with the consent of any two aldermen—or for any three aldermen—to direct either the building which is on fire, or any other building, to be pulled down and destroyed; and the Fire Department is provided with a corps of sappers and miners for the discharge of this public duty. The fire marshal, or any of his officers or agents thereto authorized by him, may also enter any building in the city, for the purpose of examining the stoves, pipes, ranges, furnaces, and heating apparatus of every kind, including chimneys or other things which in his opinion may be dangerous, in causing or promoting fires, or to the firemen or occupants in case of fire; and upon his report the Board of Fire Commissioners may direct the owner to alter or remedy the same within such time as may be in their judgment necessary; and if the owner does not do it they may cause it to be done at his expense. So, if the officers of the bureau of buildings in the Fire Department consider any building or parts of a building, staging, or other structure, to be unsafe, they may compel the owner, or any other person having an interest in the same, upon written notice containing a description of the premises or structure deemed unsafe or dangerous, to make it secure or have it removed; and if he does not begin one of those operations by twelve o'clock, noon, of the day following the service of such notice upon him, it may be begun by the Bureau of Buildings at the latter's expense. The householder in New York City must not keep gunpowder or any other explosive in his house, and if by any chance he should desire to keep more than five barrels of petroleum, kerosene, or any compounds or products containing those or kindred substances in the house, he is prohibited from keeping them above his first floor.

These provisions are apparently ample and explicit enough to give the Fire Department power to remove anything likely to foster a conflagration. They apply, however, only to "structures," and consequently not to the collections of empty wooden drygoods boxes, which one or two people in New York have apparently been seized with a mania for making. These persons gather boxes in vast quantities, and pile them in vacant lots, as high as the second stories of the surrounding houses. There are two such collections of kindling wood not far from my own house, which have remained apparently undisturbed, save by gradual additions, for years. As the land is valuable, it is fair to assume that there is some design in thus devoting it to the storage of empty boxes; but all that can be positively affirmed about it is, that these heaps of inflammable material afford a refuge for myriads of vagrant cats, that they constitute a standing menace to the surrounding dwellings in case of fire, and that, as they are not "structures," neither the Fire Department nor anyone else has power to cause their removal.

In the third place, some of the most important rights which the householder enjoys, either directly or through the medium of public officers, over against the others, are secured to him by the Board of Health. That body is authorized, in the language of the law, "Whenever any building, erection, excavation, premises, business, pursuit, matter or thing, or the sewerage, drainage, or ventilation thereof, in said city, shall, in the opinion of the Board (whether as a whole or in any particular), be in a condition or in effect dangerous to life or health," it may, on the record of what it shall consider sufficient proof, thereupon declare the same a nuisance, and order "it to be removed, abated, suspended, altered, or otherwise improved or purified." Before such an order is acted upon, any person affected by it has three days within which to apply for its modification or rescission. The powers of the Board of Health are, by law, to be construed to include the enforcement of the repairs of buildings, houses, or other structures, the regulation of the public markets, the removal of any obstruction or thing from the

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public streets or sidewalks, which shall in their opinion be liable to lead to results dangerous to life or health; the prevention of accidents by which life or health may be endangered, *and, generally, the abating of all nuisances.*

In order to make these powers effective the further power is conferred upon the members of the Board, the sanitary superintendent, the sanitary inspectors, or such other persons as the Board may authorize, to enter, without fee or hindrance, and examine and survey all grounds, erections, vehicles, structures, apartments, buildings, and places in the city, as well as all sewers, cellars, and excavations of every kind, and inspect their safety and sanitary condition.

The law declares it to be the duty of every householder, and of everyone who is in any way interested in a dwelling—and for this, and most other legal purposes, a single apartment or room in which a man lives is his dwelling—to put and preserve that dwelling, and especially the sewerage, drainage, and ventilation thereof, in such condition that it shall not be dangerous or prejudicial to life or health; and anything which is putrid or otherwise dangerous to health, the Board may have destroyed or removed; certain kinds of business, such as bone boiling, the skinning of dead animals, is prohibited altogether.

The most formidable powers of the Board of Health, however, are those relating to quarantine. Something in the nature of quarantine has been known ever since the Jews isolated their lepers, and compelled them to cry out "unclean" on the approach of a fellow-creature. During the mediæval plagues quarantines were instituted at the Italian seaports, and to avoid that disease an isolation was sometimes voluntarily undertaken, in monasteries and palaces, rigid enough to be effective. But not until our own generation has the power existed to compel every householder, if need be, to live in seclusion as complete as that Boccaccio tells us his gay, though discreet, young people undertook in self-defence in that famous villa beyond the walls of Florence. The power which King Pamfilo or Queen Fiammetta there exercised was much less than that vested in the New York Board of Health by statute to-day. It is made the duty of that body:

"To cause any avenue, street, alley, or other passage whatever, to be fenced up or otherwise inclosed, if they shall think the public safety requires it, and to adopt suitable measures for preventing all persons from going to any part of the city so inclosed.

"To forbid and prevent all communication with the house or family infected with any contagious, infectious, or pestilential disease, except by means of physicians, nurses, or messengers to carry the necessary advice, medicines, and provisions to the afflicted.

"To adopt such means for preventing all communication between any part of the city infected with a disease of a pestilential, infectious, or contagious character, and all other parts of the city, as shall be prompt and effectual."

The Board of Health may also, "in their discretion, prohibit or regulate the internal intercourse by land or water between the city of New York and such infected place; and may direct that all persons who shall come into the city, contrary to their prohibitions or regulations, shall he apprehended and conveyed to the vessel or place whence they last came; or if sick, that they be conveyed to such place as the Board of Health shall direct."

While these are the largest powers of the Board of Health, they are fortunately rarely exercised. The "abating of all nuisances" is the function it is most frequently called upon to discharge, as well as that the exercise of which oftenest makes a householder feel that he is being interfered with. A nuisance is any act or omission which annoys, injures, or endangers the comfort, repose, health, or safety of any considerable number of persons. It would not be easy to enumerate here what these acts are, but it is sufficient to illustrate the power of the Board of Health to say, that if my neighbor keeps a parrot, or dogs, or plays his cornet-à-piston in his yard, or if I suspect that microbes are escaping from his sewer-pipes into mine, I may complain to the Board, and it may thereupon send a man who, without fee or hindrance, may enter my neigh-

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bor's house to examine the justice of my complaint, and if he thinks it well founded, the Board may order and compel my neighbor to give up his pets and his playing, or to have his pipes repaired.

The rights of the householder, thus far considered, are, first, those absolute rights protected by the criminal laws of civilized society; secondly, those rights originating in the exigencies of a crowded population, the enjoyment of which largely depends upon the performance, by his neighboring householders, of their statutory duties. Both these classes of rights are, on the whole, well secured. If they are infringed, the delinquent is an individual, and he can always be got at. The third and most prominent, if not the most important, class of rights of the householder are those of which the enjoyment depends upon the performance by the whole public, that is, the government, of the statutory duties imposed upon it. The difference between the position of the householder in reference to this third class, and his position in reference to the other two classes is very great. If the citizen fails to enjoy the rights to which he is entitled in consequence of the omission of the municipal government to discharge its duties, the delinquent is usually not, as in the other two cases, a tangible individual; he is at best an official, and it requires a greater expenditure of time, energy, and patience to cope with an official in New York than most private citizens can afford. If we had a considerable number of citizens like the late Henry Bergh the task would long since have been made easy, New York would now probably be as well governed a city as any in the world, and the householder would enjoy all the rights he is entitled to receive from his municipality.

These are, in brief, the right to have those things done for him by the city which, in his castle, a man did for himself; but which the crowding of people together in cities makes it expedient or necessary to have done by the representatives of all, instead of by each one for himself, and it is for their performance that he pays taxes. In his natural state or in his castle, for instance, a man protected himself and his property. It would be a little chaotic if each man undertook to do that in New York, so the government provides a police force for that and some other purposes. So it would be inconvenient for every householder to attempt to construct his own sewers, have his own aqueducts, own his own parks, pave and clean the streets in front of his own land, or do the thousand things which the necessities of communal living impose upon the municipality. All these things we pay for having done for us, and the statutes relating to New York provide, at length and in detail, for the manner in which the money is to be raised and expended, and for the definition of the duties of those entrusted with the spending of it. This is done through the medium of the mayor's office and of the following city departments: 1. The Department of Public Works, containing nine bureaus for the following purposes: (*a*) for laying water-pipes, constructing and repairing hydrants, the head of which is called "the water purveyor;" (*b*) for collecting the revenue from the sale of water, the head of which is the "water register;" (*c*) for having the care of all structures and property connected with the supply and distribution of water, the head of which is "the chief engineer of the Croton Aqueduct;" (*d*) for grading, flagging, curbing, and guttering streets, the head of which is called the "superintendent of street improvements;" (*e*) the bureau of "the superintendent of lamps and gas;" (*f*) the bureau "of the superintendent of streets;" (*g*) a bureau which shall have cognizance of all supplies and repairs in all public building places and works; (*h*) a bureau for the removal of incumbrances in the streets and public places outside the parks, the head of which bureau is called "superintendent of incumbrances," to whom all complaints shall be made, and *by whom all such incumbrances shall be removed;* (*i*) a portion of the duties of the water purveyor have also been transferred to a new bureau for the construction and repair of sewers. 2. The Finance Department. 3. The Law Department. 4. The Police Department. 5. The Department of Public Charities and Correction.

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6. The Fire Department. 7. The Health Department. 8. The Department of Public Parks. 9. The Department of Taxes and Assessments. 10. The Department of Docks. 11. The Department of Street Cleaning.

The purpose and functions of these departments and bureaus will be sufficiently understood from their titles; any further definition of their several duties and powers is here unnecessary. On paper they show an almost perfect scheme for the administration of a great city. If every public officer did as it appears from the statute he was going to do the householders and all the other citizens of New York would enjoy all the rights which the most enthusiastic immigrant ever dreamed would be his when he had once entered the portals of the New World.

It would exceed the limits of this article to catalogue or specify all the rights to which we are entitled, but do not enjoy, in consequence of the failure of these departments to discharge the duties on which those rights depend. Yet I do not wish to imply that all these departments are badly administered. They are not. The duties of the Fire Department are efficiently, bravely, and often heroically, performed. The Police Department, if not the "finest" in the world, is still admirable. It is cursed with the error of believing that it has something to do with politics, and its members would be vastly improved, and their excellence in no way diminished, if they had better manners; yet the fame of the New York police has spread wide, and justly. I once heard Professor von Treitscheke, lecturing in the University of Berlin, say that never in the world had such good order been preserved among such a population by so small and efficient a police force as that in New York.

On the other hand, some of the other departments are continually being investigated, charged with politics and corruption, and we all know that some of their duties are scarcely performed at all. Suppose the superintendent of incumbrances, "by whom such incumbrances shall be removed" from the streets, should walk down Broadway one day and really remove even half the incumbrances which impede its sidewalks, the pedestrian would no longer feel that it was the broad way which leadeth to destruction, and the superintendent would have merely done half his duty. Take also the Department of Street Cleaning; it, in the language of the statute, "shall have exclusive charge of the cleaning of the streets, and the removal of ashes and garbage in the city. The commissioner of street cleaning shall have power and authority, and is hereby charged with the duty, of causing the streets of said city, which shall include all the public avenues, streets, lanes, alleys, places, wharves, piers, and heads of slips therein, except such as are within any park under the control and management of the Department of Public Parks, to be thoroughly cleaned and kept clean at all times, and of removing from said city, or otherwise disposing of, as often as the public health and use of the streets may require, all street sweepings, ashes, and garbage, and of removing new fallen snow from leading thoroughfares and such other streets and avenues as may be found practicable."

The administration of this law has for years been farcical; most householders in New York know that to be the fact through the evidence of their own senses, and a personal experience may interest citizens of other places. A few winters since, a cat came to its death at my door, and its body remained in the gutter for ten days. At the end of the second day I asked the policeman in my street if he had reported the presence of that cat's body. He had, but nothing came of it. On the third day I wrote the captain of the police precinct, asking that the body be removed. He did not answer. On the fourth day, I wrote the commissioner of street cleaning, asking that the dead cat be removed. He did not answer. On the fifth day, I wrote the Bureau of Street Incumbrances, asking if they would please remove that cat. I got no answer. Then I wrote the commissioner of public works, asking if he would please see that the cat's body was taken away. This time I got an answer, saying it was not the commissioner's business. Then I wrote the Board of

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Health, and was told that it had no power in the matter. Finally I stated all these facts to the then mayor. Thereupon somebody was in some way moved to act, the dead cat disappeared, and I was thereafter officially informed that my complaint was groundless and that a cat's body, of which I had complained, was not to be found.

The result of such administration of the laws obviously is that the householder does not get all that the payment of taxes entitles him to receive, and if he desires to live as he is entitled to do, he and his neighbors make a private contract with one man, to clean the street in front of his door and remove his garbage, with another to water it, with another to watch it at night, and sometimes with another to put down a decently quiet pavement.

Yet the householder in New York should not be discouraged; he has, as we have seen, many rights, and there are a good many more which he can have when he can afford to devote the time to getting them. And for all the deficiencies of his city, he may still plead that the city is still young; that it is still being built, and is not yet completed. Mommsen once said to an American who was defending his country from some charge of the historian, "You Americans are always pleading your infancy as the excuse for your failings." But that plea is, in law and in other directions, in most cases still a good one. Our cities are only beginning to be great cities, and within measurable time New York will be the greatest. No considerable place in the world is so favored by nature and circumstance as it is. The noble rivers which daily perform their task of ablution round its shores; its temperate climate; its brilliant skies; its varied and interesting elements of population; the natural, apparently inevitable, concentration of the accumulated wealth of the country within its limits, promise that it will become a magnificent city, fit to be the metropolis of the Union. Its merchants and traders are building houses as splendid, and filling them with treasures as great and varied as the other merchants and traders, who long ago became princes, built and gathered in their generations in Florence, Venice, the Hanse towns, and the Netherlands. In New York, life, property, and all the fundamental rights of the holders of these splendid houses, as well as of the lodgers in tenements, are as well secured to them as they have ever been secured to any householders in any other place. It is only the enjoyment of those rights which may be termed, and which not very long ago were everywhere considered, the refinements of civilization of which the householders of New York are deprived; and when we either no longer can, or are ashamed to, plead our infancy, we shall doubtless have our streets smoothly paved, brightly lighted, cleanly swept, and unincumbered; no more investigating committees will have to come down from Albany to investigate our city departments; our taxes will be honestly collected, economically and wisely spent, and the charter of Tammany Hall will be in a museum.

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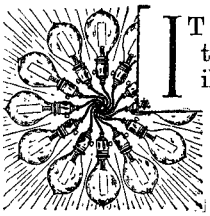
THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY OF TO-DAY.

By Joseph Wetzler, M.E.



IT has been remarked truthfully that the civilization of a country may be gauged by its methods and means of communication, and the transition from the stage-coach of old to the lightning express of to-day marks as great an advance in the methods of passenger transportation, probably, as does that of the telegram over the post message. But while these improvements in methods of highway transportation have been going on steadily for over fifty years, with the brilliant results well known to all, there is one class of traffic which, even up to within a short time, has remained perfectly stationary since its inception; and that is, the street-car or tramway traffic. Beginning with the horse as the motive power, over fifty years have passed without an essential change in the method of propulsion, and it has remained for that subtile and vigorous agent, electricity, to solve the problem which has taxed the capacity of engineers for half a century. Attempts, it is true, have been made to displace the horse by mechanical power, applied in the shape of the steam and compressed-air locomotives, and again by the more recent cable; but the objections to their employment in the crowded streets, together with the now acknowledged superiority of the electric railway, allow of the assertion being safely made that, except in very rare cases, the former must now be considered methods of the past, and that the long serfdom of the horse will be brought to an end by the electric motor applied to the street-car.

As brilliant an achievement as the electric railway of to-day undoubtedly is, it has had its period of development, like every other modern industrial application of importance; and the period from its inception to final consummation was indeed by no means a short one. The reasons for this are, however, traceable to the same causes which so long retarded the introduction of the electric light, and which were very clearly pointed out by Professor Morton in the August, 1889, number of this MAGAZINE; the long delay being due to the absence of a sufficiently powerful and economical generator of electricity. To the student, the tracing of the history of this development presents a most interesting line of study and research, but the limits of the present article forbid our entering upon it except to briefly mention the early workers in this field.

As far back as 1835, Stratingh and Becker, of Groeningen, and Botto, of Turin, in 1836, constructed crude electric carriages. They were shortly followed by Davidson, a Scotchman, who in 1838–39, built an electric car weighing five tons, with which he obtained a speed of four miles an hour. These were contemporaneous with others in the United States, where Thomas Davenport, a blacksmith of Brandon, Vt., built a small circular railway at Springfield, Mass., in 1835, which he operated by means of electricity. It is also worthy of note here that to Davenport, probably, belongs the honor of having first printed a newspaper by electricity, one called *The Electro-Magnet and Mechanics' Intelligencer*, in 1840. Foremost in the ranks of American pioneers in this field, however, was Professor Page, of the Smithsonian Institution, some account of whose works is given in a previous issue of the MAGAZINE.*

The railroad experiments of this scientist consisted in the operation of an electric locomotive between Washington and Baltimore, in the course of which he obtained on one occasion a speed of nineteen miles an hour; but the difficulties experienced with the Grove primary batteries on the car were such as to force him to abandon the scheme. The work, in this field, of

* See "The Electric Motor and its Applications," by Franklin Leonard Pope, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March, 1888.

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Professor Moses G. Farmer, in 1847, and of Thomas Hall, who exhibited a model electric locomotive at the Charitable Mechanics' Fair in Boston, in 1851, can only be mentioned.

All these experiments, however, interesting as they were from a scientific stand-point, were destined to practical failure on account of the enforced employment of batteries as the source of electrical energy; and it was not until the invention of the continuous-current dynamo-electric machine that the actual solution of the problem became possible. Soon after the invention of the dynamo, Siemens and Halske, of Berlin, made some attempts to apply electricity to railroad purposes; but the imperfections of the early machines led to the abandonment of the project.

But the advances which had been made in the art of dynamo-building, and the discovery of the reversibility of the dynamo, so that it could be employed as a motor, led to renewed attempts, and at the Berlin Exposition of 1879, this same firm operated a small electric railway, which was perhaps the first commercial electric railway in the world opened for regular traffic. American inventors, however, had by no means been idle, since almost at the same time Stephen D. Field, the nephew of Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable fame, and Thomas A. Edison, had conceived the idea of the modern method of operating electric railways; and it is interesting to recall these attempts, as showing the lines on which these early experiments were carried out. This is illustrated by the locomotive constructed by Mr. Edison at Menlo Park, in 1880, shown on page 433, in a drawing taken from a photograph preserved in Mr. Edison's library.

These experiments encouraged other inventors in this country, among whom may be mentioned Leo Daft, who, in 1883, operated the Saratoga and Mount McGregor Railroad by electricity. Edward M. Bentley and Walter H. Knight also deserve mention for their pioneer work, which tended mainly in the direction of supplying a practical system for operating railways by means of the conduit system; and finally C. J. Van Depoele, to whom the progress which the electric railway has made in this country is largely indebted.

With this brief review of the efforts which have led up to the electric railway of to-day, I shall pass to the consideration of the subject as it presents itself in its latest aspect.

Broadly speaking, the electric car is a self-propelling vehicle, in which the propelling force is furnished by a motor actuated by an electric current. For the purposes of convenience, electric railways may be divided into three classes, depending upon the manner in which the current is supplied to the electric motor upon the car. These are:

1. The "*overhead system*," as it is called, in which the current is led from the generating machine at the station to the car through a wire placed above the ground.

2. The "*underground system*," or that in which the supply conductors are placed below the ground.

3. The "*storage-battery system*," in which the current is furnished by storage batteries carried on the car, which have been previously charged with the required current.

Though differing in name, these various systems are alike in principle, and, indeed, have much in common; but this artificial distinction may be conducive to a better understanding of the subject.

As the previous articles in this series have already given the reader a sufficiently good idea of the theory and action of the electric motor and the dynamo,* they need not be again described, and a view of the plan upon which the first of the systems of modern electric railways above mentioned is operated can be at once presented. The sketch [on p. 427] shows in outline the principal elements of this system. These consist, broadly speaking, of the generating station, the line, the car, the motor, and the return circuit. At the generating station there are an engine and boiler which furnish power to drive the dynamo, *D*. The current generated by this machine is conducted by a wire to the line *L*, which is strung on posts and

* See "Electricity in the Service of Man," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1889, pp. 653, 654; and "Electricity in Lighting," August, 1889, pp. 181–184.

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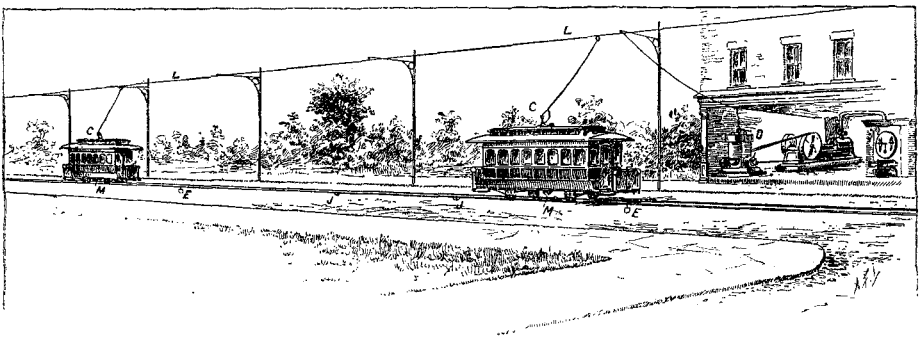

Plan showing Principles of Operating the Overhead System of Electric Railways.

runs parallel with the track. The car, in order to obtain the current, makes continual contact with the line *L* by means of a trolley, the current passing down by wires to the motor *M*, connected with the axles of the car. After passing through the motor, the current passes into the wheels of the car, and thence into the track; the latter, it will be seen, is connected to the other pole of the dynamo *D*, and a complete circuit is thus formed. It will be noted that in addition to the track connection as a return for the current, the earth is also called into play, acting as a conductor in the same manner as it is employed in telegraphy, and with the same advantages. This is effected by connecting the track at intervals with large plates buried in the wet ground, and the integrity of the circuit is additionally enforced by connecting the rails electrically by means of copper wire, indicated at *J*, as the ordinary fish-plates joining the rails cannot be relied upon to give a continuous electric circuit such as required.

Some of the more important details, upon the success of which the operation of the electric railroad largely depends, should be next considered.

As recently remarked, with much truth, by a writer in referring to the electric street-car: "The truck is the car;" hence, as this element is common to the three systems above mentioned, it seems first in order to claim attention. The truck being the support of the car-body in which the passengers are carried, is necessarily limited to certain dimensions, and the problem of concentrating motors of sufficient power to propel the car, into the limited space available, afforded a good field for inventive genius. Again, the manner in which the power generated by the motor was to be transmitted to the wheels and axles, though apparently simple, was found to be by no means easy of solution; and even at the present time differences of opinion exist on this point. Economy in weight as well as in power requires that motors shall be run at high speed, and, as the car-wheel, as a rule, runs at comparatively low speed, it is evident that some method of reducing the speed of the motor to that of the car-wheel must be employed. Among the various methods which have been proposed and tried are friction gearing, connection by means of belts, the sprocket and chain, the worm and wheel, the direct crank action, and finally the gear and pinion. Of all these, the last may be said to be practically the only one which has thus far come into any extensive use, at least so far as this country is concerned; and, as the number of our railways in operation far exceeds that of all the rest of the world put together, it is safe, for the present at least, to designate this method as the typical one in use to-day.

In order that the reader may therefore clearly understand the construction of the ordinary electric railway truck, a view is shown on page 428 of the form designed by Frank J. Sprague, one of the most successful of the new school of electrical engineers. As the space between the bottom of the car and the ground is necessarily confined, it has been found expedient in practice to divide the motive power into two units by

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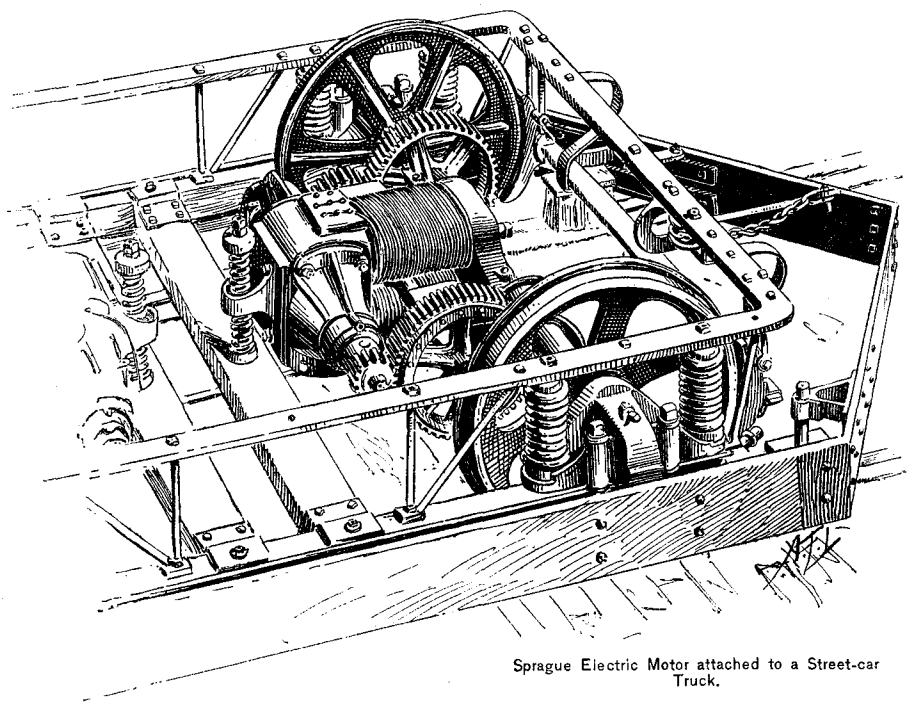
the application of two motors, one to each axle, as it is evident that one motor sufficiently powerful to do the work would, as a rule, be very difficult to place under the car without interfering with its present construction. The manner in which the power of the motor is transmitted to the wheels is very clearly shown. The only moving part, the armature, has at one end of its shaft a small gear-wheel which meshes with a pinion placed upon a counter-shaft which passes through the legs of the magnet; and the other end carries a similar pinion, gearing with a toothed wheel connected to the axle of the car. Hence the armature of the motor, which runs at high speed, transmits its power to the axle at a lower speed by means of this gearing. The successful operation of this gearing, however, requires that all these wheels shall remain in a constant fixed relation to each other, and in order to accomplish this the very ingenious expedient has been applied of centring the motor itself upon the axle of the car; thus, no matter how much the vehicle may be jarred during its passage over the track, these wheels will always bear the same relation to each other and to the axle upon which they are mounted—a most essential point for their proper operation.

Provision must also be made for the easy starting of the car, and to prevent disagreeable shocks from the sudden starting of the motor when the current is switched on. This is accomplished by suspending the free end of the motor between a pair of springs, which are shown supported by cross-bars stretching from side to side of the truck. Thus the motor is given free vertical play for a short distance, and the shocks which would be caused by a rigid arrangement are taken up by the springs, and the car started with a gradual movement. It may be said that the advent of the electric railroad has entailed an entire remodelling of the street-car truck formerly employed, and has indeed constituted an almost distinct, new field of invention.



Sprague Electric Motor attached to a Street-car Truck.

It is upon a truck of the nature above described that the car-body is mounted, and the result of the construction adopted is that the working mechanism is entirely removed from view.

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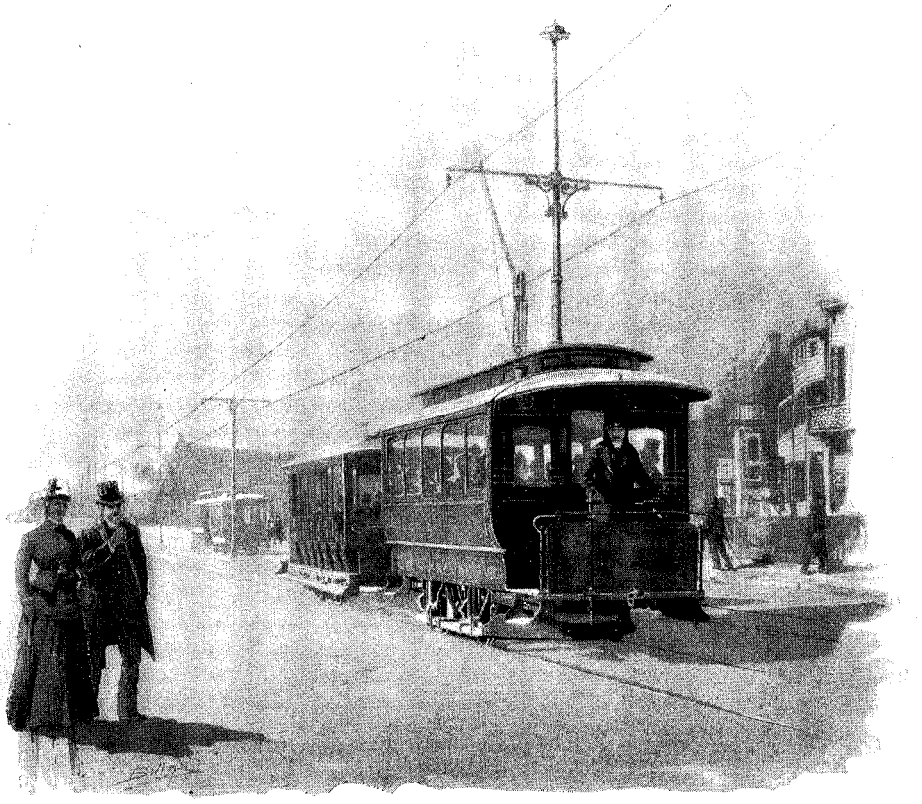
A small but very important detail, which has added much to the successful operation of the motor and the car, consists in the substitution of a carbon brush bearing against the commutator, in place of the copper brush which had until very recently been employed. Small as this detail may appear, it is almost safe to say that it constitutes one of the most distinct advances in the electric railway motor that has been effected since its practical application.

Another very interesting method that has been proposed for transmitting the power of the revolving armature to the axles and wheels consists in mounting the armature directly upon the axle of the car, so that no intermittent gearing whatever is required, the armature shaft and the axle being identical. The very latest idea in this department is embodied in the design of Mr. William Baxter, Jr., of Baltimore, who proposes to inclose the motor entirely within the car-wheel, and thus to relieve the axles of all strain due to the weight of the motors.



Overhead Wires for Double-track Road, suspended on a Single Line of Ornamental Poles.—Thomson-Houston Railway, Washington, D. C.

The consideration of the various methods by which the current is led from the generating source to the motor on the car, by means of the overhead wire, can now be entered upon. This, evidently, is most important, as upon the effectiveness and integrity of the "line" depends the successful operation of the road, just as in telegraphy the line wire requires to be maintained perfect in order to effect communication.

Looking back to the early electric railways operated by Siemens at Berlin, it is found that the same arrangement, long practised in telegraphy (which is depicted on p. 427), was there adopted; but the conductor, instead of being overhead, consisted of a central rail placed between the other two, but insulated

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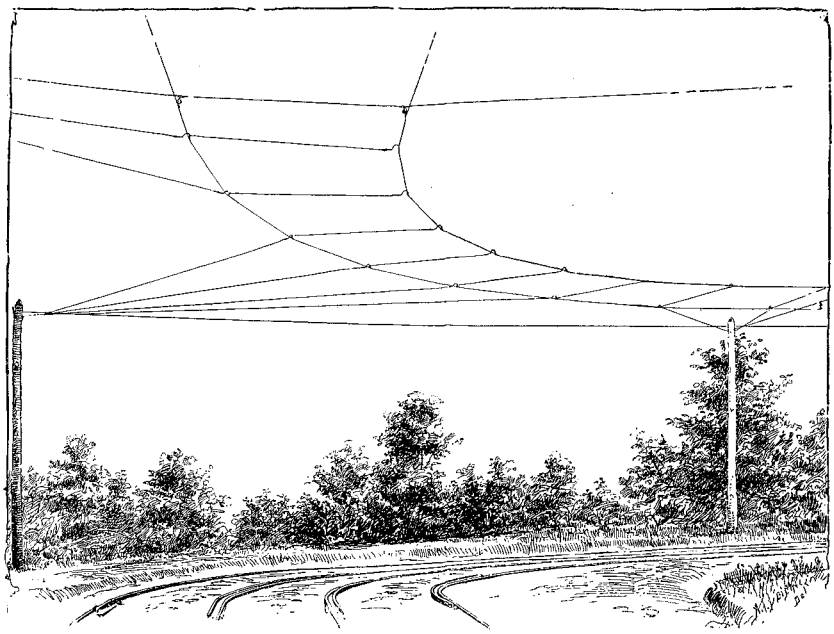

System of Overhead Wires, suspended from Poles on Opposite Sides of the Street. The above a curve on the Sprague Railway at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

from the ground. The current from the dynamo first passed through this central rail, then into the motor through the wheels, and then into the two outer rails and the ground, which carried it back to the other pole of the generating dynamo.

This construction was also adopted in his early work by Leo Daft, in this country; but it is evident that, except in special situations, it is not suitable on account of the danger of shock which it involves to persons and animals crossing the tracks, by coming in contact with the conductor. The two rails themselves have also been employed exclusively as conductors, the one rail being the positive side of the system, and the other the negative.

The overhead line of to-day, in connection with electric railways, is going through the process of evolution similar to that of the other elements of the system. The first attempts in this direction consisted in fixing upon posts a tube having a slot running along its entire length, and facing downward. Within this tube there was placed a slider, which was connected to the motor on the car, and which served to maintain a continuous contact between the moving car and overhead conductor. The operation upon this method, though still continued in one or two instances abroad, was soon abandoned, however, and its place taken by the plain cylindrical wire upon which a trolley-wheel was maintained, which moved in connection with the car, and served to make the necessary contact between the motor and the overhead conductor. This trolley had therefore necessarily to be supported by the wire, and consequently demanded a wire of suitable strength to stand the strain of the travelling wheels. Hence, to avoid this difficulty the very ingenious idea was adopted of supporting the contact-wheel at the end of an arm resting on the top of the car, and pressing it in contact with the lower side of the wire; as a result of this it is evident that the wheel, instead of being a load upon the wire, actually serves to support the wire in its course; and, consequently, a much lighter construction can be adopted in this case than in that previously mentioned.

The manner in which the conductor carrying the current is maintained in position overhead is subject, naturally, to the conditions both of the traffic and

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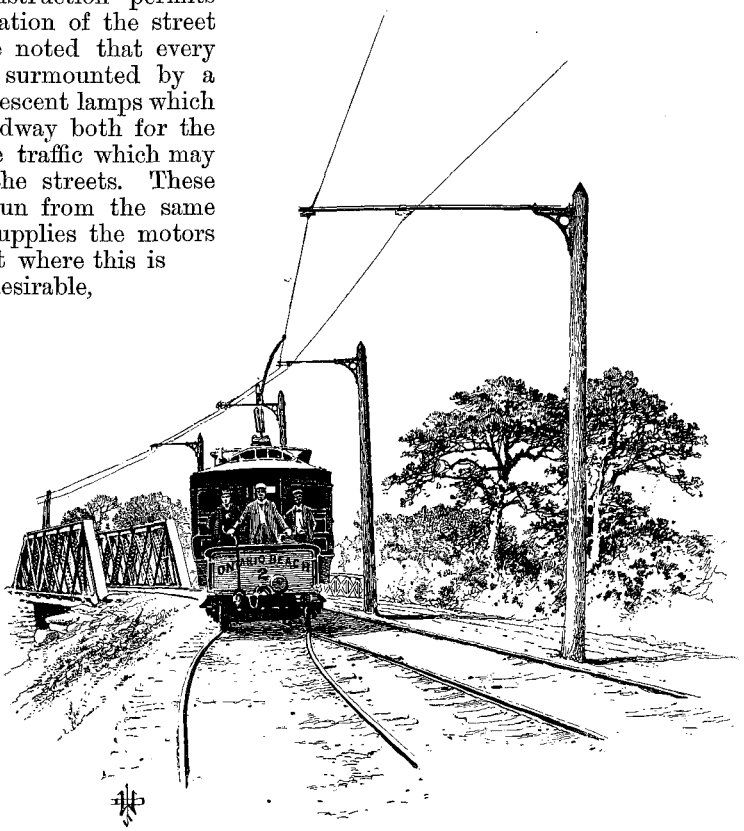
the nature of the road through which the tracks pass. Therefore there are various types of overhead constructions. In ordinary cases, in cities where two tracks are placed side by side in a street, there are two general modes of suspending the overhead wire. A very admirable example of the manner in which this can be accomplished, without obstructing the street or in any way marring its beauty, is that which is illustrated in the engraving on page 429 which represents the Thomson-Houston electric railway, operating in Washington. Here ornamental iron poles are placed at suitable intervals, and carry cross-arms, from the ends of which the wire is suspended by means of an insulator. This simple construction permits also the illumination of the street —for it may be noted that every second pole is surmounted by a cluster of incandescent lamps which light up the roadway both for the cars and for the traffic which may be passing on the streets. These lights may be run from the same current which supplies the motors on the cars, but where this is not considered desirable, a separate conductor can be strung for that purpose; in either case the posts themselves afford a ready means for the suspension of the lamp.

Where the streets are not wide enough to permit of the adoption of a system of poles running along the centre, another method is frequently adopted, which consists in placing the posts at the curb line on either side of the street, and suspending the conductors by means of wires stretched from opposite poles across the street. This method of construction is shown in the engraving (p. 430), which represents the operation of the Sprague electric railway at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Electric railways in many instances connect cities with their suburbs, with tracks frequently running for considerable lengths. The method of overhead construction in such cases consists in using a line of poles having single arms extending from one side, a general type of which is well illustrated in the engraving below, which shows a section of the Thomson-Houston electric railway at Rochester, N. Y.

In the outline sketch (p. 427), the main conductor is represented by a single wire. It is evident, however, that any break in the overhead circuit, as there shown, would cause an interruption to the traffic. Hence at the present time there are, in fact, two systems of conductors employed; one of these, called the main conductor, is run out



Poles with Single Arms for Suburban Roads. The Ontario Beach Railway, Rochester, N. Y.

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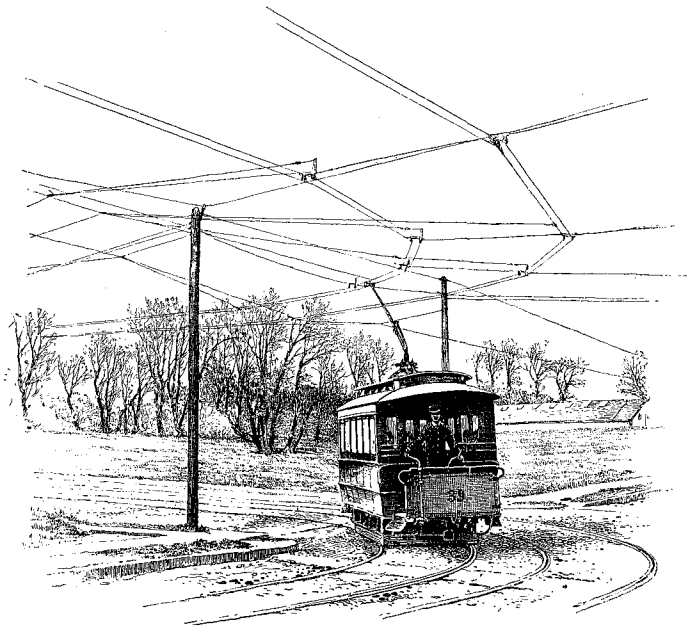
from the dynamo-generating station to various parts of the road, and connects with the working conductor, as it is called, to which the trolley-wheel makes contact. The working conductor being thus fed into at a dozen places, a break in any one part of the circuit will not cause any interruption of the current, so that in reliability of operation the electric railway is far superior, probably, to any other method now in existence, and indeed much preferable to the cable railway, in which the operation of the road depends entirely upon the integrity of the cable, and any stoppage of which means a total interruption of traffic.



The Double-wire, Continuous Metallic Circuit System.—Daft Railway, Cincinnati, O.

As simple a matter as it may seem, the successful operation of the "under-contact" trolley required an enormous amount of experimentation before the proper type of contact was obtained. The one in general use to-day consists merely of a grooved wheel, which is fixed at the end of the trolley-arm. As there is always more or less sag to the wire, some method must be provided for keeping the wheel in constant contact, which evidently could not be effected if the wheel were rigidly attached to the car-body. To effect this, therefore, the arm upon which the contact-wheel is mounted is pivoted flexibly to the top of the car, a series of springs serving constantly to push the arm upward. It is at the same time sufficiently yielding to allow it to overcome any inequalities in the level of the wire or of the road. The arrangement is such that the arm has a free motion from a vertical position to a perfectly horizontal one, so that electric cars may pass under bridges, for instance, reaching to within six inches of the top of the car.

The overhead system so far described consists practically of but a single overhead wire, with a ground return for the current; but there are still some who prefer to use a continuous metallic overhead circuit. This naturally entails the running of two wires instead of one; one wire serving as a feeding wire and the other as the return wire. The principle of operation is evidently the same in both cases, and a very interesting example of this case of overhead construction is that afforded by the Daft electric railway operated in Cincinnati, a view of which is shown above.

It may be remarked that, although the large majority of the roads in operation to-day make contact with the underside of the wire by means of a wheel, there are still some who adhere to the older practice of maintaining a sliding contact with the conductor; among them being Sidney H. Short, who prefers a sliding contact at the end of the arm which is pressed up against the underside of the wire, and continually rubs against it in its passage.

The adoption of the overhead system has been so general that but comparatively little has yet been done in the way of a practical application of running

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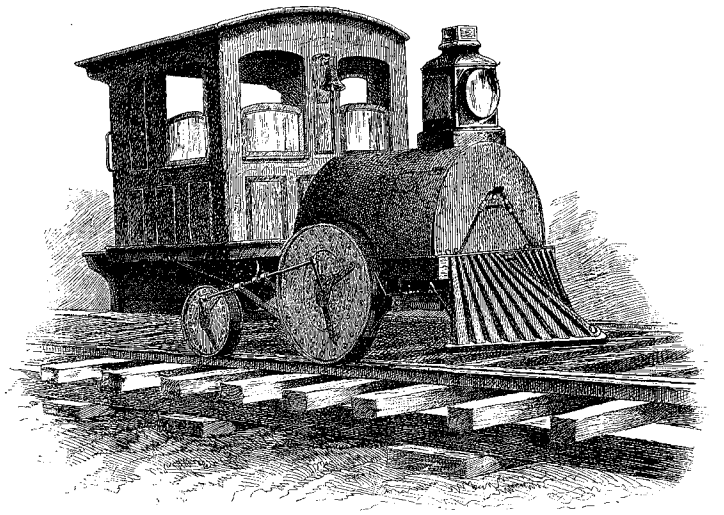
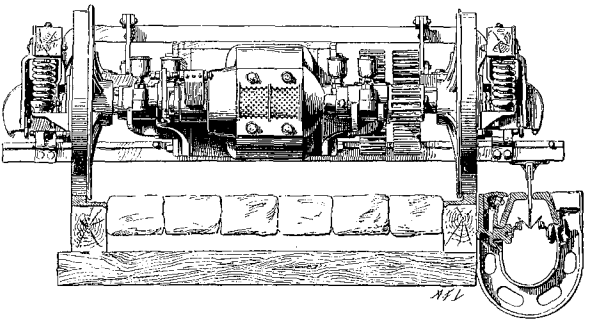


Edison's Menlo Park Electric Locomotive, 1880.

conductors underground. It is evident that by maintaining the system above the ground, it can be closely watched and readily inspected at all times, and the slightest fault which may be developed can be hunted up and remedied in the shortest possible time. Again—and perhaps this may be deemed the most important factor which has led to the preference of the overhead system to the underground—there is the small cost at which it can be erected and maintained.

But it was early evident that the demand of the public in crowded cities would in time force the adoption of some underground system, and various plans have been suggested with this end in view. Evidently the principle remains the same as that employed in the overhead system, but many are the difficulties which present themselves when the conductors are placed below the surface. The problem involves, in the first place, a construction which will effectually resist the action of all forces tending to disturb the relative position of the wires underground; and where the traffic on the streets is very heavy this involves a very strong construction of the conduit. Again, it is absolutely necessary that the conductors shall remain thoroughly insulated from each other and from the ground under all conditions of weather. The frequent heavy rains and snows occurring in this country, therefore, necessitate the adoption of a construction which shall permit of a thorough insulation of the conductors and a drainage of the entire system, not only to prevent an entire stoppage of the operation of the road by flooding, but also to avoid a continuous loss of current from conductor to conductor by leakage. To such general conditions are added others of minor importance. To meet all these, therefore, has been the subject of not a little study. Only a comparatively brief reference can be made to one of these types, the design of Messrs.



The Bentley-Knight Underground Conduit System, showing Cross-section of Track, Conduit, and Truck.

Bentley & Knight, as now put down in Fulton Street, New York, which has not yet, however, gone into operation, though one of their earlier types is in use in Allegheny City. The type of this conduit system is well illustrated in the engraving above. A number of constructors have arranged the

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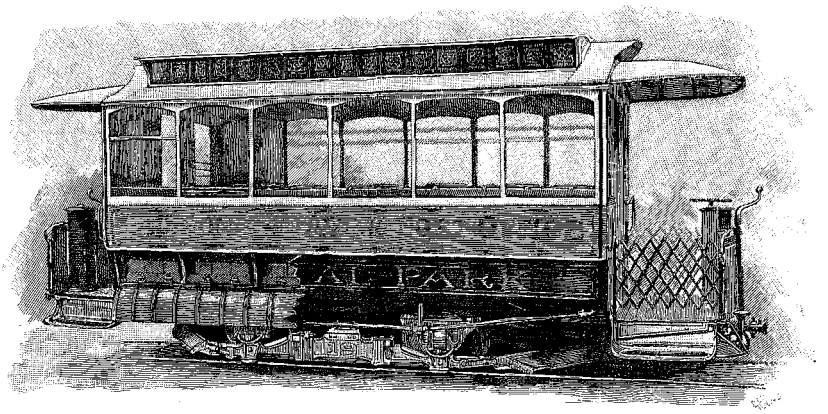
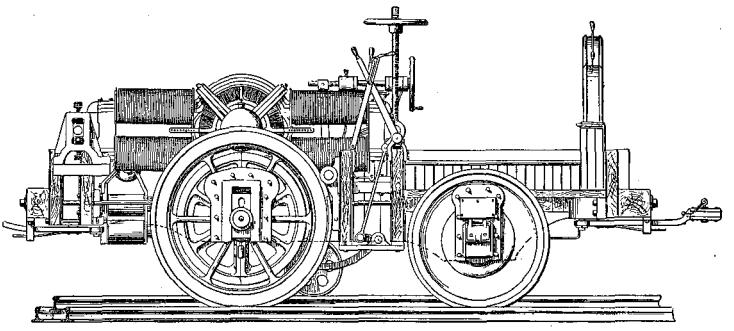
conduit to run along the centre of the track, but the objections to this method of operation have been overcome by placing the conduit at one side of the track. As shown in the engraving, the two conductors are supported upon porcelain insulators fixed to the sides of the conduit. Placed directly above them are the two slot-rails through which a plough attached to a cross-beam on the car-truck enters. The lower end of the plough carries two contacts mounted upon springs, so that they are kept in continual contact with the conductors. The conduit is constructed of heavy cast-iron, horse-shoe shaped ribs, which are laid in the ground and connected continuously by an iron shell fixed to the flanges. For the proper and easy examination of the conduit, hand-holes are provided at short intervals, one of which is shown in section in the engraving.



The Storage-battery System.—Car of the Julien Electric Traction Company, as run on the Fourth Avenue Road, New York.

Although a limited number of electric railways operating with the conductors placed in conduits are in successful operation to-day, the difficulties encountered in their operation have led inventors to seek other means of communication between the conductors and the motor than is afforded by means of a plough; moreover, a slot running along the surface of the street is also looked upon by some as an objection, the removal of which would be desirable. To avoid both these a number of inventors have hit upon the idea which consists in laying the conductors underground, and, at short intervals, providing devices which shall close the conductor circuit through the car at whatever place the car happens to be. In one of these systems, that designed by Messrs. Pollak & Binswanger, a magnet carried at the bottom of the car acts upon a switch placed, every twenty or thirty feet, below the surface of the street, which switch closes the circuit and sends a current through the motor on the car from the main conductors. A system of a similar nature has also been designed by Mr. McElroy, of Pittsburg. Though ingenious in their conception, none of these



Daft Electric Locomotive for Traffic on Elevated Railroads.

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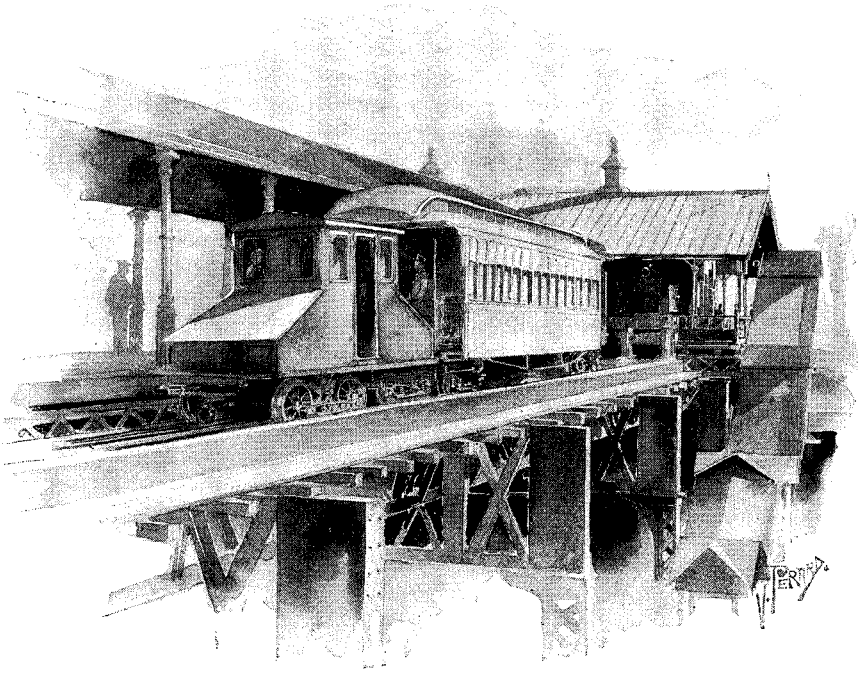
systems has yet come into practical use. As remarked recently by a well-known electrician, the underground electric railway problem does not of itself present any inherent difficulties, but an essential element in its success is proper engineering, such as has been proved necessary as the result of past experience in cable traction. And, according to the same authority, the laying down of a cable conduit ought to be hailed with delight by electricians, as, sooner or later, it will most probably serve as a receptacle for electric railway conductors.



Stephen D. Field's Motor.—Experimental Trials on the Thirty-fourth Street Branch of the Elevated Railway, New York City.

There are two different ways in which electric cars may be operated, considering their electrical relation to the conductor. As the readers of "Electricity in Lighting"* are already aware, electric lamps may be connected so that the current passes through each lamp in succession. This is the system upon which the large arc lamps for street illumination are connected, and is called the "series" system. Another method, however, which is that almost universally employed in connection with the incandescent lamp, is the connection of the lamps across the circuit, the lamps being, as it were, placed parallel to one another across the outgoing and returning wires, and each lamp obtaining its current independently of the other. This is called the "multiple arc" or "parallel" system. The latter method is the one upon which the large majority of electric railways running to-day are operated. It requires that the electric pressure at the terminals of the dynamo, and hence upon the line, shall remain constant, while the current passing over the line varies, of course, with the number of cars which are being operated at the time; ten cars, for example, taking ten times as much current as one car.

But the series system of operating cars still has its adherents, among them Sidney H. Short, of Cleveland, O. In his system the current is maintained at the same strength throughout, and

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for August, 1889, p. 194.

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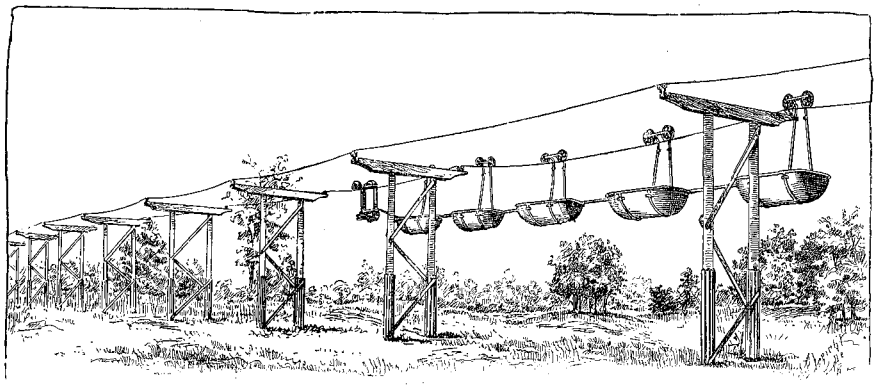
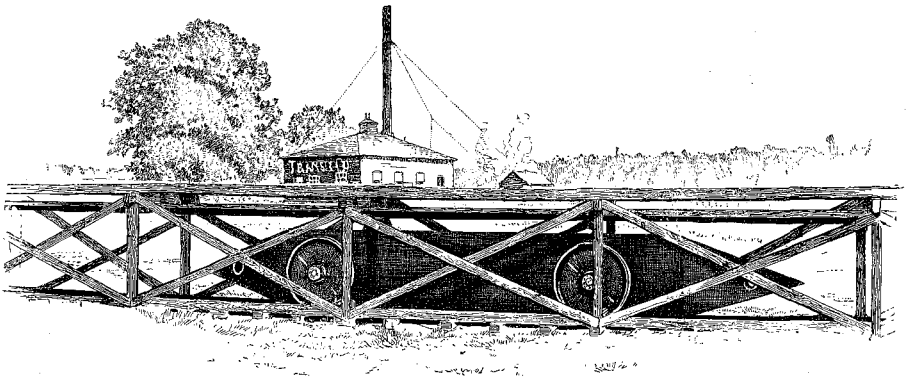


The Glynde, England, Telpherage Line, on the System of the Late Fleeming Jenkin.

passes from one car to the other undiminished in strength. It involves, however, a change in the electric pressure of the line, so that with ten cars the pressure would be ten times as great as that required with only one car in operation. Thus, although no actual power is saved, since in one case the pressure, and in the other the strength of the current, is varied proportionately, its adherents claim for it certain other advantages in operation, among others, a saving in the cost of conductors.

The storage-battery system is frequently called the ideal system of street-car propulsion. It is true it is the most pleasant to contemplate both from the stand-point of the public and the street-car manager. The objections which are held against the erection of wires and poles in streets, or the placing of conduits which necessitate slots in the roadway, would evidently be entirely overcome by a system which should leave each car independent of every outward source of power. This great desideratum is undoubtedly best embodied in a car equipped with its complement of storage-cells previously charged, the car moving over the road as a single unit independent of all other conditions. These manifest advantages were early recognized, and hence it was not long after the practical storage-battery was invented by Faure, that attempts were made to apply it to storage-car propulsion. The first of these cars was put in operation in Paris, in 1882, and was followed by experimental operations in various other places. In 1885 a competition at the Antwerp International Exhibition, arranged between an electric car, steam locomotives of various kinds, and a compressed-air engine, resulted in the complete victory



The Weems System for a High-speed Electric Railway. More than one hundred and twenty miles an hour actually accomplished on an experimental track.

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of the first. Progress has, however, been steadily going on, and though but few such roads are in operation as compared with their more vigorous competitor the overhead system, the belief is entertained by many that, with improvements that will undoubtedly be made in the storage-battery, this system will occupy a very prominent position in the future of electric traction. The reason for this will be apparent when we consider the very simple elements of which it is composed. The motive equipment of the car does not differ essentially from that already described in connection with the overhead system; but to this is added a set of storage-batteries which hold a sufficient charge to propel the car a given number of trips. The illustration (p. 434) shows such a car as operated at present by the Julien Electric Traction Company, in New York. The batteries are placed under the seats, and occupy no space otherwise useful. This system requires, of course, like those above described, a station in which a sufficient current is generated, for charging the cells. Here the cells are charged in regular rotation; the car after its run enters the car-house, discharges its exhausted cells, and is furnished with a new set, which have in the meantime been charged. This operation requires but a minute or two. The arrangement can be so made that the work of the engines at the station in charging the cells is practically continuous during twenty-four hours if necessary, which conduces to a well-known economy in operation.

Such, in general, are the main features of the systems of electric railways which have thus far been developed to any considerable extent. The rapid extension of the electric street-car system which has taken place (especially in this country), naturally leads to the question of the cause thereof. To have gained such pre-eminence it must be able to do not only what other systems can do, but, still more, it must be able to do it at a decreased cost. Again, removal of thousands of horses from the streets of a city, involving, as it does, the doing away with the noise and dirt, is another distinct gain to its residents. But if one goes still farther, and contemplates the difference between a stable housing thousands of horses, and an electric-car station of sufficient size to operate a road with the same efficiency, one is at once struck with the advantages on the side of the electric system, which, indeed, are incontrovertible. Instead of a large, ill-smelling building whose odors are wafted for many blocks (making the tenancy of houses within half a mile almost unbearable, and involving a large depreciation of property in the neighborhood), there is a neat, substantial building equipped with a steam plant and dynamos, and occupying hardly one-tenth the space required for an equivalent number of horses. Therefore, not only is there effected a removal of the nuisances attached to a stable, but a large saving in the cost of real estate, and the far greater amount involved in the known depreciation of the surrounding property. Besides this, the stables are of necessity required to be in close proximity to the track, whereas the electric power station, which furnishes current to the car, may be situated a mile from the track in some suitable place, as, for instance, beside a river, where, with condensing engines, power may be generated at a minimum of cost.

Again, looking at the electric street-car from the stand-point of the engineer, it becomes evident that it is an undisputed rival of all other systems of mechanical propulsion. For example, it requires no device for the suppression of dirt, dust, and smoke in the streets, the necessary accompaniment of all steam locomotion. But most important of all is the consideration that the electric motor has, in fact, but a single moving part, the armature, the motion of which, unlike that of the steam and compressed-air engine, instead of being reciprocating, is rotary, and hence avoids the disagreeable jolting which attends the riding in cars which are of necessity frequently required to start and stop. As a consequence of there being but a single moving part, the cost and care required to keep the electric motors in running order is but a minimum, and the art of building them has to-day ad-

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vanced to such a point that, with intelligent supervision, the life of the machine is equal to that of any similar mechanism.

It is fair to assume that but few roads exist which are so favorably situated that they encounter no grades in their course; and when the proposition to employ electricity as a traction agent was first projected, the difficulty as to the ascent of grades was held out as one of the drawbacks to the application of the system. But it required but a short period of actual experience to demonstrate that in just such situations the electric car was superior in every respect to the horse, and indeed to the steam locomotive. Grades exceeding ten per cent. are being overcome on roads now in operation, and others of lesser degree are now considered as of easy accomplishment with the electric car. In order to be able to cope with such grades it is, of course, necessary that the motor attached to the cars have ample power, and it has therefore become the custom to equip the trucks with two motors ranging from 10 to 15 H. P. each, thus giving the car an available traction power of from 15 to 30 H. P. Considering the fact that the ordinary horse-car has, as a rule, but two horses, this might to some appear an excessive amount of power equipment; but the fact must not be lost sight of, that while, ordinarily, two horses exert their normal, average strength in keeping the car in motion when once brought to its proper speed—the effort which they exert in bringing a car from a dead stand-still to its proper speed often actually exceeds ten horse-power. Hence it is that the frequent heavy exertion required of horses in the street-car traffic results in their rapid wearing out and final disability for active service after three or four years' work. Therefore it is necessary that the electric car should be provided with the power corresponding at least to that which the horse exercises when required; but it is evident that, once started, the motor need only deliver a small part of its capacity, sufficient to keep the car in motion. But since electric cars are put upon roads having grades which have not been attempted with animals, additional power is frequently required, and hence it is that as high as 30 to 40 H. P. are sometimes concentrated on one car which, under normal conditions, hardly requires more than three or four for its propulsion. This increase of power has also been necessitated by the practice which has sprung up of coupling one, and sometimes two or three tow-cars, with a motor car, so that in reality the motors of one car are required to do the work of two or three.

In this connection attention should be called to a phenomenon which may now be considered to be an established fact, in virtue of which electric cars are aided in ascending heavy grades. This phenomenon, which was probably first observed by Leo Daft, at his works in Greenville, N. J., in 1882, is that, when the current passes from the car-wheel to the track it causes an increased friction or resistance to sliding between them, the result of which is that slipping is to a large degree prevented, and heavier grades can be attempted; and, on the other hand, heavier loads taken up than would be practical with a system in which the current did not pass between the wheel and the rail. The explanation of this phenomenon, though not completely established, seems to lie in the direction of a slight welding action which takes place between the wheel and the rail, caused by the heat generated by the current.

In respect to the regulation and operation of electric cars, it may be remarked that there is no system which is more elastic. The driver at the front of the car has under his control the switch, so that by a simple movement of a handle he may regulate at will the speed of the car from a stand-still to full speed, as well as its direction of motion. Up to the present time the hand-brakes, as a rule, have been retained; but it is evident that with a motor under the control of a driver which can be instantly reversed, a powerful addition to the ordinary hand-brake is placed in the hands of the driver, and this has been often turned to good advantage to prevent accidents. In support of this it may be cited that since the inauguration of the electric railway in Cleveland, O., the number of accidents has been far less than for the

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corresponding period during which the road was operated by horses, notwithstanding the fact that the electric cars are run at a higher speed.

The operation of street railways by electricity, although even now completely demonstrated to be more economical than by either horses or cables, is yet too recent to afford the more reliable figures which can only be obtained after extended use; but from an investigation recently made on a number of roads by O. T. Crosby, some very interesting data are developed. The results of Mr. Crosby's investigation show that the average cost of motive-power for the roads in Washington, Richmond, Cleveland, and Scranton, was about 5.09 cents per car mile, and the relations of the various items which go to make up this total cost are exceedingly interesting. Thus it is shown that the interest on the investment constitutes about one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole; that is to say, about one cent per car mile; coal, as a rule, about twelve per cent.; attendance, about forty per cent.; and the machinery and line, without interest, the remaining twenty per cent. But with all these manifest advantages of the electric railway, the best proof of its superiority is to be found in the experience of those who are using it; and if the unsolicited praise from that quarter is to be relied upon, then certainly the electric railway is an unqualified success.

At the eighth annual meeting of the American Street Railway Association, held last September at Minneapolis, the committee which had been appointed for the purpose of investigating and reporting upon electric railways, submitted a report which should finally set at rest the doubts of those who still believe the electric railway to be in the experimental stage. This committee reported in fact that, "if it is desired to make a change from horse-power, electricity will fill the bill to perfection, no matter how long or short the road, or how many passengers are carried. In the investigation of the subject the most satisfactory results have been shown; it not only increases the traffic over the road, but reduces expense, and actually enables us to operate a line, which heretofore entailed a loss, at a profit." After discussing the various systems, the committee gives an estimate relative to the cost of equipping a railway on three systems, namely, on the cable system, the overhead wire, and the storage-battery system, which is as follows:

A comparative statement of the cost of construction of a ten-mile road complete, with 15 cars, would stand probably as follows:

Cable System:	
Cost of cable construction	$700,000
Cost of power plant	125,000
Cost of cars	15,000
	$840,000
Electrical Overhead Wire System:	
Cost of road-bed	$70,000
Cost of wiring	30,000
Cost of cars	60,000
Cost of power plant	30,000
	$190,000
Storage-battery System:	
Cost of road-bed	$70,000
Cost of cars	75,000
Cost of power plant	30,000
	$175,000

In the above cases of electrical construction, the motor-car would be capable of pulling one or two tow-cars, if necessary. These figures your committee have no doubt will be found to be calculated within a reasonable limit of cost.

Here, then, is at once a most potent argument for the adoption of the electric railway over the cable system, for (while answering all the demands which can be made upon a car) its cost of installation is nearly five to one in favor of electricity. To this must be added the fact that in the case of the cable, under favorable conditions, only eighteen per cent. of the power of the engine is actually employed in the propulsion of the cars, the remainder being consumed in the mere haulage of the dead cable; while in the electric system at least fifty per cent. of the engine power is available for traction purposes. The cost of power, or coal required, is thus approximately 3 to 1 in favor of electricity.

As remarked in that report, the installation of an electric railway in place of horses is uniformly accompanied by a large increase in receipts, as well as a decrease in expenses. Both of these items working together have resulted in a most remarkable showing of earnings for such roads. Only a few instances

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need be given to demonstrate this: The electric railway at Davenport, Ia., started on September 1, 1888, with five fourteen-foot cars. The road included a grade of seven and a half per cent. for sixteen hundred feet, and the following table gives a comparison of the earnings for four consecutive months, operating with horses and with electricity:

	1887. With horses.		1888. With electricity.		Net increase per cent.
	Gross.	Net.	Gross.	Net.	
September.	$1,347 49	$474 79	$1,997 15	$997 15	110
October...	1,232 47	302 47	1,903 94	1,121 94	270
November.	1,131 49	231 49	1,886 06	986 06	320
December.	1,283 14	353 14	2,022 98	1,123 48	220
	$1,255 40 Aver.	$340 47 Aver.	$1,952 53 Aver.	$1,056 91	210 Aver.

As here shown, there was an average net increase of two hundred and ten per cent. in the receipts. Other places have shown still more remarkable results, but the reticence of the managers of these roads naturally prevents the publication of what might otherwise almost be considered apocryphal earnings. One case may be mentioned in which, for thirty-one days, during the month of July, last year, the receipts amounted to $10,605, and the operating expenses $3,735, showing a net gain of $6,870; and another in which, for the month of August, 1889, the operating receipts were $4,317.46, while the total expense amounted to $871.04, giving a net profit of $3,446.42.

The popularity which the electric cars have obtained in cities where they have been employed is well known, and easily accounts for the remarkable showing made in the earnings of the road. The service, instead of being slow and uncertain, as under the régime of the horse, is now swift and sure, and delays are practically unknown. For a time doubts were expressed of the ability of the electric cars to cope with the conditions imposed by our harsh Northern winters, but the experience of the last two years has shown that such fears were unfounded, and the most severe storms which passed over this country last winter caused not the slightest delay in the operation of electric railways. A good example was given of this immunity from delay by many of the Western roads, among them those of Omaha, Council Bluffs, Cleveland, Davenport, and St. Joseph, where the electric cars maintained schedule time, whereas the horse-cars were running at irregular intervals with double teams. It is evident that with a sweeper provided with powerful motors for removing the snow from the tracks, and kept constantly running over the line, there is nothing to prevent its being kept clear at all times. Even without the sweepers, the cars themselves have sufficient power to force the snow aside and maintain the track clear, as has often been demonstrated.

Our own country has made far greater progress in the application of electricity to railways than all the rest of the world included, and it is therefore not uninteresting to glance briefly at the rapid increase which the system has undergone. The first trustworthy statistics on the subject were given in a paper read by T. C. Martin before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, in May, 1887, in which he showed that there were in operation at that time in the United States thirteen electric railways, carrying about three million five hundred thousand passengers annually. The latest and most trustworthy statistics relating to the same subject show that there are in operation in this country, and in course of construction at the present time, no fewer than 179 electric railways, operating over 1,884 cars with 1,260 miles of track. The number of passengers carried it would be difficult to estimate; but it must be considerably more than 100,000,000.

Among the larger cities in which electric railways have been put in operation, the foremost is Boston. W. H. Whitney, the president of the West End Railway, of Boston, after thorough investigation and trial of the electric railway, was finally so well convinced of its superiority over all other methods of street-car propulsion, that he recommended its general adoption on the street railways of Boston; and while more than one hundred cars are in operation there at present, preparations are going on which will culminate in the operation

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of nearly one thousand electric cars in Boston alone. Among the other cities having electric railways is Cincinnati, with forty cars, and preparations for a large increase. Cleveland, O., has now several lines operated by electricity, as well as Harrisburg, Pa.; Kansas City, Mo.; Hartford, Conn.; New York City; Omaha, Neb.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San José, Cal.; Scranton, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.; Tacoma, Wash.; Washington, D. C.; Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Wilmington, Del., and a long list of others.

Wherever the electric railway has been introduced a reduction in the schedule time, or, in other words, an increase of speed, has followed; and where the lines connect the suburbs of cities, not infrequently a speed of from twelve to eighteen miles per hour is attained by electric cars, thus affording to residents in suburbs the speed facilities of a steam railway.

For intra-urban rapid transit, evidently, electricity is superior in every respect to steam traction, and hence it was but natural that several electricians should have essayed the solution of the problem of affording the residents of New York a deliverance from the present overcrowded conditions of the elevated railway cars. Among the electricians who have submitted plans for this may be mentioned Leo Daft, who was the first to place an electric locomotive on the elevated railroad, and who has recently shown, as the result of his experiments, that he is able to increase the traffic of the road with a reduction in cost of operating expenses. The locomotive employed by Mr. Daft in his latest experiments, called the "Ben Franklin," is shown in elevation at the bottom of page 434.

Frank J. Sprague has also attacked the problem, his plan embodying the idea that the locomotive car shall also be a passenger car, only about one-half of its total length of fifty feet being occupied by the motive-power equipment. In this way the weight of the locomotive is widely distributed over the road-bed, a necessity with the present form of elevated railway structure.

Stephen D. Field has also turned his attention to this problem, and, like Leo Daft, favors the employment of an electric locomotive independent of the rest of the train. His motor, as run on the Thirty-fourth Street branch of the elevated railway in New York City, is illustrated on page 435, and embodied a modification in the gearing of the motor from those heretofore employed. It will be seen that instead of employing intermediate toothed gear, or a similar device, Mr. Field connects directly to the armature shaft a crank which, through the medium of a connecting bar, transmits its motion directly to the wheels of the locomotive.

Though the experiments undertaken on the elevated railways have not yet led to the adoption of that system, it is only a question of time when it will become a necessity, and, indeed, the only way out of a constantly increasing difficulty. The elevated railroad presents ideal conditions for the application of such a system, and the cause of the delay which has thus far taken place must be looked for rather in a conservative management than in any lack of appreciation of the proposed system.

The advantages of the electric railway on the surface of the earth have been pointed out, but by those who have ever witnessed the operations of a railway within mines, the introduction of the electric locomotive will be admitted to be one of the most marked advances which have been made in that industry during recent years. Indeed, one of the first electric railways ever operated was a mine tramway. Removing at once the slow and obstinate mule, on the one hand, and the dust, smoke, and noise and poisonous gases of the steam locomotive, on the other hand, the electric locomotive does its work with "neatness and despatch," requiring but a fraction of the attendance necessary in the other methods, and promoting the comfort of the miner in the highest degree. The ingenuity of the electrician has easily adapted the electric motor to these purposes. A mine locomotive employed at Scranton, Pa., by the Hillside Coal Co., designed by C. J. Van Depoele, has already shown itself fully able to handle several hundred cars per day, and has entirely displaced the mules

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formerly employed in the mines. Several other mining railways are running, or in course of equipment in this country and several are in operation in Europe. This mining branch of electrical development, though hardly touched at the present time, is certainly destined to equal, if it does not exceed, in extent the wonderful growth of the surface railroad.

Inventive genius early in the art looked to a further extension of electric traction, and as early as 1882 Professor Fleeming Jenkin suggested the idea of an electric transportation system in which the motor or car should ride upon a suspended cable, which should at the same time constitute both the track and the electrical conductor. This system, which was named by him "telpherage," has actually gone into operation at Glynde, in England, where it is employed in delivering clay from the mines for a distance of several miles. This system is illustrated on page 436. The great cheapness of this system of construction, together with its flexibility, seems to promise for it a bright future. The train is under complete control of the attendant at the station. As a feeder to the main railway lines of traffic it possesses unquestionable advantages, and for the transportation of ore, coal, and minerals generally, as well as corn and other agricultural products, it would seem to have many advantages.

These descriptions have thus far been confined to what has actually been accomplished; but it is not out of place to cast a glance into the future, in order to discern in what direction electricians are working in the domain of electric railways. One of their main objective points is to attain higher speed than is now reached with the fastest express train, and enough has already been demonstrated to show that this is by no means impossible. There has been for some time in operation at Laurel, Md., a system of electric railway, originally designed by David G. Weems. When it was recently inspected by the writer, with his watch in hand, he noted a speed of the electric locomotive of nearly one hundred and twenty miles an hour. The electric car there employed is illustrated on page 436. The electric motors are constructed with a revolving armature which is mounted directly on the axle, so that no intermediate gearing whatever is employed. The curiously-pointed ends of the car, which might by some be considered fantastical, have their *raison d'être* in the fact that, at the high speeds at which this car is run, the resistance of the air is by far the greater retarding influence; much greater, in fact, than the resistance due to the axle and rolling friction, which at lower speeds is predominant. The electric current is taken from a conductor fixed above the car, to which a brush connected with the motor makes contact. The system has now been placed for its further development in the hands of O. T. Crosby, an engineer late of the United States Army, and will, it is hoped, soon be reduced to a condition of commercial practicability. There is certainly nothing in the new system which could prejudice its feasibility under suitable conditions.

There is also another system of rapid transportation which has been suggested, and has been put into experimental operation, known as the "Port-electric" system. In this system, invented by John T. Williams, a well-known principle is applied, namely, that of the sucking in of an iron core by the action of a current circulating in a coil around it. Mr. Williams makes his car or carrier play the rôle of an iron core, which is propelled by the successive action of coils of wire placed at suitable intervals along the track.

With the advantages of the electric railway so clearly pointed out, and so unquestionably demonstrated in actual practice, it would not be unsafe to hazard the opinion that, in ten years, at the farthest, there will not be a *single* horse-railway in operation, at least in our own country. The horse will then be once more returned to his legitimate field of labor, and the street-car passenger will be transported at an increased speed, and with all the comforts of easy riding, in cars propelled and lighted by electricity; while it is by no means improbable that, with further work on the line indi-

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cated, the passenger may step aboard a train in New York at ten in the morning, and eat a five-o'clock dinner in Chicago on the same day. Enough has indeed been accomplished to show that electricity is destined to be one of the most powerful factors entering into our social conditions, and that the ease of distribution and convenience of power afforded by it must bring forth changes in the social order which are even now hardly realized.

EXPIATION.

By Octave Thanet.

CHAPTER X.

FAIRFAX held his way after Barnabas, deeper and deeper into the swamp. One feature of the scenery is all that he remembers; everywhere, the microscopic softness of tree and shrub articulation was spattered with myriads of tiny berries, red like blood. Dick never looked behind. Betty Ward put her head down and galloped — galloped. Logs had fallen, their black pointed boughs sticking up in the air like javelins. There was a tangle of elbow-brush and briar. It was hard riding. Fairfax left the road to the horse. If she did not know it, the chase was lost, anyhow. He sat well back in the saddle, but with his body inclined a little; and his eyes never left the bare head in front, with the floating black hair which rose and sank as the mule's white flanks flashed through the cane. He felt no fear. When his father gave him Betty Ward hadn't he said, "Well done, Fair, you done well, boy. Dick belongs to you. Take Betty and catch him!"

The approval of one simple, rustic, heroic gentleman was more to Fair than all the world's, than Adèle's even; he felt that he could storm a fort. Gentle as his nature was, he was possessed by the hunter's fury and the terrible joy of fight.

And Dick? Who knows what were his thoughts, or why he chose the direction in which he sped. Perhaps it seemed to him a temporary sanctuary protected by superstition (for it was toward La Rouge's farm that he spurred Ma'y Jane until her white sides were streaked with red), and his sole pursuer he valued lightly. He could soon quiet that boy. His revolver was empty, but so was the other's, or he would have fired. Little it mattered to Dick that the buzzards were skurrying along the sky over the murdered Frenchman's grave. Ma'y Jane floundered bravely through the morass. Where she climbed on firm ground, a broken-down corner of a fence stood, relic of one of La Rouge's rail-fences. Dick wheeled his horse to face Fair.

"Wa'al, Bud, come on," he cried, lifting his sword. Doubtless his intention was to set on his enemy just as he was struggling out of the mud. He stuck his spurs into the mule. Either he forgot Ma'y Jane's evil conditions, or, having mastered her once, he believed too fondly in his own powers. He essayed to ride at Fair, past the fence-corner.

Immediately he realized his folly; Ma'y Jane's head had gone in the air with her heels, while fire flashed out of her wicked eyes; she jammed Dick's leg against the rails with such force that he reeled in the saddle; and, the second after, he was hurled backward into the swamp. It was the deepest place; the wretched man sank up to his waist in mire.

Fair easily made a landing. His enemy was only a blasted torso rising out of black slime. Slime streaked his face and matted his hair. Before a word could be said, he threw up his hands, dripping hideously like the rest of him.

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Fair, whether or not he recognized a gesture equivalent to a white flag, perceived that the man was at his mercy.

Deliberately he loaded his pistol.

Dick's teeth glittered in an awful grin of hate and fear.

"Be ye aimin' t' kill me, an' me with my hands up?" he shrieked. "God, it's murder! You'r' no better nor *me!*"

"I am not going to shoot you," answered Fairfax, sternly, "I am going to guard you till the others come up."

Dick's other manner, his fawning smoothness, was on him now, while, nevertheless, he eyed Fairfax with a gaze venomous through all its terror, like the eyes of a trapped rat. "Mist' Rutherford," he began, "they won't come. They all 'low this place is ha'nted. Look a yere, we're jes' two gentlemen together, I own up I done you dirt mean—I do. I ax you' pardin. Nare gentleman kin do more, kin they, now? I see you' a brave man. I 'lowed to fight ye fair an' the bes' man win. But now ye see my d—— condition, I'm chillin' this minnit, in this slush. Now, look a yere, you know I are a man er my word. Dick Barnabas never did rue back. You slew that er hackberry branch over my way, an' holp me out, an' I guv my word er honor I'll light a shuck outer this kentry, t'night, an' you all will be shet er Dick Barnabas fur ever more."

"No," said Fairfax.

The cold drops stood on Dick's forehead. "You 'low I'll keep on jawhawkin', some'ers else?" he cried. "I sw'ar I won't. I'll lead an honest life. I'll jine the Confederate army."

He was in earnest. But it was his unhappy fate that his one virtue was little known to his judge, and that, moreover, on the single occasion of his other meeting with the latter he had pushed his shrewdness very near knavery. Any other man who fought Dick Barnabas that day would have felt assured that he would keep his word; Fairfax Rutherford only remembered how, once, he had "kept his promise to the ear, only to break it to the sense."

Yet he was touched. Motion has much to do with that fever of the blood we call rage, which helps a man through a vast deal of slaughter. Fairfax sat at rest in his saddle; he could feel his horse pant, and drew a long breath himself. Besides, he was a kind-hearted young fellow who hated to see a fox killed; and here was a pitiful spectacle, a human being in so horrid a plight, *begging* his life. He felt his violent desires ebbing away. More than he had wanted to slay the outlaw before, he wanted to save him now.

Dick's glassy black balls never missed a change in the other's face; he saw the wavering, he went on eagerly, rapidly: "Look a yere, its natchell, I know, fur ye t' lay up agin me how I done ye, I make up. I got a heap er truck hid away. I'll show ye whar 'tis, if ye let me go! Ain't I makin' up? Ye kin give it ter the other folkses, if ye like. Tell ye, they all wud heap ruther git thar money back to havin' me killed up. Ye know they wud."

They might, Fair thought. And perhaps he was taking a private revenge instead of acting, against his compassion, for the public good alone. How ghastly he looked, poor wretch! Must he guard him until help came, with night approaching? They might be an hour riding there, two hours—they might not come all night. Fair turned sick at the thought of the wretch freezing and fainting in the cold ooze. Why, it were more merciful to shoot him on the spot. "I shall have to, if they are too long!" he groaned. The sheer human repulsion from such butchery mastered him. But he sat motionless. Could he believe Dick? Inexorably, his experience answered, no. His reason, beginning to speak, reminded him that, this one man dead, there would be an end of brigandage in the Black River country. The fields would be tilled, the crops planted, honest men would ride freely about their business, women and children would no longer live in terror. Let them only know Dick had been captured and killed, the rogues left would think of nothing but hiding.

He remembered his own oath to bring Jim Fowler's assassin to justice; yet that did not count like other things, like the chances for Dick's followers, for instance. Were he to let Dick escape, every wounded prisoner would be hung before sundown. Colonel Rutherford was fully persuaded that the peace of the country

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"Be ye aimin' t' kill me, an' me with my hands up?"

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required an awful example. Dick was the leader; Dick executed, he might prevail on his father to show mercy to the minor ruffians. Fairfax did not deceive himself. He judged Dick's doom righteous and necessary; what was intolerable was to be the executioner.

Bud Fowler.

"I am a coward again," thought he, with an inexpressible sinking of the soul. And on the heels of that thought came another: Here was his expiation for that past shame, to deliver the murderer to justice.

And whatever may be said for or against his decision, no one of the fearless soldiers and statesmen who were Fairfax Rutherford's ancestors ever did a braver act or one better becoming a good citizen, than he then; choosing the worst torture to a man of sensibility, the torture of inflicting pain before the risk of calamity to the commonwealth.

But he could not meet Dick's wicked, scared eyes; he turned his head as he answered:

"It's no use, Barnabas; I bear you no malice, but I can't let you go."

"Ye *dasn't* let me go! You' a cyoward!" screamed the wretch. His voice was terrible.

Fairfax's face was whiter than his. Instead of replying to the taunt, he pulled a whiskey flask out of his pocket and threw it to the outlaw, calling him to catch it, drink it, it would keep the cold out.

But he would not look at the man gulping down the liquor in furious haste.

He wheeled his horse to ride back a little distance, thinking thus to get a better view through the trees, and to call for help. At the same instant, Betty Ward shied, and something like a line of white fire sheared the air past him, to bury itself in a cypress-trunk where it hung quivering—Dick Barnabas's bowie-knife.

Fairfax turned. But not for the useless blow; he turned because the wood was reverberating with the crash of a gunshot and a scream of agony.

Where Dick had stood there remained only an awful bas-relief of a head and shoulders flung face downward with outstretched arms on the smooth, black mud. A hand moved once. The wind lifted the long black hair. That was all. In a few moments, the smooth black surface was unbroken.

Bud Fowler slipped calmly down from his perch in a swamp hackberry-tree, at right angles to Fair. He was neither pale nor flushed, but sallow and freckled and solemn-looking, as usual. And, as usual, one of his hands was hitching up his trousers.

"All that ar good whiskey plumb wasted!" was his first speech; "wa'al, he won't drink no more. I promised maw I'd kill 'im, an' I done it."

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me where *you* came from, Bud," said Fair, who felt horribly shaken and found a certain relief in speaking lightly.

"Oh, I b'en yere right along," replied Bud, his drawling accent not a whit hurried by excitement. "Berries is thick up thar, an' hid me. I 'lowed to shoot, onyhow, but I sorter waited tuh hear Dick beg fur marcy, kase he never did show none. I was jes gettin' ready w'en you throwed the mean skunk you' w'iskey. 'Laws,' says I, 'let the critter get one drink daown 'im, fust!' w'en, blame my skin, ef he didn't up an' shy that ar knife at ye. Tell ye, I let drive mighty quick. Hit him *fine*, didn't I?"

"He gave a nasty scream."

Bud grinned. "That warn't him aschreechin'. He tumbled over still's a wild hoeg, an' ye cayn't git nare squeal

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outer them ef ye cut 'em ter pieces.* Thar are b'en Mose. He never kin see nobody hurted without squealin'. All right, Mose. Good Mose."

Mose stuck "his long locks colored like copper wine," out from his ambush of live-oak leaves. Beholding Fair, he nodded vigorously, then he cast his eyes down on the swamp and shuddered.

Some Types of Dick Barnabas's Band of Graybacks.

"Mose tolled me, yere," said Bud, "I 'lowed he b'en seekin' tuh have me meet up with — him they says santers raoun' yere—an' I are shore," added Bud, hurriedly and with elaborate civility, lest the invisible denizen of the swamp might take his words amiss, "I are shore he got the bestis right yere. But fact war, Mose he done f'und aout some caches, yere. Ye know he are forever projickin' raoun' tuh fine things. An' he wanted me tuh come fine 'em, tew. Though I ain't noways faultin' *him*" — his tone sank in propitiation again —"mos' like he shew Slick Mose all the plunder. Say, Dick needn't of offered tuh tell whar he kep' his truck; Mose an' me kin tell ye. This yere tree an' whar he are, tew, does be jes plumb full."

CHAPTER XI.

Among the wounded in the fight with the graybacks was Lige. With the other wounded men he was carried back to the plantation; and at sunrise, next morning, was aroused out of a delirious stupor by a volley of musketry. He asked feebly what it meant. Sam was at his side.

"Wa'al, ye know we uns won," said he.

"Be the ole man a shootin' all the boys?"

"Naw, naw," replied Sam, briskly, "we uns taken a heap er pris'ners, but Young Rutherford he did beg most on em off. On'y four b'en shot, Mack an' Ziah an' tew them Teague boys iz killed the old woman. Restis got off, promisin' better ways in futuere."

"This yere's a better way t' go, ain't it, Sammy? Nice, clean bed in the Cunnel's haouse, an' ever'buddy kine and pleasant."

Sam was digging his knuckles into his red eyes; he answered, gruffly: "You ain't goin' nowhar, so you shet up!"

Lige's face worked a little. "We uns b'en runnin' t'gether fur a right smart, now ain't we?" he said, while Sam frowned as though at his worst enemy; "you ain't much tuh talk, Sam, but you' a man tuh tie tew."

"Naw, I ain't," sobbed Sam; "d—— ye, Lige, don't go fur t' make a baby er me, this yere way!"

Lige laughed feebly. "You b'en allus the same contraviry cuss, Sam." Then with a change of his face: "What's come er Dick?"

"Devil got him, at last," said Sam.

Glad to divert his comrade's thoughts, he rapidly sketched Dick's end. "We all b'en packin' up the wyounded," he continued, "when they comes in; the young feller an' Bud an' that ar ijit, Slick Mose. Fust word the ole man sayd: 'Whar's Dick Barnabas?' sezee. 'Dick Barnabas is dead, sir,' says the young feller, mighty solemn, 'an' a layin' out thar in the swamp whar he murdered Leruge. The boy done it,' sezee. An' you'd orter heerd the cheerin'. 'But Mist' Fair fotched him thar an' mired him up,' says Bud, a hollerin' it loud. 'That's all right, my son," says the Cunnel, and shakes young Rutherford's hand.

"Then my young gentleman begins an'

* A fact. One may cut a wild pig's throat and he will only gnash his teeth. They fight to the last.

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begs for the other graybacks' lives. 'Wa'al,' says the ole man, 'I sayd this night ever' woman an' chile in Lawrence

Lige and Sam.

Caounty cud go t' sleep an' not be skeered er the graybacks. If Dick are dead that's shore the case. Fur these fellers, we'll giv 'em a fa'r caourt marshill, an' them ain't done *tew* much murderin' we'll let off.' That ar's whut they done."

Lige nodded. "Wa'al," he said, after a pause, "fur all I got my ticket yistiddy, I yent sorry I come; Dick had a killed off young Rutherford, shore, if I hadn't b'en thar. Sorter takes the taste er the meanness we uns done him outer my mouth. An' so he begged Race an' the restis off. Wa'al, *sir!* Fit well, tew, didn't he?"

"He did so," Sam agreed, cordially.

Lige appeared to be thinking. "Naw," he muttered finally, with a dissatisfied sigh, "taste ain't out yit. An' if I war —war tuh meet up with Parson, over thar, he'd be beratin' me, shore's you' bawn. I got to own up, Sam."

"Do you reckon?" said Sam, wistfully.

"Ya'as, I do. Sam, will ye ax the ole man an' him come in yere, a minnit?"

Making no further protest and apparently understanding him, Sam moved out of the room. Once in the hall, behind the door, the tears rolled unchecked down his cheeks.

"Lord A'mighty, ain't I a fool!" he kept muttering, fighting with his sobs. "Quit, ye jack! Let you'seff be so overcrawed! Ain't ye got no grit? D—— ye, *quit!*"

But for all his abuse, he could hardly get through his message to the Colonel; and, back in the room, he flung himself on his breast and buried his face in the pillow. Aunt Hizzie had been sent to summon Fair, who immediately responded.

The cook's thoughts being thereby directed into gloomy channels, moved her to song, as usual. Up in Lige's room they could hear her chant:

"Oh, mohnah, guv up you' hain't t' die,
When de rocks an' de mountyns dey all fall away,
Den ye shill fine a new hidin' place."

"Confound her, I'll go! *I'll* go!" cried the Colonel, "I'll shut her up."

"Naw, sir, don't," Lige interjected in his spent voice, which they had to bend to hear. "I like tuh hear her. Munds me—er my maw—singin'—an' me a totin' in trash fur the fire. She b'en a turrible—good woman—maw—seen a heap er tr'uble, tew. She—she are dead, ye

"Sick folks don't like noise."

understan'—used ter much you sight, Sam. Sayd you—b'en the willin'est boy."

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"His mind wanders," whispered Fair to his father.

"Naw, 't doan, neether," gurgled Sam; "she did tew! Never you mind, Lige."

He groped, through his tears, for a glass on the table and held it to Lige's lips. The liquor appeared to give him a transient vigor; he opened his eyes and said, in a clear tone: "I are glad to see you all. I won't hender ye much. Fust, Cunnel, you promised me fifty dollars kase I fit, yistiddy. I want it all t' go t' my ole side-pardner, Sam. Him an' me—Sam, quit goin' that a way!"

Sam choked his sobs by cramming the counterpane in his mouth. "He ain't done nare much bad things, an' ef he does be you' friend you kin depend on 'im till he draps. That ar's fust. Second. You all reckon Mist' Rutherford did shoot Parson Collins. He didn't. It b'en *me* shot him. I didn't aim t' kill him; I bin hid in the bush, an' I fired at Dick kase I cudn't stay his devilin' the young feller, no longer. Sam, he cudn't neether; he guv a sorter screech; an' I shot, but Dick he jes then stooped daown, suddint like, and the shoot went crossways into Parson's shoulder. Looked like he b'en hit in the hairt, but he didn't b'en. Sam he 'spicioned how it mout a' b'en. Reckon Ziah an' Mack did, tew, fur they knowed Mist' Rutherford didn't fire. Anyway, Sam he come back an' holped me, an' 'tween us we toted Parson tuh Aunt Tennie's, an' she nussed 'im well. Slick Mose, he b'en monkeyin' raoun' mighty briefly, so we 'lowed you uns wud know he didn't b'en killed. But when Parson got pearter he got Sam an' me t' shake the graybacks, an' go t' you uns. You know what did happen. You uns scheemed fur Parson tuh play ghost on 'em, an' it worked *fine*."

His narrative was finished with great difficulty, so fast were his powers failing him; but with a strong effort he turned his body in Fair's direction.

"Will ye—call—it squar', young feller?" said he.

Fair had stood like Spenser's knight in his colloquy with despair:

"And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been."

Only it was hope that agitated him.

"Why, surely," he exclaimed, in a trembling voice, "and I'm awfully grateful to you for telling."

"I sorter hated tuh tell, fur a fact," the grayback said, faintly; "ye see, thar's Parson. I was jubious iz how he'd take it. I'd hate mightily tuh have Parson think hard er me. Wud—wud ye sorter give hit easy like tuh Parson, if ye please, sir. Putt it in nice big-saoundin' words, an' p'int out cl'ar how I never did aim tuh do him a meanness."

"Yes, of course," said Fair, "I'll bring him here."

It was not hard to make Parson Collins lenient in his view of Lige's act. "Why, he didn't go for to hit me," cried he; "bless my soul, he was only aiming to hit Dick Barnabas, which I consider a virtuous act. Yes, sir, a plumb virtuous act! The intent, you know, sir, the intent—we are all liable to shoot wrong. Miserable sinners, miserable sinners, you know. Dear, dear, dear! ain't it too bad the poor fellow's got to die? Five killed, and this makes six, besides the graybacks who I had ought to count, I expect, but it doesn't look like the same thing. Yesterday, sir, minded me of the words of the Psalmist, 'Ride er because of the word of truth, of meekness, and righteous; and thy right arm shall teach thee terrible things.' Terrible, verily, sir, but we must not forget that they are merciful, also, since they have delivered this poor country from the spoiler." He was standing at the foot of the stairs, and now bent over and took off his boots, muttering, "Sick folks don't like noise. He used to be mighty still and careful with me."

It happened that their way led them by a window in the hall. Neither of them looked out. They knew why the little crowd was still loitering under the pecan-trees, and why the wagons and the black men with spades waited. The Parson said, under his breath: "'Madness is in their hearts while they live, and after that they go to the dead.' God forgive them."

Lige was too feeble to say much to them. He asked Parson Collins, eagerly, if it was all square between them, and seemed pleased at the answer. Then he sank into a semi-conscious

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state, while the minister prayed fervently, aloud.

Something of the petition he must have comprehended, for at its close he whispered, "That's all right, Parson. That's me, ornery, trifling, wicked cuss; but d—— if I ain't sorry!"

The Parson took no more note of the profanity than did poor Lige, who swore in all simplicity, and with a contrite heart. Presently he spoke again. "Say, Parson, *did* ye get Ma'y Jane?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Rutherford fetched her."

A very pleasant smile dawned on the grayback's face. "Dick got skinned all raoun', then. I tole ye, Sam, he cudn't match Parson in a trade." With that he laid his cheek against his old comrade's arm and shut his eyes.

They thought that he slept. But in a little while his sleep was merged into that slumber the dreams of which are never unravelled by waking care.

CHAPTER XII.

The two Rutherfords left the Parson with Sam. The Colonel had said to Fair: "Mind coming into the library a minnit, Fair?" He walked ahead, erect, with his most martial air. He set his feet firmly on the floor. But Fair looked dazed and ashamed. His thankfulness (now that he had time to realize that his nerves had not betrayed his will) was so intense that it approached humiliation. "I came awfully near yielding, anyhow," he was thinking.

He was keenly conscious, besides, of the embarrassment of the situation, a son grievously wronged by his father, at least in thought, going to an explanation, possibly to an apology. He cudgelled his wits to find a way to assure the old man that no abasement was needed, without offensively assuming that any abasement was due. He grew hot over the dilemma. But he might have spared himself any worry on the Colonel's account. Plainly that gentleman felt none for himself. No sooner were they in the library than he sank into his own especial chair and flung one leg over the arm. It was an attitude which Fair remembered from his childhood, but he had not seen it once since he came home.

"Anything to drink, Fair?" said the Colonel, smiling as genially as if the tears were not twinkling in his eyes. "Thanks to you, we are pretty well stocked up again. No? Well, that's right. 'Tis too early in the morning. Well, boy, I reckon I had ought to say something to you; but, fact is, it goes better in a story. There was a fellow in old Virginia was a great wag. He was mighty fond of good company and used to stay pretty late nights at the tavern. He had a nice wife, but she was tolerable fiery and high strung, and I reckon, some times, he got a good

"Well, boy, I reckon I had ought to say something to you."

dressing down when he got home. We all felt rather curious about it, and one night, when he was pretty happy, waiting on the moon, we asked him what he used to say when he got home. 'Oh, that's easy nuff,' says he, 'I don't say much. I jest say, good evening—*she* says the rest!'"

"That's about my position, Fair. I've made a cussed fool mistake about you, and I'm infernally g-glad of it. Y-you can say the rest! So shake hands."

Fair jumped up to shake hands, but his father hugged the slight young figure with such energy that there was

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barely breath enough left in it to gasp: "I say, father, after that I think I *will* take something."

He could not have pleased the Colonel better.

"And I'm p-proud of you, sir. Always w-was," he roared, quite openly wiping his eyes, "always aim to be. Oh, never m-mind my crying! As Montaigne says, you know, some fellers cry easier than others—or words to that effect. Now set down and wait, till I fetch in your s-step-mother." He stopped short, his eyes wandered to the canvas from which looked the girlish beauty of Fair's own mother; and his voice failed him. Did she, too, see this day when his son who was dead was alive again; who was lost, was found?

"Fair," he said, hoarsely, "she—she's proud of you, too."

CHAPTER XIII.

In how short a time does peace repair the ravages of war! The bugle had sounded its last charge on the Black River. Where the guerillas paid the penalty of their crimes, the next spring's grass covered the trampled sod as generously as if it had never been disfigured or stained. The mill buzzed cheerily over huge logs, sawing for "the new houses." A score of ragged, good-natured idlers hung about the well-filled shelves of the store, or over a gay huddle of ploughs and wagons by the riverside, bartering their future crops.

Very tender and lovely looked the first dawn of the spring foliage. The cypress-trees were newly pricked out in green, and the sullen black walnuts had not so much as ventured a bud on the chances of summer; but already the live-oaks and the willows glittered in woodland bravery. The sycamores looked like illuminations in an old missal, with dull-gold leaves on silver boughs. Gorgeous vermilion and orange blooms on the maple, yellow sassafras-blossoms, velvet hickory-buds, shaded darkly red, brilliant tassels swinging from cotton-wood limbs, white dogwood, tier on tier, in the woods, scarlet buckeye bells, and purple masses of red-bud were blended in a magical tapestry hung between earth and sky for the poorest's joy.

All the innumerable vines and creeping or climbing things, the shrubs, the saplings—the woodland peasantry, one may say—were astir, growing and leafing. The thrill of the beautiful season of life and hope seemed to vibrate everywhere. The very logs and stumps were fair to see, now, sheathed in leaves and floating tendrils.

But far back in the brake, where the shade made a dusk at mid-day, where hideous hackberry trunks and cypress knees and a thicket of rank swamp flowers surrounded a ruined cotton-field, who could tell whether the buzzards still poised their wings above one twice-accursed spot? Aunt Hizzie had grewsome tales of a ghost capering on the shore, and a ghost cursing and sinking in the mire. No one ever ventured near enough to contradict her. Bud Fowler, who was prospering on his father's farm, only blinked his sharp eyes and remarked that he hadn't lost nare ghost, for why should he go hunt one?

"Bud's all right," said the Colonel, "he makes me think of Aunt Hizzie when old Tappitoes wanted to baptize her in winter. She wouldn't, cause she'd sure be chillin', she said. 'Doan' ye trust in de Lawd, sister?' says ole Tappitoes—biggest black scoundrel unhung, ye know!—'Doan' ye trust in de Lawd?' says he. 'Aw, ya'as, bruder,' says Hizzie, 'I does trust pintedly in de Lawd; but I ain't gwine fool wid him!' That's Bud—he ain't 'fraid of ghosts, but he don't 'low to fool with them."

The one black spot on the plantation is out of sight of the house; it did not disturb Adèle, when she looked out of the library window and gazed around her, on a certain bright spring morning. Freshly turned furrows drawn across the fields showed that men hoped to gather what they should sow. Whitewash smartened the cabins. Fences were mended. There were a few new houses of the humbler sort. Compared to the desolate stagnation which was the lot of most Southern plantations, those days, the place looked marvellously prosperous.

The Colonel, who had returned to his old idolatry, openly ascribed his hap-

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pier state to Fair. "Fact is, sir, my son is a stirring young man. Energy and education, both. Knows how to manage."

Really, Fair had worked with a pathetic industry to master a new business, but the Colonel did himself and his silent partner, Adèle, injustice, and something is due to Fairfax Senior's capital.

Adèle, however, was only too pleased to be effaced; to be able to admire and exult where she had used to comfort and defend. At first, with unmixed joy, she used to watch Fairfax in his new clothes, with his exquisite toilet appointments (the young sybarite must needs send to New York for them); ivory brushes and hand-glasses and glittering steel, instruments for the care of his nails the uses of which her imagination could not compass; soaps and sponges and mysterious bath luxuries; a great box, in fact, at which the Colonel jeered, and in which he secretly gloried beyond measure. And Adèle too gloried; having found her fairy prince, again. She liked him to be fastidious in his personal habits; she was proud of his polished manners and his clothes and the very fashion of his talk. Fair, indeed, appeared in a new rôle. Mrs. Rutherford could not find enough to say regarding his amusing qualities. He took the inconveniences and vexations and restrictions of their manner of living as gayly as possible. He set himself to learning the dialect with tremendous zeal. He was enraptured with the woods and the water; he rode, he hunted; even in his misadventures he always discovered something ludicrous. Being a capital mimic, he could tell a story in a way to captivate his father; while, had his sympathy with all her plans, his "handy ways about a house," his small domestic ingenuities, and his promptness at meals not already won her, Mrs. Rutherford had surrendered afresh, every time she heard his peals of laughter over Colonel Rutherford's jokes. And yet, often, when Parson Collins preached, or they gathered, Sunday nights, around the piano (which Fair had tuned), and he played while they sung their simple hymns; or, it may be, merely walking in the woods, or standing on the river-bank to view the daily pageant of sunset, Adèle would observe a mood of deep though not sad gravity.

She could imagine, at such times, that he was remembering the past with gratitude, and surveying the future with humility.

Those were the times when she felt her old sense of nearness to him; just as she used to feel in the horrible, precious past, when she was all he had of hope or consolation. There was the misery of it, she was nothing to him now. Does any love resign its right to help without a pang? At first, in her unselfish devotion, Adèle was purely and proudly glad. But little by little a gulf had seemed to open between them. She read Fair's new novels (which came by every boat since the boat had begun running) and felt a sick sort of dismay, because she knew that she did not in the least resemble any of Dickens's or Thackeray's or Trollope's heroines. With the kindest intentions he sent for a great heap of feminine finery and fashion-plates for her guidance. I profess I could weep (as Adèle did, *entre nous*) when I picture those poor Arkansas gentlewomen poring helplessly over the pictures, and contrasting the strange furbelows with Madam Rutherford's one cherished threadbare silk, which had been the couple's gown of state (worn impartially by either) for years.

"Oh, mamma—" I seem to hear Adèle's voice with the little shake to it because, in spite of her, she cannot speak quite firmly—"we never *can* make a dress like these. They ain't like anything that I ever saw on earth!"

It was not vanity that made Adèle cry so bitterly when she went to bed that night, although she took herself to task quite as ferociously as if it had been.

It came to this pass, finally, that the dejected scorn of herself in comparison with him, which had wrung the little girl's heart, now hung like a stone on the woman's. Of course, she grew less cordial, less frank and unstudied with Fair. Then after a time she thought that she could see that he was not so happy. There was more premeditation about his gayety, and sometimes, if he did not know he was watched, it would drop from his countenance to be replaced by a sombre care.

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"He is fretting to go back," thought Adèle.

This morning her imagination was repeating a scene at the breakfast-table which seemed to her to offer the key to Fair's late depression. Adèle is watching Fair read his letters. A photograph, somewhere in the pile, slips off the table, on to the floor, at her feet. She tells herself it is dishonorable to look, she assures herself that she will not look, and, of course, eventually, she does look. She sees a very pretty girl in a gown like those which are Adèle's despair, a girl who has a high-bred air in every line of her face. Fair is too absorbed in his letter to notice anything else; it is the Colonel who picks up the *carte*.

"Hullo!" says he, "here's a pretty way to treat a fair lady! Who is she, Fair? Favors Della a bit, but she ain't half so handsome."

Fair holds out his hand for the photograph and says, with what Adèle considers a very good imitation of composure: "Her name is Lady Etheldred Aylmer."

"Thunder!" exclaims the Colonel, who instantly looks very foolish and falls upon the unlucky Nels; "what the deuce is he making such a hullabaloo for, in the gallery?"

"Why, laws, Marse," cries Nels, "dat ain't me hollerin' an' bellerin'. Dat Solomon Izril; he done steal a big drink outer one er Hizzie's mixteries; an' it *wukin' in him!*"

"Oh, you get out," bawls the Colonel, good-humoredly, "you're always abusing Hizzie." There is more to the same purpose; and doubtless the innocent soldier flatters himself that he has deceived his womankind into thinking that his ejaculation started for Nels. He goes off to the store, chuckling. Presently Fair follows him. Before his back is well out of the door, Mrs. Rutherford sighs, "Dear boy, he is so like Jeff." No one could be less like Jeff than Fair, but it is Mrs. Rutherford's highest compliment. "I hope he *won't* marry this Lady—what's her name?" she continues; "I hate to think of him going away. Oh, dear, I 'most wish I hadn't got to being so fond of him!"

Adèle feels her heart stand still; yet she asks, carelessly enough, "Is there any chance of his marrying her?"

"Well, Uncle Fair wants him to," says Mrs. Rutherford; "dear me, there goes Aunt Hizzie. That woman is right trying. Never *will* move, stands right where she happens to be, and *hollers*."

So Mrs. Rutherford hurries away while Aunt Hizzie's mellow tones fill the gallery. "*You*, Solomon Lize, wherever you is! go tell ole miss, Slick Mose got a mess er greens fur er."

This is the scene which Adèle was dolefully elaborating to herself until she saw Slick Mose approach. The idiot was clad very decently in a jean suit, and was blowing on one of those little mouth-pieces called "harps" in the South. His elf-locks had been cut and were plastered unevenly over his skull, Mose's idea of high toilet. He slunk through the garden round to the front of the house. Adèle knew that he was seeking her.

Instinctively, she drew back out of sight. Then, "What right have I to be sorry?" she said sternly to herself; "it is cruel to disappoint a poor crazy creature." She forced herself to smile at Mose. He came and stood below the window, and she sat on the sill and talked with him and listened to him. He showed her a mouth-organ which Fair had given him. "He good," jabbered Mose, "love La Da!" And he laughed.

Was even this brutish creature to stab her? But she remembered how simple and limited was poor Mose's definition. Yes, surely, in the way Mose meant, he did love her. It was something. Why, it was all she wanted.

"No," said Adèle, "I never have lied to myself, I won't now; it isn't!" Meanwhile, Mose was crooning the air to a song which Fair used to sing. He had the same facility in catching the notes of music that he had in mimicking the birds' calls or the wild beasts' cries. "Oh, I say, Mose, where did you pick up my song?" Mose may have seen the young man coming, but the tender little German melody had drawn Adèle into another world; she started so violently at Fair's voice that she almost fell out of the window. Fair caught her; he held her for a second—

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long enough to see that her eyes were full of tears.

With as grave a face as her own, he released her.

Mose, looking from one to the other, began a distressed murmur. "You must smile," said Adèle, quickly, "he likes to see smiles, always, poor soul. Look, Mose, it's all right, Mose, and there's your friend, Mr. Collins, coming. Run and meet up with him."

Mose clapped his hands. He needed no further urging to run toward a portly elderly man on a white mule.

"Well, Cousin Adèle," said Fair, "what is the matter?"

"I don't understand you, Cousin Fair."

"Oh, yes, you do; what made you cry?"

"I—I don't know. I reckon it was the song."

"The song! Do you know the words, then?"

"They are German. I don't understand German."

He looked at her with rather a strange expression, she thought.

"It is something of Heine's," said he, "one of his adorable, incomparable trifles. Only two stanzas. In the first the poet tells of the miseries people have brought on him. Some of them with their hate, some of them with their love. Then he says that she who has ruined him most completely is 'she who never has hated me, she who never has loved.' That's all."

Adèle murmured a faint "Oh!" Feeling that hardly adequate comment, she added, "I didn't expect you to stop so soon."

He was regarding her with extraordinary gravity. "I believe," said he, letting each word have its full ring, as if it were a coin to be tested, "I believe I *won't* stop. It would be base for me to say that *you* had done for me like the sweetheart in the song, for whether you make me miserable now or not, you saved me, and I shall always thank God I knew such a noble woman as you. But—life will be awfully hard to stand if you can't love me—some time."

She turned her head away.

"Adèle, I didn't dare say this, before. I said I would try to show you I was something more than the poor creature you saved from despair. Have I shown myself enough of a man to have the right to tell you how I love you, dear?"

His only answer was a whisper; of which he could barely catch the words, "Lady Etheldred."

He laughed outright, in a sudden relief. "Lady Etheldred is awfully sweet and jolly," said he, "and she is engaged to the best fellow in the world, and my best friend. She wrote me all about it this morning. Such a nice, womanly sort of a letter. I don't believe she would mind your seeing it. In fact"—he flushed uncomfortably—"I did tell her something about you, and there is a—a reference to you in it. You had been so stiff to me lately I was awfully low, and she—she heartened me up in the nicest way and advised me to—to speak to you."

"But Uncle Fair? She was his choice for you." This sentence came clearer.

Fairfax laughed again. "Oh, he is quite reconciled. Besides, as long as I am not *her* choice, you know, it can't very much matter."

"But I am sure he wouldn't want you to marry me," said Adèle, slowly.

"Don't be too sure," said Fairfax, gayly (yet he flushed a little, having his uncle's letter in his pocket and fresh from an indignant reading of its cool sentences, its reservations about Adèle, and its rather cynical resignation to hot-headed youth); "he gives his consent—if I can gain yours. Of course, I made a clean breast of everything. He is coming here."

He caught her arm with a kind of tender rudeness which she did not think was in him, yet which did not offend her. "I am afraid of you," he cried; "why do you treat me this way? Why did you avoid me? Did you want to spare me the mortification of asking and being refused? Do you think *I* can be mortified before you—after you have seen me—oh, I loved you even then, though I thought I had no hope you could do anything more than pity such a cur! Do you know the picture I was always drawing in my head by way of consoling myself? It was to get killed by the graybacks, after performing

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prodigies of valor, of course—and then be carted here somehow and die with my head on your arm. That seemed to me my only way out of the hole.

"Well, you know how it was. I didn't perform any prodigies. I didn't bring Dick Barnabas to bay—the mule threw him. I hadn't the resolution to shoot him. It was, I'll confess, all I could do to keep from letting the villain get off scot-free. Bud shot him. All that was left me to do was just to plod along here, thankful to God that my wretched cowardice hadn't made me a murderer, and that I hadn't shown the white feather at the last. I swore to myself I would, at least, show you that I understood what you said to me that day, and that I wouldn't speak until you knew that I was safe to stick to my expiating like the people in the marriage ceremony, 'until death do us part.' And lately—well, lately, I haven't dared."

She turned her face the very least toward him, a small concession which made him immediately possess himself of her other hand.

"My darling," he said, huskily, "I am a poor fellow, I know, but the bravest man in the world couldn't love you more than I do."

"You are the bravest man in the world to me!" said she, lifting her sweet eyes bravely, though her cheeks were afire.

He uttered a rapturous exclamation and would have drawn her toward him, but a noise of whacks and shouts startled them both. Yells of, "Whoa! Huh! Quit your funning!" and the like, ended in:

"Well, have your own way, you hussy, you'll live longer!"

Fairfax, who had jumped through the window, swung himself back. "It is nothing," said he, "only Parson Collins leading Ma'y Jane round a fence-corner."

THE END.

DAWN AND DUSK AT KARNAK.

By Charles Henry Lüders.

Out of the dim, mysterious dawn he came—
The sun-god—the Osiris—clad in folds
Of woven flame; and all the hideous shapes
That lurked along the margin of the night—
Star-dimmers, and the gnomes who blot the moon
And steal the ore of sunset—imps whose veins
Scarce pulsate with their currents of thin dew—
Fled at his glance, while he, through tumbling haze,
Winged slowly up into the billowy sky.

. . . . . .

The golden scarabeus of the day
Down the bright west crawled softly; and the faint
Inscriptions faded; and a small, pale cloud,
Brushed by the great sun-beetle's wing, flushed red
And swam, a lotus petal, in the blue.
And Karnak, that a long December day
Had lived again within our reverent hearts,
Fled like a dream; and naught remained with us
Save deepening shades beneath slow-clustering stars,
And one dark monolith against the night.

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JAVAN HACKETT'S ILL-MENDED FORTUNES.

By E. C. Martin.

FAR and near, Medway County farms were noted for their beauty and fertility, and one of the best of them was Javan Hackett's. The smooth, black-soiled fields, their faces turned to the southern sun and breezes, and looking so rich and mellow that it seemed scarcely worth while to vex them with plough and harrow, rolled gently down to a sparse wood, where the cattle found grateful shade and savory grass throughout the hottest summer, while the spring-water brook that coiled and cooed through it afforded never-failing drink. Between two of the fields a level lane, bordered by trenches of green turf, led up to the white farm-house, and beside the farm-house a square barn-yard lay that (apparently without anybody's care or labor) was always as trim and verdant as a city lawn.

Going down the lane and looking out over the fields, any observer must have been moved to unite in the ready concession of all the farmers round, that Javan had a good farm—few or none better. Coming up the lane, however, there was a blemish on the prospect. Peering over the mossy, sagging roof of a vast black barn was a round, rocky hill that never wore any but a jaundiced verdure, and this only through a month or two of the later spring or earlier summer. From before the barn only the top of the hill was visible, and it looked as if it might be resting on a wing of the barn itself. When the whole of it was seen, it had the form of having been thrown up to exactly fit within the rail-fence that circled it at the base. To the intent beholder this hill was mysteriously irritating, and it became more so as time went on. Its effect was like that produced in many persons by a mole on a beautiful face, and one wanted to at once set about its removal, and was impatient with the owner of the farm that he had never done so. The proximity of the barn may have deepened the oppression from the hill. A rain-charred, rotting old barn is never a cheerful figure in the rural landscape. But it was the hill alone that one thought of, and felt that he could not rest until he had swept it all away.

From the point of view of the owner, however, there lay upon the farm a much more serious blemish than the ill-favored hill and barn. It was heavily mortgaged. And this blemish, so far from being cast into the background or shaded off by positive beauties all about, was aggravated by an inherent, ineradicable unthrift in Javan Hackett himself. Another man would have had the mortgage paid off long ago; but with Javan it had grown a little year by year. It began when Javan's father died, and he bought out the interest of the other heirs in the farm, which had been the homestead. His own inheritance was not mean, and so the obligation that he assumed seemed, reasonably, to be within his easy mastery. But the forces of nature no more than one's fellows will follow a faltering commander. Thus we see that the man who has failed in city or town—where the elements are mainly other men, and failure comes of inability to impress one's self on other men and turn them deftly to one's own uses—fails still further when, as a last resort, he betakes himself to the country and seeks to stay his broken fortunes by farming. In short, strength alone wins anywhere. And Javan Hackett was weak.

There needed no signal manifestation of it, to be sure of Javan's weakness. It betrayed itself, as all men's weaknesses will, in various little ways. It was suggested by the sparseness and softness of the grizzled beard on his cheeks. It was distinctly shown in a habit of nervously pulling at the long, straight tuft of beard on his chin. It was distinctly shown, again, in a spasmodic dropping of the lower jaw in laughter; and it was

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again suggested in the over-readiness, if not in the undue heartiness, of the laugh. And yet Javan was endowed with a genuine gift of humor, and often dropped remarks that many a man noted for his bright sayings might well have envied him. But he would drop his jaw along with his remark. Then, like enough, the jest would come but tardy off; and thus, from one cause or another, Javan was in danger of moving his companion by his merriment only to an ill-forced smile and an ill-suppressed shiver. And in that event, as he was one of the kindest and most tender of creatures, he might be seized with a sudden fear that his jest had been of too personal a flavor, and beg pardon, hope that he hadn't hurt your feelings, explain that all he meant was a little fun, and run your cup of discomfort quite over by adding that a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.

Javan was also a man of rather more education than the farmers about him. His father had kept him in constant attendance at one of the district schools, through its brief terms, until he was fifteen or sixteen years old, and, besides, had given him a term or two at an academy. From this training he had brought away some sproutings of a literary taste that never quite died out of him. On the white linen cover of the small, square cherry-stand in the dining-room, which was also the sitting-room, always lay, one upon another, Scott's Poems in a large volume in sheep, and the "History of the World" in two volumes of black leather, with the backs much embellished in gilt, and a gilt title in the centre of a bright red tab. In one or the other of these books Javan read a while every Sunday, and he had come to know them nearly by heart. He was fond of reciting stirring passages from Scott for his friends, and at the literary entertainments that were held occasionally in the neighborhood, with a pious or benevolent intent, a reading or recitation by Javan from "Marmion," or "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," or "The Lady of the Lake," was an unfailing and not unpopular feature.

But it was not Javan's gift of humor, nor his literary accomplishments, that won him the warm regard of his neighbors, which he unquestionably enjoyed. These might have been much less pathetically imperfect than they were, and still they would have counted for little with Javan's fellow-farmers. Neither was it his farming that commended him to them; for of that the more forehanded of them did not at all approve. What bound them to him was the unfailing gentleness and kindness of his nature. Never a man fell sick in the whole country-side but Javan was immediately at hand to give him a man's nursing, if he needed it; and his nursing, with a man's strength combined all of a woman's deftness and patience and tenderness. The wheat might be spoiling for the reaper, the weeds might be throttling the corn, but a call to watch by a neighbor's bedside, or to follow him devoutly to his grave, if he died, was never disregarded. And the same ready and gentle helpfulness that marked him in his relations with his neighbors, marked him also in his domestic relations; so that it was with a pride well justified that Mrs. Hackett was wont to remark that she did not believe any man could be "nicer about the house" than he.

II.

"Well, I'm about done with farming." Such was the observation that Javan Hackett delivered one spring morning from the top-rail of the fence that divided a half-ploughed field from the highway. The trees were laden with buds so swollen that they looked like wine-red berries, but as yet they wore no leaves; and the cries and carollings of the birds were those only of the earlier comers, and were marked by that almost piercing clearness of tone observable only in the absence of subduing foliage. And yet it was one of those mornings when the spring sun shines forth so bright and warm that we cry, "Why, it's summer!" On such a morning men of the lustiest energy find themselves pausing unduly in their work. Little wonder, therefore, that Javan Hackett should leave his horses and plough standing idle in the furrow, while he gossiped for an hour or more from the fence-top with a passing neighbor.

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Little wonder either that he should say that he was "done with farming;" for, if ever a man has entertained dreams and aspirations beyond his wonted vocation, these dreams and aspirations are especially insistent on such a morning, and the wonted vocation especially distasteful.

The discontenting spell of the season seemed not to have fallen, however, upon the neighbor with whom Javan talked. "Well, I don't know," said he; "every calling has its cares;" and he looked at Javan cheerily out of a pair of large, clear, placid blue eyes, while a quiet, comfortable smile crept from his generous mouth off over his long, wide, beardless, ruddy face. Perhaps, though, it was not wholly native calmness and contentment of spirit that preserved him from the dissipating influences of the day. The sixty years that had completely whitened his hair, and begun to loosen the skin under his jaws, may also have brought to their mortal end, or near it, dreamful and roving tendencies once of much strength. Indeed, he now proceeded, in effect, to confess to a possession of such tendencies in his earlier days. Javan had assented to his assertion that "every calling has its cares" by saying that it did seem to be with care somewhat as with dock—no soil too good for it and none too poor. And now his neighbor replied: "That's just it. I'll tell you, Javan—I've lived on the old home farm there—now, let me see, sixty-two years next month. Yes, born and raised there. When I was about coming of age I got a great notion of going to town; and, finally, I went. I stayed just one month."

"Perhaps you didn't stay long enough to really find out what town-life was," said Javan.

"Perhaps not. But I stayed so long that grass never looked so green, leaves never rustled so sweetly and made such pretty shadows on the ground, and the birds never sang with such perfectly crazy joy, as when I came home. That was long enough to show which place was most agreeable to me, wasn't it?"

Javan dropped his jaw in an inaudible laugh, and said it was.

"No, sir," continued his neighbor; "I never come out early of a morning — four or five o'clock, say — if the weather's good, and take a long breath of the dewy or frosty air, and then plunge my face into a basin of cold water fresh from the pump—but I say I wouldn't be cooped up in town for all the wealth of all the Vanderbilts. And I like it even when the weather's bad. I like to sit on the half-bushel measure in the barn and watch it rain."

The speaker showed that he had flourished on the life that he so fondly commended. His long, broad body rose straight and strong from the backless seat of a high-spring wagon in which he was driving. His horse, too, bore testimony—in an eloquent sleekness and fatness—to the wholesomeness of country living.

"I like the country too," said Javan, but with little spirit, and half apologetically. "The work is hard; but when it's to do, I am willing to do it. I'm with the work as a man is with his sins; he'd rather not have any, but they have their pleasant side for him."

The neighbor smiled intelligently at Javan's simile, as if he might know how it was himself, and Javan paused to bestow upon it the wonted tribute of a dropping of his jaw. Then he continued, "I don't know that I should care to make a change, if it was not for my wife and daughter. The country's a bad place for the women."

"Oh, I don't know. People are always saying so, but I doubt it."

"Well, Mr. Collamer," contended Javan—almost for the first time in the conversation addressing his neighbor by his name, which was in full Wilson Collamer—"well, if you had a daughter growing up, as I have, you couldn't consent to let her go on with no advantages. No man wants his children to be just what he is."

"It's natural and it's right for you to want to do the best you can for your girl," Mr. Collamer answered. "But," and he looked off thoughtfully between his horse's lazy ears a moment, "but there's a good deal of nonsense, in my opinion, in what they call 'advantages.' What change are you thinking of making, Javan?"

"I haven't spoken of it to anyone yet, but I have been thinking I might run

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for county auditor," answered Javan, modestly.

"Oh, politics."

"Yes—a—politics. You don't think much better of politics than you do of town, do you?"

"I have been in one even less than the other," answered Mr. Collamer, evasively.

"I haven't any particular taste for politics, either," said Javan, and then he went on to explain that the auditorship paid well, and if he could obtain it for one term—he shouldn't want it for more than one term—it would put him in better shape. Then he would also have a good school for his daughter, without sending her from home; he could not reconcile himself to having her away from him.

"I know, I know," said Mr. Collamer, in answer to the last of Javan's statements. "When I think of my son Wilsie off out West, I feel that I must have him back home before another sunset. But this auditorship — you think you can get it, do you?"

Javan conceded that life itself was not more uncertain than "politics," but he had a plan in his mind, of which he gave Mr. Collamer an outline, and which he said he thought would carry him through; and this, he said, brought him right to the matter that he particularly wished to speak to Mr. Collamer about. But though brought right to it, Javan experienced manifest difficulty in laying hold of this particular matter. For some minutes he picked and carved with a pocket pruning-knife at the rail on which he sat, in awkward silence. At length he said, "I wanted to know if you would help me."

"You know I'm no politician," Mr. Collamer replied, with the utmost kindness, but still with a reserve and hesitation that must have moved a man of nicer discernment than Javan to suspect that Mr. Collamer had little confidence in the enterprise. And this suspicion would have been well placed; for in talking the matter over a little later with Mrs. Collamer, Mr. Collamer declared in all frankness, and with not a little warmth, that it was folly, and that Javan would certainly be beaten.

No such suspicion came to retard Javan, however. Promptly assuring Mr. Collamer that he was politician enough, he proceeded to press his request with a tenacity not to be withstood. Suitors who enter upon the asking of a favor with a reluctance and timidity apparently the most painful, seem very often to warm to their work and develop a resoluteness of importunity quite unlooked-for. It was so with Javan. Consequently, as Mr. Collamer drew the lines up on his round, sleek horse, to go his way, he was saying: "Well, Javan, I'll do what I can for you. You've been my neighbor all your life; your father was my neighbor before you. Yes, I'll do all I can for you."

III.

THE cheerless predictions to which men of Mr. Collamer's conservative temperament are somewhat addicted often fail of fulfilment, but not often when they attach to a person of Javan Hackett's unlucky sort. Nevertheless, Mr. Collamer's predictions regarding Javan's political ambitions were not fulfilled. Javan in due time secured a nomination, and, as his party was largely in the ascendant in the county, his election followed as a matter of course.

Mr. Collamer not only gave his personal influence to the promotion of Javan's cause, but he also accommodated Javan with a small loan. To insure the payment of the loan, Javan proposed to place a second mortgage on his farm, but Mr. Collamer said: "No, I wouldn't lend money to a man I couldn't trust; and if the man's all right, what's the use of a mortgage?"

Javan offered no challenge to this argument. What man would when the compliment of it was addressed to himself? He said, "Of course, you'll be paid every cent of the money as soon as I am in office." He added, indeed—but gently and with the utmost consideration for Mr. Collamer's principles—"Most men, though, want security, lest something should happen."

"I know, I know," Mr. Collamer then said, "but it has always been my notion that, if you had to go to law for a debt, you might as well lose it at once."

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On the legally appointed day, then, Javan took the prescribed official oath and began to exercise the full functions of the auditor of Medway County. The Hackett farm had been placed in charge of a German tenant, and the Hackett household had been established in the county-seat, Hebron, a quiet, shady town lying on two hill-sides that faced each other and were separated by a wide shallow stream, to which the protruding gray bowlders gave a warty aspect.

It was a great change for Javan. Even in the first flush and exhilaration of success he was somewhat oppressed by it. For any other than his daughter's sake he never could have made it; and even for her sake he could not have made it if left to himself. However unprosperous and cheerless the old course might have been, he must have plodded on in it from sheer impotence. But fate had provided Javan's faltering energies with a very lively spur in the person of Mrs. Hackett — a woman of quick movements, thin lips, high, irritated voice, and rattish eyes. The resolution that Javan lacked, she had in abundance. Her superiority in this regard must have arisen from physical causes; for Javan far surpassed her in cleverness. She could despatch the rough tasks that crowd the long day of the thrifty farm-wife, and still come to her bed at night only tired enough for good sleeping. But Javan, though rarely positively ill, was never perfectly well. How heavily he often dragged himself through his daily tasks, nobody knew. He scarcely knew himself; for the experience of going through them with perfect lustihood and blitheness was as sunshine to a man born blind.

Mrs. Hackett had not only less than Javan's cleverness, but also, as so forceful a person must have, less than his gentleness; and, moreover, she had little of his probity and equability of spirit. She wilfully wrought no one pain or wrong. Her fault was, that whatsoever she desired solely for her own comfort or pleasure immediately became in her regard essential to the comfort and pleasure of all about her, and was pushed through with ruthless vigor as a piece of meritorious beneficence. Thus the notion that better advantages ought to be given their daughter originated with her rather than with Javan, and it originated in her own discontent with her former lot and a determination to better it. She was ashamed of being a country-woman. In point of respectability, in her opinion, almost any sort of life in town was to be preferred to life in the country; and removal to town became the end of all her management. Her daughter's education was an excellent motive and argument, and she set to plying Javan with it persistently and ingeniously.

It would be doing Mrs. Hackett a great injustice to suppose that she was perfectly cool and calculating in this. She was the earliest and completest victim of her own deception; and nothing could have persuaded her that she had in view the gratification of her own vanity rather than her daughter's improvement. Once Javan suggested that they send the girl away to school, but only once. The thought of parting from her was so painful to him that he could scarcely have adhered to a design of sending her away even with Mrs. Hackett's support; and as on the one occasion when he ventured to suggest such a thing he only drew from Mrs. Hackett the interrogatory, "And what would she come home to, when her education was finished?" the suggestion, naturally, was never renewed.

Thus it came about that Javan sought office and the family removed to Hebron.

The change that Javan found such difficulty in adapting himself to, Mrs. Hackett took the liveliest satisfaction in. She at once set to work to acquire for herself, and to conform her daughter to, all the manners and fashions of the native Hebronite. She took a pew in the best attended church and, as soon as possible, became conspicuous in the management of its fortnightly entertainments. The furniture that they had brought with them from the farm became the property of the second-hand man, a few pieces at a time, as Mrs. Hackett could secure Javan's consent, and its place was taken by newer and more pompous designs. Thus were disposed of many articles that the devotee of the antique would have gone into ecstasies over, had devotion to the antique

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yet travelled as far inland as Hebron. Upon the chairs and tables and mantels and sofa-ends slowly settled a heavy cloud of flaming stuffs and worsteds wrought painfully to their various uses by Mrs. Hackett's and her daughter's own hands, after the patterns and stitches that most prevailed in the houses of their neighbors. In fine, Mrs. Hackett became as perfect a Hebron lady as the natural limitations of the power of imitation would permit; and kept as far out of view as possible the fact that she had ever had aught to do with the country.

Mrs. Hackett's success in making over herself was greater, however, than her success in making over her daughter. With much of her mother's will, Rhea Hackett combined the tenderness and imagination of her father. Born in the country, and reared there through seventeen years, her nature had seemed to become rooted in the soil; and the removal to town, though made professedly for her sake alone, was made against her wish. "Why should we go?" she had said. "I'm sure we'll never feel at home in town." And when Javan had cited the never-failing need of "advantages," she had replied, with much spirit, "Advantages! That's one of mother's fancies. I don't believe you want to go, father, any more than I." Then, encouraged by Javan's awkward parrying of this imputation on his zeal, she had made one last urgent, almost tearful appeal. "Let's not go. I should so much rather stay where there's room to breathe—where there's freedom. Buy me books, father, and I'll study at home; indeed, I will."

IV.

Even after the family's establishment in Hebron, Rhea sturdily maintained a preference for the country. Javan and Mrs. Hackett came to regard this, though, as a mere whim, or a bit of playful obstinacy. Aptness and application carried the girl through her school-tasks with credit, and developed in time a fondness for them. But the companionships necessary to reconcile a young person to a new situation were slow in forming. Rhea was sensitive to the differences between her ways and the ways of her school-mates, and her native shyness grew upon her. Before the process of establishing sympathetic relations could be completed she fell into a morbid habit of analysis, and analysis ended, as analysis is prone to, in a falling out of conceit with the subjects of it. "I don't see that towns-people are any nicer than country-people," was Rhea's private judgment.

It was long before she was invited to share in any of the social enterprises of her school-mates. But, finally, one of them, Millie Thomas, asked her to a small evening company — not, it must be confessed, without some misgivings lest Rhea should fail to fit in with the occasion. Rhea said at once that she shouldn't go. But Mrs. Hackett, in whose estimation it was the opportunity of a lifetime, said, oh, yes, she must, and forced her to.

Rhea bore home with her from this entertainment no face beaming with young joy. At its best hers was an extremely delicate, sweet, and winning face; but its beauty—drawn from the spirit behind rather than from perfection or harmony of features—required the country air for its full nourishment, and had already suffered some loss of freshness in the transplanting. It was brought home now a very pale face, and wearing a ruefully would-be expression of cheer, as when a pain-ridden invalid tries to look hopefully at the physician. "Why, Rhea, you're home early," said Mrs. Hackett. "Did you have a pleasant party?"

"Oh—yes," consented Rhea, reluctantly, "very pleasant."

"What did you do?" asked Mrs. Hackett, eagerly.

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Mrs. Hackett, with impatience, greedy for the very last detail. "It must have been a new kind of party where they did nothing."

"We had supper."

"Was that all?"

"No. They talked and danced."

"With whom did you dance?"

"No one. You know very well, mother, I don't dance," and here a touch of impatience appeared in Rhea.

"I know you don't dance much. But

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I should think you danced enough to do in such a small company. You talked, then—who to?"

"No—" before Rhea could finish, the tears had burst from her eyes and her slender body was shaken with sobs.

When Mrs. Hackett had the social elevation of her family in mind, her observation and sympathies were not quick for any present discomforts that might afflict the individual members. She was now completely astonished and dumfounded at Rhea's storm of grief. But had she been less intent on possessing herself of the exact dimensions of the social distinction conferred upon Rhea by the Thomas party, she might have seen the approach of the storm from the moment her first question was put.

The girl's grief gathered head as it flowed, and soon became fairly hysterical. Mrs. Hackett's motherly sympathy, now shaken into earnest activity, prompted her truly to give over for the present any further questioning, and devote herself wholly to soothing. She took Rhea's head in her lap, though Rhea at first resisted her stoutly, and stroked it gently, and told Rhea not to mind, that she was tired, and that she would feel better if she went to bed.

The subject of the company can scarcely be said to have ever been resumed. Mrs. Hackett never again asked directly about it, and Rhea never directly told. But by putting occasional chance remarks of Rhea's together, Mrs. Hackett in time divined all that she cared to know. It was evident that when Miss Millie had delivered her invitations, she accounted all the obligations of hospitality satisfied. Her guests were left, on arriving, each to pursue his or her own pleasure as they would or could, while she went in pursuit of hers. To most of them this made no difference; for they had been long acquainted, met often, and needed no guidance to come into easy relations with each other. With Rhea, however, it was otherwise. To most of the company she was nearly a stranger; with none except Millie was she intimate. Moreover, as must already have appeared, she was a person to whom in social ventures the helping hand was especially necessary. Millie did not extend it, and the duty of doing so devolved, of course, on no one else. Rhea's part in the entertainment, therefore, was limited to sitting alone while the others danced, and sitting silent while the others talked.

At first she was able to do this without discomposure. But she grew more and more conscious that she was doing it, until it seemed to her that the whole company must be as conscious of it as she. Finally she could think of nothing else. Her skin burned; her face was very pale, though she thought it was fiery red. She could find no easy posture for her hands. Her feet troubled her. In short, her misery was complete. Her only respite was in fancying herself suddenly and mysteriously whisked far away and as suddenly and mysteriously reappearing—reappearing a full-blown woman beautified in feature and figure, richly bejewelled and apparelled, and of an elegant ease and grace of manner. Thus returned, she, in fancy, seated herself at the piano and played the most difficult music, and sang captivating songs in the sweetest of voices; or she whirled through the now impossible dance with a litheness and spirit that made all the negligent young fellows only too eager for her partnership. Her conversation gleamed with apothegm and satire; and when her departure was made she left the young fellows madly in love and the girls consumed with envy. But just here fancy failed her: the thought of having the young fellows in love with her made her ashamed, and she didn't wish the girls to envy her, but to like her. So she was glad to be her own plain dull self again; but her misery rested heavier than ever upon her.

Finally her one thought was to get away. But this seemed nigh as impossible as the wildest adventures of her fancy. She must not go without bidding Millie good-night, and Millie was always in some far part of the room, and to cross to her would be to draw the eyes of the whole company. Once or twice Millie came near, and Rhea half-arose to say that she must go. But immediately a group gathered and fell into a glee of chaffing talk, and Rhea's courage forsook her. A new terror was added to publicity of departure when suddenly she reflected that some gallant youth might feel it a duty to escort her home.

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The necessity of getting away became at length so imperative, however, as to outweigh all possible embarrassments. Rhea left her chair abruptly, hastily crossed the room, looking neither to the right nor left, and passed into the hall. Millie caught a glimpse of her as she went out, and this glimpse, strangely, stirred in her a sense of duty as hostess that the sight of Rhea sitting alone all evening had not moved. Overtaking her, she asked, "Is anything the matter, Rhea?"

"Oh, no," said Rhea; "but I think I must go home."

"Go home?" cried Millie, in genuine surprise; for she had no thought but that Rhea had left the room for a moment only, probably to relieve herself from the stiffness of sitting so long alone. She protested candidly that it was early, and that she should fear that Rhea hadn't had a good time if she went so soon. But Rhea was not to be persuaded.

Rhea's forebodings of a proffer of escort from the gallant youths were not realized. The gallant youths either were, or carefully let themselves be considered, quite unconscious of her departure. As she opened the outer door Millie said to her, "You ought not to go alone. Let me ask someone to go with you." But Rhea answered "No" with a firmness that would have disposed finally of a much less irresolute proposal than Millie's, and passed out into the darkness, making no response to Millie's last good-night.

Her heart was a flaming furnace of indignation — indignation against her mother for forcing her to go, and indignation against Millie, against her guests, against towns, against life. It was under such a tumult and tension that she encountered Mrs. Hackett's practical, searching catechism. Little wonder that in this last ordeal the poor girl was utterly undone.

V.

When Javan had been in enjoyment of the dignity of public station about three years, the door of his office opened one morning and presented to his view, as he looked up from the desk at which he was working, in a more bent and chest-contracting posture than a man reared at a desk would have fallen into, the massive figure and serene, ruddy face of Mr. Collamer. With him was a much younger man of about the same height, and with clear, open, blue-gray eyes and other features that were Mr. Collamer's over again.

"You remember Wilsie—my son," said Mr. Collamer to Javan.

"Oh, very well," said Javan, and gave a greeting of earnest cordiality to father and son. But over his cordiality, earnest though it was, there hung an air of abstraction and weariness. An air of weariness, indeed, had long been habitual to Javan; but under the escape from the drudgery of farming to the luxury of office-holding, it had deepened perceptibly. The gray in his beard had deepened, too; and his hair was almost white. In other respects his appearance was little changed. His clothes fitted him more trimly, perhaps, than had been their former wont; but they would still have been sufficiently reprehensible in the eyes of one who made the right apparelling of himself the first duty of life.

"I had a little matter," said Mr. Collamer, when the greetings and the approved formalities of opening conversation were concluded, "that I wanted to speak to you about; and so I told Wilsie that we would run in for a moment."

At this Javan exhibited an unexpected embarrassment, and said, nervously, "I can guess what it is. I am ashamed, Mr. Collamer; I really am. I have had that five hundred dollars ready for you several times; but each time, before I could see you, some other use has called for it and I let it get away. I'll have it ready again, though, very soon."

"It wasn't for that I came," returned Mr. Collamer, now as much embarrassed as Javan. "We are trying to open a new road, to run through a corner of my farm and along one side of yours. I am in no particular need of the money; any time that's convenient for you will suit me."

Here the delicate subject of the unpaid loan was put by, and consideration of the new road was entered upon. This occupied them until near noon, which

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was Javan's dinner hour, and he invited Mr. Collamer and Wilsie home to dine with him. A flashing forecast of something thunderous in Mrs. Hackett, at being thus taken unawares, made Javan hope that, despite an unrelaxing insistance on his part, the invitation would somehow escape acceptance. But it did not.

Happily, the code of urban elegance by which Mrs. Hackett was now living rigidly did not forbid, but rather commended, skill in cookery; and she was left free to pursue this art with the same zeal and distinction that had marked her pursuit of it in the country. Despite the lack of opportunity for special preparation, she served her guests an excellent dinner. But in Mr. Collamer's mouth it failed to leave a pleasant flavor. He said to Wilsie, as they drove home, that he had rather they hadn't gone to Javan's; that, somehow, Mrs. Hackett made him uncomfortable.

Wilsie didn't see why; for his part, he had had a very pleasant little visit of it.

"You talked all the time with Rhea," said Mr. Collamer. "She's always the same. You'll find no better girl than Rhea, look where you will." He paused —as if to afford Wilsie time to lay his words well to heart, though that, indeed, was farthest from his thought. The appearance was not lost on Wilsie. "She seems to think," resumed Mr. Collamer, "that they have risen and that she must make you feel it."

The color in Wilsie's face deepened, and it was not without a tinge of testiness that he answered, "I detected nothing of that sort, and you just now said yourself that she was always the same."

"Mrs. Hackett?"

"No, Rhea."

"Oh, I'm talking of Mrs. Hackett now. It's easy to see that she's very vain over Javan's having an office and their living in town."

"I suppose they are getting on better than they used to," said Wilsie, half-inquiringly.

"Not much, I fear," said Mr. Collamer, and he proceeded to give Wilsie an account of Javan's affairs, so far as he had acquaintance with them, that was anything but cheerful. County offices came high, and it was understood that Javan had paid the top price. Thus his growth in debts had quite kept pace with his growth in honors. Moreover, he had acquired along with his office some associates that, if Mr. Collamer was truly informed, were no advantage to him. His fellow-officers were, for the most part, men who spent too little time in their offices and altogether too much in a certain resort across the way—a resort that aptly foreshadowed in its very red front what it could do for the countenances of zealous patrons; and Javan was more or less intimate with them. They were managing fellows—great politicians — and pretty nearly controlled the whole county. It was natural, therefore, that Javan should wish to be on good terms with them, especially as he was now preparing to stand for re-election; but Mr. Collamer doubted whether they hadn't done him more harm than they could ever do him good.

At the conclusion of Mr. Collamer's recital Wilsie said, "Well, I'm very sorry for him."

"And I too," said Mr. Collamer; "for a better neighbor than Javan never was, and I'm sure he means well always."

VI.

Mrs. Hackett parted from her guests even less satisfied with them than they with her. Scarcely were they out of hearing before she said to Rhea, "Well, that was a pretty performance of your father's, bringing those men here for dinner without giving me a moment's warning."

"I suppose he thought," answered Rhea, "that with an old neighbor like Mr. Collamer it made no difference; and I don't see that it did. I am sure the dinner was good enough for anybody."

"It's not the dinner I care for. That might have been better, but I guess they liked it; they ate as if they did."

"What, then, do you care for?"

"I care for that way of doing," explained Mrs. Hackett, with a severe precision of utterance, and bestowing upon each word as it fell a prim accent which presented it in some such rigid perfection as that of never-naughty children

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in their Sunday starch. "Your father acts," she continued, "as if we must entertain every man he chances to have a little business with, just as we used to on the farm."

"But Mr. Collamer," urged Rhea, "is our particular friend; we haven't any better friend even here in town."

"We certainly haven't here in town," returned Mrs. Hackett, with crescendo finality, "any friend who would let himself be brought in to dinner when he was not expected."

"Well, I think it would have been very rude, very unfriendly," persisted Rhea, "for father not to ask Mr. Collamer, and it was quite right for Mr. Collamer to come."

"Mr. Collamer is a good man in his way, but he won't understand that we don't do in town just as they do in the country."

"It would be better for us if we did," said Rhea, warmly.

"Rhea, you're silly."

"I don't care; I'm sick of town."

"Would you like to be back on that dreary old farm?"

"Yes, I should."

"You know you wouldn't. Or if you would, the education and the better surroundings that your father and I have had such a struggle to procure for you have done you little good, and you're an ungrateful girl."

Mrs. Hackett, whatever her words might imply, was not, in truth, possessed of the bruised heart of a dispenser of thankless bounties, and she had not for a moment even fancied that she was. She merely vented a complexity of small vexations in the phrase that first occurred to her. Rhea's sensitive integrity of spirit, however, immediately ran out in search of warrant for the phrase itself and left her defenceless. A longing for the free, informal, open-air life of other days had been growing in her ever since she came to town. She had never struggled much to suppress it, but she had struggled to conceal it; and concealment had rendered it the more passionate. Now, when anything occurred to stir it especially, she had all she could do to save herself from the weakness of falling into tears. Had there been some gracious ear into which she might occasionally have poured her homesickness, she could have managed it better. But there was none. Her mother could have no sympathy with such a confidence. Her father would have too much; for he, she suspected, shared her feeling, and was wrestling with a discontent of his own that would but be increased by a knowledge of hers.

Of the country-life for which Rhea thus hungered, as necessary and pleasant a feature, in her fancy, as the very fields and woods, was Mr. Collamer. Quite as painful to her, therefore, as the rough rebuke of her wish to be back on the farm were the words her mother had spoken in Mr. Collamer's disparagement. And yet might it not be that she was, as her mother had said, ungrateful? The removal to town had been made, avowedly, for her sole benefit. So far as her father was concerned, it had been made, she was sure, reluctantly. Nevertheless, the advantages that were expected to flow from a residence in town she had been thus far quite unable to discern. Must she not, then, be wilfully blind and ungrateful? She was in sore distress. But Mrs. Hackett, as majestically oblivious of effects as a heathen deity, a rushing flood, or a social philosopher, proceeded to pour a new stream of bitterness into her cup.

"Wilsie has grown thoroughly Western since he went away."

"I didn't observe it," said Rhea.

"I don't see how you helped observing it, if you observe anything," Mrs. Hackett returned.

"Perhaps it was because I did not think about it. He may be Western—but I was glad to see him again."

"You certainly seemed so," conceded Mrs. Hackett, in a tone of emphatic significance. "However," she continued, "Wilsie never was anything but a very plain farmer, and he's not likely ever to be, let him go where he will—West or East."

"Why, mother, you are unjust. Wilsie hasn't soft, white hands, as these smart little clerks all have; and his clothes are not perfectly fashionable, as theirs are—that is, their dress clothes: for, except on Sundays and at parties,

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they go about in narrow little coats that have faded and lost a button or two; and tight, crooked little shoes that need polishing. But still they make sport of the farmers for dressing so ill."

"We have some very excellent young men in Hebron, and it is not becoming in you, Rhea, to ridicule them," answered Mrs. Hackett, with severe gravity.

"Most of them are as silly as girls," persisted the incorrigible Rhea, "and not to be named with Wilsie. For my part, I like him."

"Perhaps you are in love with him?" cried Mrs. Hackett, now in a positive passion.

"Mother!" protested Rhea, with grief and indignation in her voice, and fled from the room.

VII.

To the ordinary town-maiden, being in love has become perfectly familiar, in one way and another, long before it has become her personal lot, and she is rarely troubled with any shyness of it. But Rhea Hackett was not the ordinary town-maiden. Even in her most secret thoughts she had not yet begun to number this among her impending experiences. If any thought of love had strayed into her mind with a personal connection, she must have blushed for very shame. Her mother's gibing suggestion, that perhaps she was in love with Wilsie, came, therefore, as a biting blast to her pretty rustic modesty. She ran to her own room and, flinging herself upon the bed, sobbed, "How could she say that? How could she? What have I done, what have I said, what have I thought to warrant it?" And she felt that she could never look anyone in the face again, particularly her mother and Wilsie.

In a different way, Mrs. Hackett regarded the matter little less seriously than Rhea. She had spoken out of mere passion. But Rhea's confusion and flight made her suspicious. Perhaps Rhea was in love with Wilsie indeed. It would be just like her, she was so strange. But it must be put a stop to. If Wilsie set foot inside their door again, she would invite him to set it out. She wouldn't have it.

But neither Mrs. Hackett nor Rhea quite lived up to the resolution in which her reflections concluded. Rhea found that she could look her mother and Wilsie both in the face again, and that without any great agitation; and Wilsie did set foot inside the door again, and was not invited to set it out. Rhea and her mother met at tea that same evening, and though there was a little consciousness in their first encounter, they soon fell into their wonted relations. No allusion was made then or thereafter to their last conversation.

A few days later Rhea herself opened the door to Wilsie, and as Mrs. Hackett chanced to be abroad at some church sewing-circle, or some meeting of directors of a children's home, the young man's foot was subjected to no rude reversal. There was, however, a difficulty in looking in the face almost as insurmountable as Rhea had fancied. It lay on Wilsie, though, and not on Rhea. His first look, when she appeared before him, was that of a very timid youth who had found that he had rung at the wrong number. It was several seconds before he could command even a mumbled greeting for her. Rhea's notorious neglect of her town advantages enabled her to spare him the embarrassment of waiting for an invitation to enter until he had indicated specifically whom he came to see. But the poor fellow was too perturbed to profit by this unconventionality of Rhea's. He seemed to feel that the thing that Rhea had not waited for him to do, the town proprieties, with which he felt hopelessly unacquainted, required of him. He set a foot in the door-way, then paused and asked, "Is your mother at home?"

"No, mother is not at home," answered Rhea.

He withdrew the foot, but made no motion to turn away; and Rhea asked if he would not come in, anyhow. He did so, and before long he and Rhea were having as free and comfortable talk together as could be. At first a nice observer might have detected in Wilsie's speech an unnatural precision, as of a man consciously on his best be-

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havior. But soon he was simply his best self and perfectly at home.

When the talk got going its own gait, Wilsie laughingly confessed that he had been awkward at the door, and that, while he would have been glad to see Mrs. Hackett, it was mainly Rhea herself that he came to see. Rhea gayly professed incredulity at this, and then followed one of those series of affirmations and denials by which a young man and a young woman are enabled to linger over a proposition that is particularly agreeable to both and doubted by neither. Wilsie finally remarked that Rhea wouldn't believe that he came chiefly to see her because she didn't want to. And Rhea said, indeed, she would be only too much flattered if she could think so.

"No, no," said Wilsie, with more seriousness than he disclosed, or was himself quite conscious of, "you are like all the other town-girls, and don't care to have us country-fellows about."

"Are all town-girls so?" asked Rhea.

"Yes, aren't they?"

"If they are, I am not like them. But then, I fear I am not much of a town-girl."

"You seem like one," said Wilsie, not because he thought so, but to keep the talk to this point until he could assure himself whether she was or no.

"Do I really?"

"Really."

"I'm not, though. The town-girls don't think I am like them, either; we don't get on together at all. Oh, Wilsie, I'm so unhappy—so homesick; I'd give anything to be back on the farm."

This impulsive, passionate outburst could not have surprised Wilsie more than it did Rhea herself. It was a confidence bestowed on Wilsie her old playfellow, not on Wilsie the young man who sat before her. The last word of it had scarcely left her lips when she bethought herself that the old playfellow was not present—had, in sad truth, departed never to return, and that communications perfectly proper for his ears might not be so for those of his natural successor. She was thrown into manifest confusion by these reflections, and made rather inept efforts to excuse her openness.

But Wilsie required no excuses. He wouldn't have had her speech unsaid for a herd of fine cattle. That a reasonably tender-hearted young man should derive pleasure from a young woman's unhappiness is not what one might expect; but, none the less, pleasure of the keenest kind was what Wilsie got from Miss Rhea's confession. He went away with a gayety of spirit such as he had never experienced before, and it all came of Rhea's saying that she wasn't a town-girl, and that she would give anything to be back on the farm. For weeks his thoughts kept reverting to this speech, and whenever they reverted to it sensations of pleasure rippled through him. So agreeably did the visit wherein the speech was made live in his recollection that, just before he started back West, he sought to repeat it.

But pleasant experiences do not repeat easily. Mrs. Hackett's charitable labors had not carried her abroad on the second occasion when Wilsie called, and she had none of Rhea's modesty in accepting herself as the chief subject of the visit. She received Wilsie at the door, she opened it for him when he left, and throughout the interval between these two services she sat serenely and severely before him. It was not in the nature of things for this interval to be long. It was, in fact, as short as Mrs. Hackett could make it without dictating its length in so many words; and it was wellnigh spent ere Wilsie had secured even a sight of Rhea. Inquiries regarding her, framed in as many forms of awkward indirection as an embarrassed anxiety could suggest, were addressed by him to Mrs. Hackett, but without producing in her the slightest motion toward calling Rhea in. He was on his feet paying his last adieus and saying that he would start for the West to-morrow, when, pulling himself desperately together, he made one blind, tumultuous, heroic dash for the rescue of his visit from utter futility by asking if he might not say good-by to Rhea. Seeing that his departure could not now be long deferred, Mrs. Hackett yielded to the young man's request with a promptitude and graciousness which filled him with chagrin that he had not asked for Rhea before; and his chagrin

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was not lessened when Rhea came in, smiling cordially and saying, "Why, are you going? I didn't know you were here. Mother, why didn't you call me sooner?"

VIII.

THERE were two varieties of natural convulsion to which Medway County was peculiarly subject, and which wrought great damage to private calculations and interests. One was the spring or autumn floods that every four or five years swept away the farmer's fences and uprooted his corn. The other was the uprising of the people in their might, at about like intervals, to shatter the "court-house ring," and thus carry consternation to the politicians. Either of these convulsions it was quite impossible to forecast. The rains descended and the floods came often when the weather prophets were sounding warnings of a drought; and the "court-house ring" was risen against and ground under the heel of the oppressed often when it was wearing its most modest setting. After each flood the fences were replaced on their former lines, and the corn replanted in the same low fields. So, if the next flood only awaited the usual prey, there was no reason why it should not come the very next season. In like manner, the "court-house ring" was no sooner broken up than it formed again, the very instruments by which it was shattered being melted up and welded into it; and so, if it was a shining mark that the popular indignation awaited, it should have burst at every election.

The "ring" of which Javan Hackett formed a humble segment was a mere circlet in comparison with some that had burdened the forefinger of Medway County administration in times gone by. But the occult influences upon which the uprisings depended chanced to culminate just when Javan and his associates were the officers who desired re-election, and, to their complete astonishment, they found themselves prostrated under a paroxysm of reform.

Great rejoicing followed the reformation that had supposedly been wrought in the administration of the county affairs; but it was rejoicing in which the deposed officers, of course, had no share. To them it was very serious business indeed. It was particularly serious to Javan. "I don't know what we shall do," he said, in the deepest dejection, as he concluded a recital of the details of the disaster to Mrs. Hackett and Rhea.

Mrs. Hackett avoided the opportunity thus presented for happy suggestions by going off into a sharp denunciation of people and parties for their ingratitude.

"There is no ingratitude in it, Maggie," said Javan, gently, "I had no claims."

But Mrs. Hackett insisted that he had claims, or, if not claims exactly, what amounted to the same thing; for hadn't the auditor usually been given a second term?

Javan then said that it was not worth while to discuss that; that they must determine what they would do.

"Why, we'll go back to the farm, won't we?" asked Rhea.

Javan heaved a sigh that was almost a sob. "The farm—we have no farm."

"Don't talk like that, Javan," said Mrs. Hackett, angrily, as if Javan were making an ill-timed joke.

"It is true, Maggie," replied Javan; "the farm would be sold almost before we could move back to it. Even the interest has not been paid lately."

"And why hasn't the interest been paid lately?" asked Mrs. Hackett, with great dignity. "We've earned more lately than we ever did before."

"We have—and it's cost us more to live—much more." Here Javan regarded his wife expectantly, but, as this was a branch of the subject that she had no desire to pursue, she answered nothing either by word or look, and he continued: "Then, you know, I had some debts besides what is on the farm, and it cost me a considerable sum to be elected, and another considerable sum"—smiling ruefully—"not to be."

"Don't try to make a jest of it," said Mrs. Hackett, noting the smile but slurring the ruefulness of it. She was too much occupied with the ruin of her own social ambitions to note the disappointment, humiliation, and utter misery with which Javan was wrestling. Rhea's

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gentle and unselfish spirit apprehended it all, though, quickly and keenly. "Oh, don't say that, mother," she cried. "Poor father!"

And Javan added, "No, don't say that, Maggie. I wish I could make a jest of it. I feel as though I had been standing before the old black barn, and it and the bare brown hill had suddenly tumbled over on me."

Mrs. Hackett was thus brought to a sense that the personal outrage done herself was, after all, not the only unpleasant consequence of Javan's defeat, and her look and air of irritation gave place to those of honest sorrow. This brought the family into a more comfortable relation with each other. But it deepened the sadness of the scene they presented as they sat beneath a weak light in their dark little sitting-room: Rhea quietly weeping; Mrs. Hackett with eyes set and her thin lips slightly twitching; and Javan wan and pale—the very picture of despair.

For some time nothing was said by any of them. Rhea drew nearer to her father and took his hand — a white, delicate hand, now that indoor employments had cleansed it of the tan and scars that a farmer's work imparted to it. As she did so her tears for a moment flowed the faster; and Javan's eyes grew dewy too, and a choking ball of nothing rolled up in his throat. Thus they sat in keenest grief; but with a thrilling sense of dearness to each other such as they had not felt for years.

Mrs. Hackett was the first to speak; and she spoke with a tenderness, a contrition, even, most unwonted in her. Javan must not take his defeat too much to heart, she said. She had no doubt but they would get on somehow. They had been extravagant, perhaps; she herself might be somewhat to blame for that; but she could be very saving when she tried, as Javan should see. As for the farm, perhaps they could manage somehow to pay the interest even yet and save it. If she had to move back to it, though, she would rather it were sold. Javan had said he felt as if the old barn and the hill had tumbled over on him; she should feel so too, if she were back where she had to see them every day. She never heard the farm mentioned, the thought of it never came into her mind, but the hill and the barn were right before her eyes and made her shudder.

Rhea said she always thought of the rolling fields and the red cattle in the wood by the brook.

"You're young yet," retorted Mrs. Hackett, with just a touch of her old sharpness.

"But I'm not, Maggie," said Javan, with a faint glimmer of his cheerier self, "and until now I've always been like Rhea, and have seen only the fields and the cattle. I hope I'm not going to change—" and here his sadness completely recovered him—"I should want to die."

Oh, well, it might be, Mrs. Hackett admitted, that she had a foolish prejudice. If so, she would try not to let it influence her; but on Javan's own account, she thought a return to the farm was out of the question. He knew he wasn't robust; he ought really to have quit farming long before he did. But it was too late to determine anything to-night: they must all go to bed and try and get a good sleep, and so be in better spirits to face their difficulties on the morrow.

Thus the sitting closed far from cheerfully, to be sure; but with the first sharp pangs of their distress quite soothed away.

IX.

Poor Javan! Even Mrs. Hackett's fine gift of command was unable to rally his shattered forces. He retired from office without employment and almost without money. His worst forebodings regarding the farm were soon realized; it went to sale under the sheriff's order. Mr. Collamer bought it, not because he wanted it, but because he could not bear to see it sacrificed as it was about to be; and thus he saved to Javan a few hundred dollars out of the wreck of his fortunes. This sufficed to keep the family from actual want for a while; and Javan began a pitiful search for employment.

There were no vacancies, of course—how seldom there ever are; and Javan's presentation of himself and his desires

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was not made in a manner calculated to create them. Month by month his kind, dark eyes grew brighter; the lines deepened in his face, and a heavier weariness clogged his feet. So cheerless and listless did he grow at times that the very thought of employment was distasteful to him. No service or business or situation in life that his fondest fancy could devise was other than oppressive in the contemplation. This was a passing mood, though, and even at its worst no design or desire of quitting life itself attended.

Occasionally, Javan repaired with some of his old court-house companions to the red-front resort across the way; and there he received a decided lift for the time being. Great enterprises stirred within him, and for half an hour or so he felt capable of anything. But a lethargy soon ensued heavier than ever; and the certainty of its coming enabled Javan to make, on the whole, a pretty fair fight against the temptation to seek the inspiration of the red-front resort unduly. Some of the Hebron censors insisted, indeed, that the red-front resort had been Javan's ruin; but they were simply mistaken in that, and were the victims of the human propensity to make all the statistics of carnage as impressive as possible.

Mrs. Hackett, all this while, was exhibiting a forbearance quite remarkable in her. She had her moments of sharpness and irritation, but in the main she was only tender and considerate. She made excuses for Javan to her neighbors, to herself, and even to him. "I wouldn't worry too much over it," she often said; "you're not well enough to do anything now, if you had it to do. Wait until you are stronger; then you will find something, I'm sure."

But Javan was rigid in self-judgment, and could not permit himself to quite accept Mrs. Hackett's justification. He experienced no pain; he was conscious of no disease. This heaviness and spiritlessness might be but plain laziness, and then it were shameful to yield to it. He wished he were sick, sick beyond anybody's doubt; and then he would be spared the mortification of his idleness, which was now very keen.

Within half a year Javan's wish was fully gratified. He still felt no pain; he still could define no disease; but he could not leave his bed. The doctors explored him as carpenters explore for a hidden leak in a roof, applying remedies here and there and anywhere, in hope to hit the right spot by some happy chance. But if they hit it, there was little magic in their touch; for Javan grew slowly worse.

Much of the time Rhea sat beside him, so full of love and sorrow for him that she never thought to ask herself if he were worthy; if his failure to conform his life at all points to the precious principles of thrift and energy were a transgression to be wholly forgiven. They talked little. Javan lay most of the time as if asleep, but not asleep. Once he said abruptly, as if continuing a conversation, "I'm afraid it would have been just the same if we had stayed on the farm."

"Oh, I wish we had stayed," answered Rhea, scarcely knowing what to answer; for she scarcely knew what Javan meant.

"Yes, if your mother could have been content there, I should wish so, too. You and I are no towns-people, Rhea, and we cannot be made towns-people. But it would have been just the same in the end."

"I don't quite understand you, father."

"My life would have been a failure wherever I lived."

"No, father, no. You have always been kind and good to us, and made us love you. No man's life is a failure who has done that."

Javan passed his hand softly down the girl's hair and closed his eyes.

As Javan's illness progressed he fell into the fever-victim's fits of delirium. He complained to Rhea of his bad dreams. He wished he could quit seeing the old barn and the bare hill. He was forever having trouble with them, he said. Either he was trying to leap from the roof of the barn to the peak of the hill and falling down between; or the roof was sinking in with him, and the hill-top following after and burying him. This did not last long, however; for he soon fell into a constant stupor.

As Rhea sat beside Javan's bed through the tedious night that was his last, and followed each hard breath as

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it came and went, she fancied some sudden improvement appearing in him that gave certain assurance of his recovery, and herself flying from the house in the middle of the night to tell her best friends of it. The very features of this impossible improvement were devised, and the very words in which it was to be made known. Again and again her fancy went this fond, futile round, until it became an utter weariness to her. She had started on it anew, and was studying her father's face intently in the pursuit of it, when his eyes opened —for the first time in three days.

A smothering thrill of joy shot through her as she drew nearer, close beside her mother, who was stroking Javan's hand. The great eyes looked straight before them blankly for a moment. Then they fixed, a little wildly, on Rhea and Mrs. Hackett, and a loving light of recognition came into them. The hard breathing ceased; and in broken whispers Javan said, "All is well, Maggie, Rhea—don't weep, my daughter. I see the fields—the woods—the cattle—all is well." The hard breathing came again. The eyes closed, and so remained until they flew open at Javan's death. Then Rhea closed them again—forever.

"How clear and pure and beautiful it all is. How poor father would have enjoyed sitting here with us, on a Sunday evening like this, and looking off over the rows of golden wheat-shocks and of waving green corn. He always liked you, Wilsie, and he loved the old farm. Even the bare hill would have looked pleasant to him since you planted the clumps of locusts about it and tore away the old barn."

It was Rhea who spoke, and the man to whom she spoke—a broad-framed man, with large, contented eyes—was her husband.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF CHARLES LAMB.

By Benjamin Ellis Martin.

II.

IN the midst of the vast Covent Garden property of the Duke of Bedford is wedged a small piece of land on the corner of Bow and Russell Streets, belonging to the Clayton estate, now covered by three houses—worth more to us than all the potentialities of marketable wealth hereabout. These three houses formerly formed but one building, which filled the site of that famous ancient one, called Will's Coffee-House. Its cellars and foundations may still be traced under the popular "ham-and-beef shop" on that corner; and this is thronged for us, not with to-day's hungry buyers of cold baked meats, but with the shades of Addison, Swift, Smollett, Steele, Dryden, Cibber, Gay, Pepys, Johnson. This block of buildings gives every architectural evidence, without and within, of having been erected toward the end of the thirteenth century; the corner-house remains quite unaltered; its neighbor on either side has suffered at the hand of the modern restorer; and the one which concerns us, No. 20 Russell Street, has been made higher by one story, reroofed, refaced with stucco. Such as it is, it became the next home of the Lambs. It is strange that they should have left their beloved Temple, after being born into it again; after growing up there again. When he went there, he wrote to Manning: "Here I hope to set up my rest and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen." For his "household gods struck a terribly deep root;" and he says, "I thought we never could have been torn up from the Temple." Yet they did so tear themselves up, and I am unable to discover the reason for this transplantation. In November, 1817, he writes to Dorothy Wordsworth: "We are in the individual spot I like best in

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all this great city: The theatres with all their noises; Covent Garden, dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinous, where we are morally sure of the earliest peas and 'sparagus; Bow Street, where the thieves are examined, within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four and twenty hours before she saw a thief. She sits at the window working; and casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the ceremony. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female life." Besides these novel sights, they found strange sounds in their new abode. A brazier's hammers were rankling all day long within, and by night without—but let Mary tell it, in her letter to Dorothy Wordsworth: "Here we are living at a brazier's shop, No. 20 in Russell Street, Covent Garden—a place all alive with noise and bustle; Drury Lane Theatre in sight from our front, and Covent Garden from our back windows. . . . The hubbub of the carriages returning from the play doesn't annoy me in the least—strange that it doesn't, for it is quite tremendous. I quite enjoy looking out of the window, and listening to the calling up of the carriages, and the squabbles of the coachmen and link-boys."

They squabble still of a foggy night—"a real London partic'ler"—and the noise is even greater than then, and Covent Garden filthier than ever, and the thieves go by escorted by a "bobby," attended by a crowd; but the brazier no longer brazes, and his noisy shop is now silently filled with inoffensive fruits.

Here they lived until 1823, these six years filled with increasing prosperity, with comparative comfort, with happy friendships, with his best work, with sudden fame. His income has slowly increased with each added year of service in the East India House, and his literary work swells it slightly. That work has never yet received its recognition; it is collected and published in two handsome volumes in 1818, and the reading world of that day suddenly awakens to see in the obscure clerk, plodding daily to his desk in Leadenhall Street, its most delicate humorist, its most acute critic, its most perfect essayist. Soon after, inspired by this success, he set to work in these rooms on his "Elia" papers, begun in the new *London Magazine* for August, 1820.

So he outgrew his dulness and grew gayer, although never for one hour out of the shadow of Mary's constant imminent danger of a relapse; and drew around him many new acquaintances, especially among the theatrical profession of this quarter, and more and more of the "friendly harpies" he was fond of, but who took his time and wore out his strength. He complains that he cannot even write letters at home, because he is never alone; and takes the time for all such writing at his office and from his work in Leadenhall Street. "Except my morning's walk to the office, which is like treading on sands of gold for that reason, I am never so—I cannot walk home from office but some officious friend offers his unwelcome courtesies to accompany me. All the morning I am pestered—evening company I should always like, had I any mornings, but I am saturated with human faces (*divine*, forsooth) and voices all the golden morning. . . . I am never C. L., but always C. L. & Co. He who thought it not good for man to be alone, preserve me from the more prodigious monstrosity of being never by myself." He can't even eat alone, so important to his "poor wretched digestion;" but his familiars are there putting questions—presumably silly—asking his opinions, and interrupting him in every way. "God bless 'em! I love some of 'em dearly!" All this was a ceaseless drain on his vitality, and a ceaseless strain on the nerves already so susceptible. He wonders how "some people keep their nerves so nicely balanced as they do, or have they any? or are they made of pack-thread? He" (we know not of whom he speaks) "is proof against weather, ingratitude, meat underdone, every weapon of fate." Lamb was not proof against good friends, his sympathetic nature going out to them to his own loss. Of Coleridge he said: "The neighborhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons. . . . If I lived with him, or with the author of 'The Excursion,' I should in a very little time lose my own identity." Only those with nerves

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can comprehend this, or his characteristic commendation of John Rickman, Clerk of the House of Commons, a newly acquired friend: "He understands you the first time. *You need never twice speak to him.*"

These were the tremulous nerves which seemed to need the stimulus of alcohol, and which were so easily swayed and upset by it. The lachrymose and dolorous tones of Respectability are forever heard croaking loud in lamentation that Lamb was a "Drunkard;" which he never was, and could not have been, with his delicate organization. He was, I believe, a victim to what is now known as nervous dyspepsia; a malady partly congenital, largely acquired by his disregard of diet, of fitting hours of exercise—he would walk to excess often—and of all proper precautions. Although given to plain fare, and no gormandizer, he was fond of outrageous dishes, and fearless in his appalling experiments on his digestive apparatus. Like Thackeray, he had the courage of his gastronomic con-

The Grapes Inn.

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victions, and has left an imperishable record of his love for roast-pig, cow-heel, and brawn. "I am no Quaker at my food—I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. . . . I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he *is eating*; I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal"—admirable judgment! "C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings—I am not sure but he is right." And about a roast-pig, to Wordsworth: "How beautiful and strong those buttered onions come to my nose!" And of a present of brawn: "'Tis, of all my hobbies, the supreme in the eating way. . . . It is like a picture of one of the old Italian masters; its gusto is of that hidden sort."

Conscientious in his cultivation of these admirable appetites; fond of heavy, late suppers; addicted to too much tobacco; with friends forever to the fore to interest, stimulate, and so unnerve him; and with the unceasing terror that hung over their home and gave it its deep depression: is it small wonder that he found in alcohol just what he needed, and just what he should not have depended upon? He would tipple at times, and did get drunk, I don't deny; but he was no drunkard: for he was affected by incredibly small quantities, and as high as they pulled up his spirits, even so low did his spirits sink after. His agonies of remorse, following a slight excess, were fantastic, morbid, never to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. After a slight quarrel with Walter Wilson, he sends an apology, and adds: "You knew well enough before that a very little liquor will cause a considerable alteration in me." Mary writes frequently: "He came home very *smoky and drinky* last night;" and then he reproaches himself the day after for "teasing her life for five years incessantly past with my cursed drinking and ways of going on." His spasmodic efforts at reform were born of this extravagant remorse, and were equally needless and fruitless. "I am afraid I must leave off drinking. I am a poor creature, but I am leaving off gin." And he does leave it off, with a moral certainty of his abstinence lasting until his feeble stomach clamors for so much porter in its place that Mary herself has to beg him "to live like himself once more." His "Farewell to Tobacco" was more successful, and lasted; it was not only "his sweet enemy," but really his worst one. "Liquor and company and wicked tobacco, o' nights, have quite dis-pericraniated me, as one may say;" of which three delights tobacco was to him the most dangerous. And so we may not take too seriously his famous "Confessions of a Drunkard," with its terrible, eloquent passage, "To be an object of compassion to friends," and so on. We are glad and proud to take him as we find him, full of frailties, just as we poorer ones are; we do not sit in judgment on him; we say to the Philistines, in Wordsworth's words, "Love him or leave him alone."

It was during the latter period of their residence in the Temple, and during their six years in Russell Street, that Lamb produced the greater part of the work he has left—small in sum but great in its achievement. It is not the province of this paper to dwell on his various productions, but it comes within my scope to speak of his sister's assistance in his literary labor. In *all* matters he depended greatly on her. "She is older and wiser and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness." During her frequent relapses—when she was forced to be "from home," as he lovingly and tenderly phrased it—he was lost and helpless. "I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her co-operation." He did not over-rate her; she was no commonplace creature, but impressed all who knew her as a woman of rare sense, serene and sweet, of fine judgment, full of womanly sympathies; called by Hazlitt the wisest and most rational woman he had ever known. She had almost a touch of genius, too, in her keen, critical faculty and in her command of pure English, giving her style the charm of her personal flavor. Her intellectual tastes were in accord with her brother's, notably in their love for Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans. "She is doing for God-

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win's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays to be made into children's tales," writes Charles; "I have done 'Othello' and 'Macbeth,' and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It's to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitally, I think you'd think." And again: "Mary is just stuck fast in 'All's Well that Ends Well.' She complains of having to set forth so many female characters in boy's clothes. She begins to think Shakespeare must have wanted—imagination!" And she, too, has left a pretty picture of their common work. "You would like to see us, as we often sit writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting), like *Hermia* and *Helena* in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' or, rather, like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it." She certainly had the more difficult task in the comedies, and it was she who wrote the greater part of the preface, an admirable piece of musical English, ending thus: ". . . pretending to no other merit than as faint and imperfect stamps of Shakespeare's matchless imagination, whose plays are strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all honorable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity." The little book—"Tales from Shakespeare designed for the use of young persons, embellished with copper-plates by Mulready"—came out in 1807, and was such a success with the older ones as well that a second edition was soon called for. Its preface states that, though the tales had been meant for children, "they were found adapted better for an acceptable and improving present to young ladies advancing to the state of womanhood." She also did the greater share of "Mrs. Leicester's School," and a volume of poetry for children, published later. The exquisite sketch drawn by Barry Cornwall of her looks and bearing may fitly finish

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these not too "trivial, fond records" of her, here: "She wore a neat cap, of the fashion of her youth; an old-fashioned dress. Her face was pale and somewhat square, but very placid, with gray, intelligent eyes. She was very mild in her manners to strangers, and to her brother gentle and tender always. She had often an upward look of peculiar meaning when directed toward him, as though to give him assurance that all was then well with her." She once said: "Our love for each other has been the torment of our lives hitherto"—torment and bliss together, as we now know.

"When you come Londonward you will find me no longer in Covent Garden; I have a cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington; a cottage, for it is detached; a white house with six good rooms; the New River (rather elderly by this time) runs (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house; and behind is a spacious garden with vines (I assure you), pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcinous." This he wrote on September 2, 1823, to Bernard Barton, and to this new home I invite you to go with me. As we turn from the City Road into Colebrook Row, we find almost a country-road to-day, broad and bordered by large, old-fashioned houses, a strip of grass running down the middle, tree-lined, beneath which that same New River flows to its reservoir near Sadler's Wells, hard by. We catch a glimpse of the Regent's Canal on either hand at the top of the hill as it comes out from the tunnel underneath, through the mouth of which wheezes and jangles laboriously the round-topped tug, with its chain of canal-boats. It is a pleasant approach to "Elia," as the present owner has rechristened No. 19 Colebrook Row. It has become a shrine for many pilgrims from all over the English-speaking world, and its walls hold more memories of the brother and sister than any of the spots we have yet seen. It stands nearly as when they lived in and left it; a simple cottage of two stories and an attic, with stone steps mounting sideways; fenced discreetly off from the road, a Virginia creeper climbing over the railings, a tiny yard flagged and flower-filled. The New River in front has been sodded over, and even the wool-gathering George Dyer, with his head in the clouds, couldn't get into it, now: one of the most madly ludicrous scenes ever conceived, and thus described by Lamb: "I do not know when I have experienced a stranger sensation than on seeing my old friend G. D., who had been paying me a morning visit, a few Sundays back, at my cottage at Islington, upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path, by which he had entered, with staff in hand and at noon-day, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear." B. W. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) happened to come calling soon after: "I met Miss Lamb in the passage, in a state of great alarm—she was whimpering, and could only utter, 'Poor Mr. Dyer! poor Mr. Dyer!' in tremulous tones. I went upstairs aghast, and found that the involuntary diver had been placed in bed, and that Miss Lamb had administered brandy and water as a well-established preventive against cold. Dyer, unaccustomed to anything stronger than the 'crystal spring,' was sitting upright in bed, perfectly delirious. His hair had been rubbed up, and stood up like so many needles of iron-gray. He did not (like Falstaff) 'babble o' green fields,' but of the 'watery Neptune.' 'I soon found out where I was,' he cried to me, laughing; and then he went wandering on, his words taking flight into regions where no one could follow."

The "cheerful dining-room, all studded over, and rough, with old books," is level with the front garden, and unchanged except that its windows have now been cut into one large one—as is the case above, in the "lightsome drawing-room, three windows, full of choice prints." The prints and the old books are gone, and a rigid library of decorous volumes stares stonily from the wall; grim horse-hair chairs refuse a free and easy invitation; and the stuffed corpses of dead birds and framed horrors of the period strike terror to our souls. There is a prim piano, too, from which *he* would have fled aghast: for, in her goodness, nature

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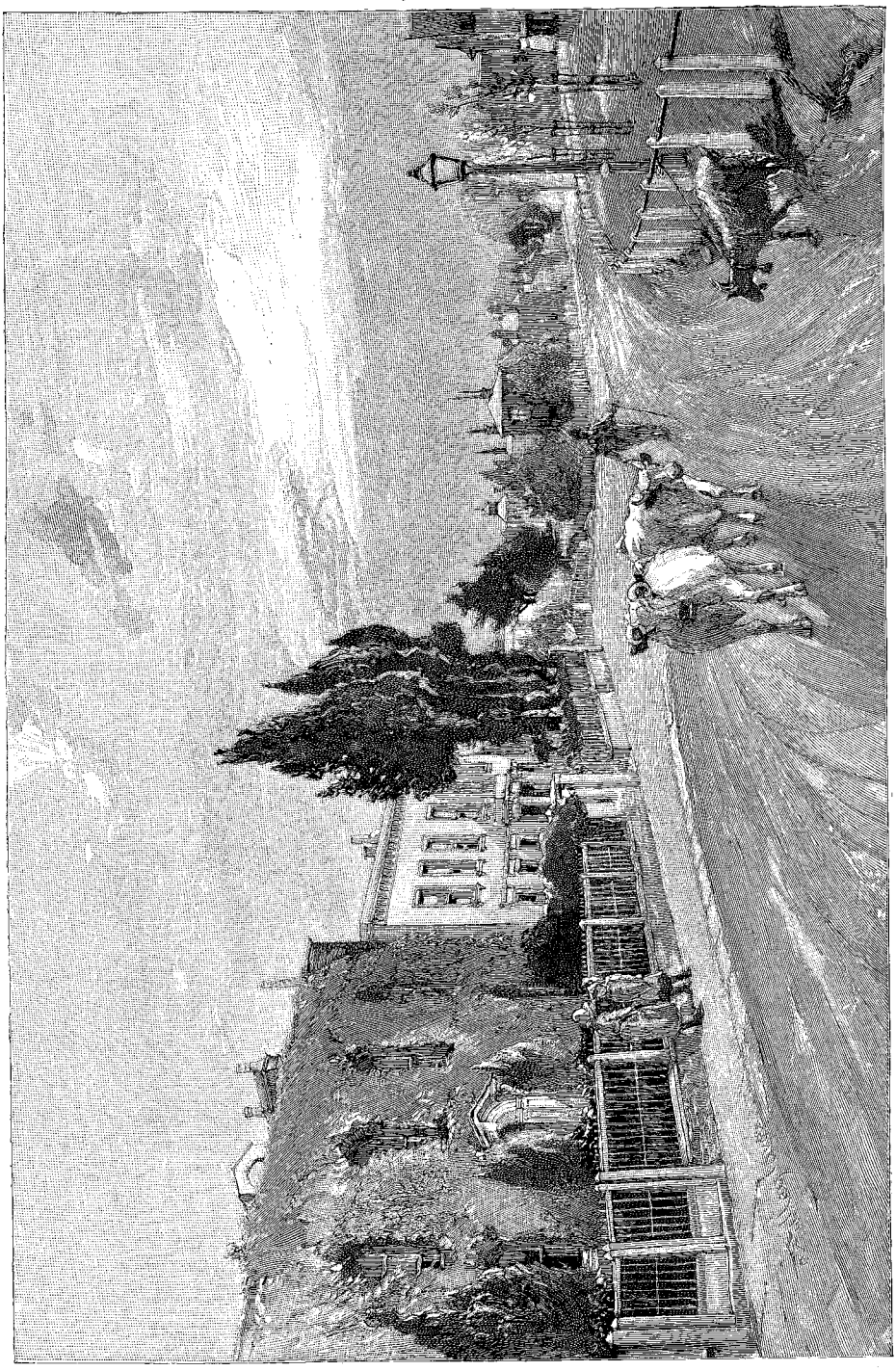

Lamb's Two Houses at Enfield.

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The Walden Home at Edmonton.

had given him no taste for music, and he never pretended to care for it. But the walls, the tiny hall, the narrow stairway—on which they might have put this same queer marbled paper—are all as when they were wont to move within them. His "spacious garden"—around which he challenged the obese, red-nosed Theodore Hook to race him for a wager—is diminished to a small domain, a soda-water factory having been built on its farther end.

Here the little household was enlarged and enlivened by the presence of Emma Isola, the orphaned child of an Italian refugee, who taught tongues in Cambridge, and who had been the Italian teacher of Gray and Wordsworth. Her the Lambs, liking, invited to visit them during her holidays and finally made their home hers, as their adopted daughter. Mary helped her with French, Charles taught her Latin, that she might become a governess. Lamb was always quick to help those who were poorer than himself, and always had pensioners on his bounty, "giving greatly" all his life long, in Proctor's words. Yet he was curiously provident, and never lived beyond his meagre income, never ran into debt. His delightful egotism has made plain to us his foibles and his follies; but, with all the rest of his life in evidence, we know nothing from *him* of

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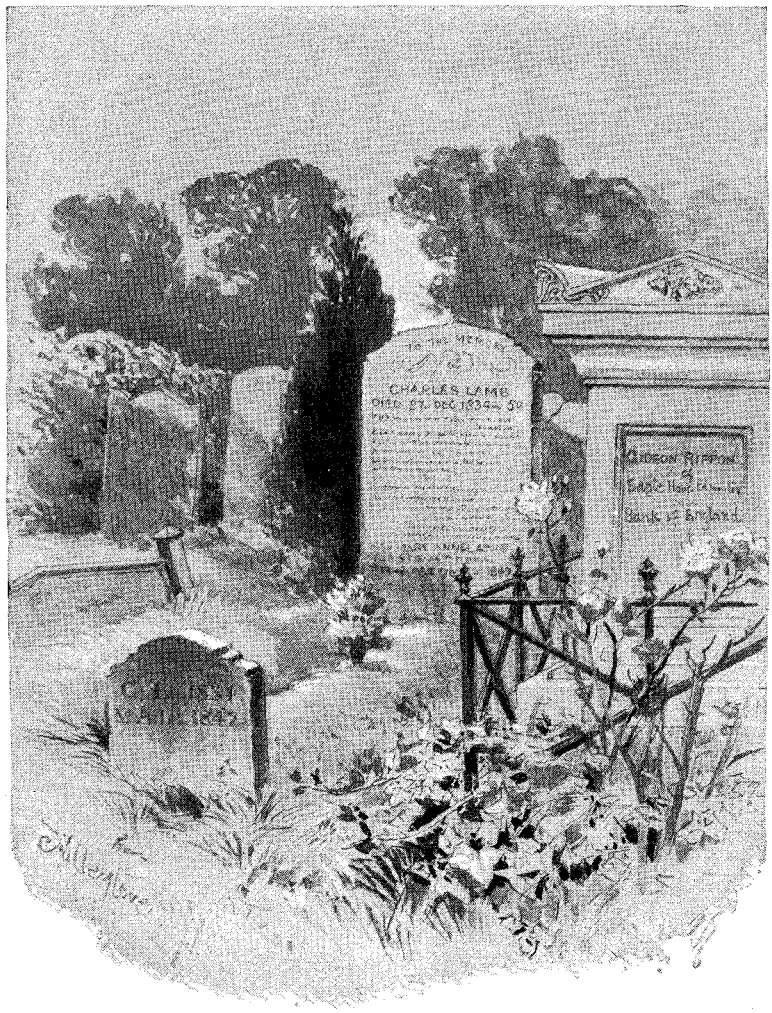
"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

These are De Quincey's words about this side of him: "Many liberal people I have known in this world . . . many munificent people, but never anyone upon whom, for bounty, for indulgence and forgiveness, for charitable



The Grave of Charles and Mary Anne Lamb at Edmonton.

construction of doubtful or mixed actions, and for regal munificence, you might have thrown yourself with so absolute a reliance as upon this comparatively poor Charles Lamb."

They had need, just now, of the brightness of a young girl's presence, for they were saddened—albeit needlessly, for all the comfort he had been—by the death of their brother John. Mary's illnesses were growing more frequent and more prolonged; and Charles was chafing, more and more, under his ceaseless drudgery at the desk. In 1822 he had already written to Wordsworth: "I grow ominously tired of official confinement. Thirty years have I served the Philistines, and my neck is not subdued to the yoke. You don't know how wearisome it is to breathe the air of four pent walls, without relief, day after day, all the golden hours of the day between ten and four, without

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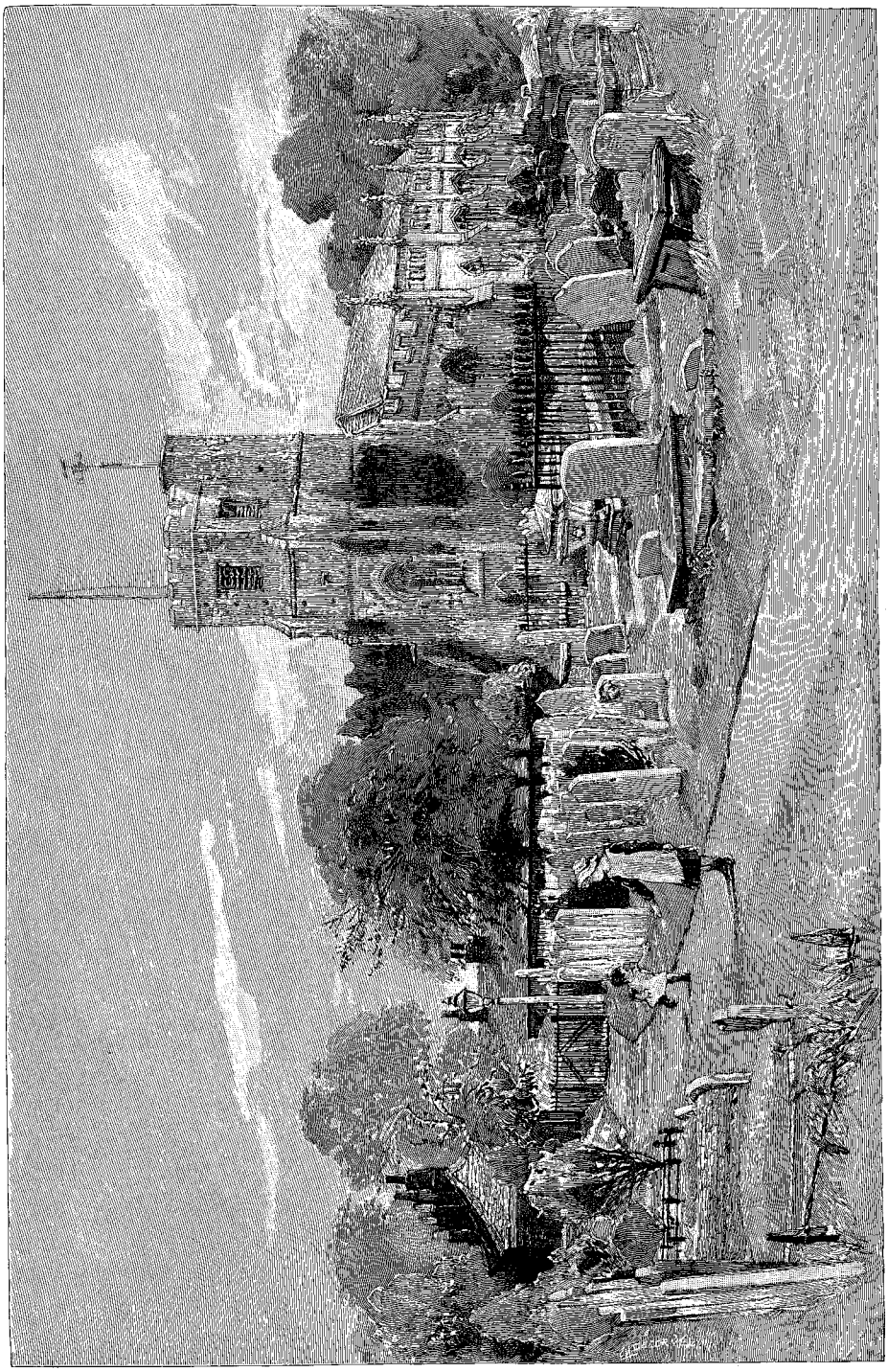

Edmonton Church from Lamb's Grave.

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ease or interposition." And once he gave vent to a grand outburst dear to all but the shop-keeping soul: "Confusion blast all mercantile transactions, all traffic, exchange of commodities, intercourse between nations, all the consequent civilization, and wealth, and amity, and links of society, and getting rid of prejudices, and getting a knowledge of the face of the globe; and rotting the very firs of the forest that look so romantic alive, and die into desks! Vale." And again: "Oh, that I were kicked out of Leadenhall, with every mark of indignity, and a competence in my fob! The birds of the air would not be so free as I should. How I would prance and curvet it, and pick up cowslips, and ramble about purposeless as an idiot!" It was in April, 1825, that his wish was gratified, and his waiting came to an end, in this very house. He had offered his resignation to the Directors of the East India Company, and was surprised and delighted—having been kept a few weeks in suspense—by the proposal "that I should accept from the house which I had served so well a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer. I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—forever." And to Wordsworth, on April 6, 1825: "I came home FOREVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me; it was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three—to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it!" He compares his sensations to those of Leigh Hunt on being released from prison. The change was too sudden and too great for his happiness, and he yearned for the "pestilential clerk-faces" which had so long bored him: so one day, soon after, he went back to the office, and sat amid "the old desk companions, with whom I have had such merry hours," and tried to mourn that he had left them in the lurch! He has told us of all his feelings, good and bad, at this period, in "The Superannuated Man." He couldn't quite enjoy his freedom, and used it mainly in long walks into the country, with Tom Hood's erratic dog, Dash, who imposed on Lamb's good-nature: and in excursions with Mary, farther afield—notably to Enfield, where they made short visits with a Mrs. Leishman, into whose house they finally removed in 1827. "*No* health," in Islington, was his complaint to Tom Hood; and yet, "'twas with some pains that we were evolved from Colebrook. You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door-posts. To change habitations is to die to them, and in my time I have died seven deaths." He hoped for benefit from the change, and yet he looked forward to trips to town "to breathe the fresher air of the metropolis."

In those days they went to Enfield by coach twice a week or so, from one of the old inns still standing in Aldgate or Bishopsgate. No coaches run now, but it is a pleasant walk, up through the long northern suburb, still showing, spite of its being so cityfied, traces of its old-time gentility in the square, stately, stolid brick mansions, the suburban homes of rich city merchants a century since. We pass the High Cross at Tottenham, and beside it the Swan Inn, descendant of that Swan in front of which, within sight of their beloved Lea, Anceps and Piscator rested "in a sweet, shady arbor which nature herself has woven with her own fine fingers:" but the stream is polluted now, and the arbor has gone, and Izaak Walton would not care for the new Swan. So we pass by Bruce Castle, owned by Robert Bruce, father of the Scotch king, now a boys' school, and come into that bit of road famous for John Gilpin's ride, and so on into Edmonton. Here we turn from the main road—by which the stage-coaches kept on northward to Ware and Hatfield—and three miles farther on we reach Enfield. By rail it is ten miles from Liverpool Street Station, and we whisk along in forty minutes by many trains each day; underground, behind houses, over their roofs, through Bethnal Green and Hackney Downs and London Fields—where there is no green nor any fields nor downs—past Silver Street and Seven Sisters and White Hart Lane, and many

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such prettily named places; and so through the real country to the dapper little station of Enfield.

"Enfield Chase" was a favorite hunting-ground of royalty until it was divided into parcels and sold after the execution of Charles I. Some of the old hunting-lodges still stand in gardens, one of them once tenanted by William Pitt. I have talked with aged men in the village who have seen the "King's red deer" come into "The Chase" to drink from the New River: which winds through the land here, its waters led from the springs of Amwell and Chadwell, and from slopes with sunshine on them, into underground pipes to supply London town. This *new* river was cut and engineered by Mr. Hugh Myddelton, citizen and goldsmith, who, "with his choice men of art and painful laborers, set roundly to this business," in the year of grace 1609, and was knighted by the first James for his enterprise and success in his stupendous work. Tom Hood got out "Walton Redivivus, a New River Eclogue," and Lamb wrote a preface, in which he refers to his new home having the same neighbor as his cottage at Colebrook. "My old New River has presented no extraordinary novelties lately. But there hope sits, day after day, speculating on traditionary gudgeons. I think she hath taken the fisheries. I now know the reason why our forefathers were denominated the East and West Angles."

We pass the town's old inns with steep-sloping roofs, and many a stately mansion set in great gardens, and the ancient manor-house, renovated by Edward VI. for the dwelling of his sister, the Princess Elizabeth. From here she wrote letters which you may see in the British Museum; and in the Bodleian at Oxford is the MS. translation, in her own hand, of an Italian sermon by Ochini. The building—now The Palace School—contains one of her rooms, oak-panelled and richly ceilinged, and in the grounds is a noble cedar of Lebanon, planted in 1670. We look up at the swinging signs of the Rising Sun, and the Crown and Horseshoes, past all of which Lamb often went, and, doubtless, too often did *not* get past. It tickled him to urge truly proper people to tipple with him, in these two taverns; and even lady-like Miss Kelly—the actress with the "divine, plain face"—and the portentous Wordsworth, were thus enticed to enter, and persuaded to have "a pull at the pewter!" And so, through a leafy lane, bordered by stately elms, with cosey cottages on either hand, across a cheerful green, alongside the rippling stream, we reach the "Manse," as Lamb's home has been called for many years, and only lately lost when it was newly stuccoed and painted. In the front, four poplars rear themselves; and in the garden behind, the old yew and the bent apple-trees, and the pleasant fields stretching away, are all as when he looked through and over them to the Epping Hills. The house has been added to and changes have been made inside, and all is hideously and aggressively "smart." Nothing in it that speaks to us of its old tenants, whom we have come to see. They were seen, on their coming to take the house, by a school-boy next door, who has given this pleasant description of them: "Leaning idly out of a window, I saw a group of three issuing from the 'gambogy-looking cottage' close at hand—a slim, middle-aged man, in quaint, uncontemporary habiliments, a rather shapeless bundle of an old lady, in a bonnet like a mob-cap, and a young girl: while before them bounded a riotous dog [Hood's immortal 'Dash'], holding a board with 'This House To Let' on it in his jaws. Lamb was on his way back to the house-agent's, and that was his fashion of announcing that he had taken the premises." In the summer of 1829 they left this home, the care of which was wearing too heavily on them both: "We have taken a farewell of the pompous, troublesome trifle, called house-keeping, and are settled down into poor boarders and lodgers, at next door, with an old couple, the Baucis and Baucida of dull Enfield." "Our providers are an honest pair, Dame Westwood and her husband; he, when the light of prosperity shined on them, a moderately thriving haberdasher within Bow Bells, retired since with something under a competence . . . and has *one anecdote*, upon which and about £40 a year, he seems to have retired in green old age." It was "forty-two inches nearer

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town," Lamb wrote, and it still is there: a comfortable cottage set back from the road, vines clambering over the small entrance-porch and hiding all the walls. In its little back sitting-room were written the "Last Essays of Elia." Here they remained for almost four years, and in 1833 they made a last remove—except the final one we must all make—to Edmonton.

These years at Enfield were not happy ones; they were both getting old, Mary's malady was growing on her, taking her more frequently from home; and even the visits of their child, Emma Isola—she was now a governess—abated his loneliness but slightly. His removal to the country had left all his friends far behind, and they couldn't, for all his urging, come often so far afield for informal chats. "We see scarce anybody," he moans. He hated the country. "Let not the lying poets be believed, who entice men from the cheerful streets;" and he asks, "What have I gained by health? Intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank." "Let no native Londoner imagine that health and rest, innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it." "In dreams I am in Fleet Street, but I wake and cry to sleep again." And when he went to town, and walked in Fleet Street "to breathe the fresher air of the metropolis," he was not content: "The streets, the shops, are left, but all old friends are gone. . . . Home have I none, and not a sympathizing house to turn to in the great city." He took lodgings for a while at No. 24 Southampton Buildings, within sight of his former quarters at No. 34, a queer old house still left: but this gave no pleasure; "the bodies I cared for are in graves or dispersed." He found some slight solace in his frequent dinners with a new friend, Cary of the British Museum, and in working there; making extracts for Hone's "Table-Book," from two thousand old plays left by Garrick. "It is a sort of office-work to me—hours ten to four, the same. It does me good." The reading-room wherein he worked is now the print-room, a venerable and musty chamber, famous in those days for its fine specimens of the Pulex literarius, or museum flea; and doubtless, too, infested—to Lamb's irritation, as to Carlyle's, as the latter has left on record—by that reader, still there to-day, who blows his nose "like a Chaldean trumpet in the new moon;" and by that other, who slumbers peacefully with his head in a ponderous tome, and wakes suddenly, snorting.

Of serious work, during this period, Lamb did but little; his main literary product being his letters to his many absent friends, which give us such valuable and characteristic insight into the man's lovable nature. He wrote a series of short essays, under the name of "Popular Fallacies," for the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1828; and a little prose miscellany—chat and souvenirs of the Royal Academy—under the title "Peter's Net," for the *Englishman's Magazine* in 1831. The year before, Moxon had published a small volume of small poems—"Album Verses"—concerning which a curious secret has but lately come to light. The critics found little to praise in these verses—and with good reason—and a review was sent to the *Englishman's Magazine*, with a line to Moxon from Lamb: "I have ingeniously contrived to review myself. Tell me if this will do." He does not praise or puff his own work, let me hasten to say; but his paper is rather a protest against the errors and carelessness of those "indolent reviewers." Still, it is a clear case of surreptitious self-reviewing, and of it we may say, in the words of the coy Quakeress—not Lamb's Islington Quakeress—when her ardent wooer protested that he must kiss her, "it must not be made a practice of." In 1833 appeared the "Last Essays of Elia," collected from the *London Magazine*, and this closed his literary life, not long before the closing of his own.

For the scene darkens swiftly now. "Mary is ill again. Her illnesses encroach yearly. The last was three months, followed by two of depression most dreadful. I look back upon her earlier attacks with longing. Nice lit-

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tle durations of six weeks or so, followed by complete restoration, shocking as they were to me, then. In short, half her life is dead to me, and the other half is made anxious with fears and lookings-forward to the next shock." This was in May, 1833, and so, he says: "With such prospects it seemed to me necessary that she should no longer live with me, and be fluttered with continual removals; so I am come to live with her at a Mr. Walden's and his wife, who take in patients and have arranged to lodge and board us only." He lost Emma Isola, in July, 1830, by her marriage with Edward Moxon, "with my perfect approval and more than concurrence," he writes as unselfishly as always. "I am about to lose my only walk companion, whose mirthful spirits were the youth of our house." Even yet, with his sweet and cheerful courage, he tries to make the best of it all, and is glad to be "emancipated from the Westwoods," and to be "three or four miles nearer the great city, coaches half-price less, and going always, of which I will avail myself. I have few friends left there, but one or two most beloved. But London streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly, though not one known of the latter were remaining." And yet he struggles to town but rarely, and then only to find "the streets and shops entertaining as ever, else I feel as in a desert, and get me home to my care." He sees his sister but seldom: "Alas! I too often hear her!" "Her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world." That is to me the most tender and touching utterance in all the letters since letters were invented. At times, when her mind is not too turbid, she plays piquet with him and they talk of death; which they do not fear, nor yet wish for. Neither was quite able to say with Sir Thomas Browne in Lamb's favorite "Religio Medici:" "I thank God I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death." Both wished that Mary should go first. Mrs. Cowden Clarke has told us how he abruptly said one day—his blunt words covering his peculiar tenderness—"You must die first, Mary." And she, with her little quiet nod and kindly smile, "Yes, I must die first, Charles!"

Death was much in their thoughts during these days. Hazlitt had died in 1830, Lamb being with him; and in July, 1834, Coleridge ended, after long suffering, a life of "blighted utility," as he truly put it. The passing away of this dearest of the "old familiar faces" profoundly affected Lamb. "His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him." Nor did he long survive him. One day, in the winter of that year, taking his customary walk, he stumbled, fell, and bruised his face; the wound not seeming serious, until erysipelas suddenly set in and rapidly drained him of his insufficient vitality. So on the 27th of December, 1834, the Festival of St. John and the Eve of the Innocents, sank to sleep forever "this sweet diffusive bountiful soul, desiring only to do good," in the fine words of Archbishop Leighton. He was happy in not living, as he had said long before, "after all the strength and beauty of existence is gone, when all the 'life of life is fled,' as poor Burns expresses it." It was a peaceful and painless ending, yet infinitely pitiful in its loneliness for one so essentially social in his life; his sister's mind too clouded to comprehend what was passing; his only two friends at hand—Talfourd and Crabb Robinson—arriving too late for his recognition. They heard him murmuring, with his faint voice, the names of his dear old friends. But a few days before he had shown to a friend the mourning-ring left him by Coleridge, crying out as he was wont to do, "Coleridge is dead." And only two weeks before, he had pointed out to his sister, during a walk, the spot in the church-yard where he would like to lie. They laid him there, and she loved to walk to the spot while she stayed in Edmonton. Recovering from the blow, and temporarily in sound sense, she visited former friends; later, her malady growing nearly chronic, with only "a twilight of consciousness in her," she was kept under care and restraint in St. John's Wood until her death, thirteen years after his. She rests by his side, as they both wished,

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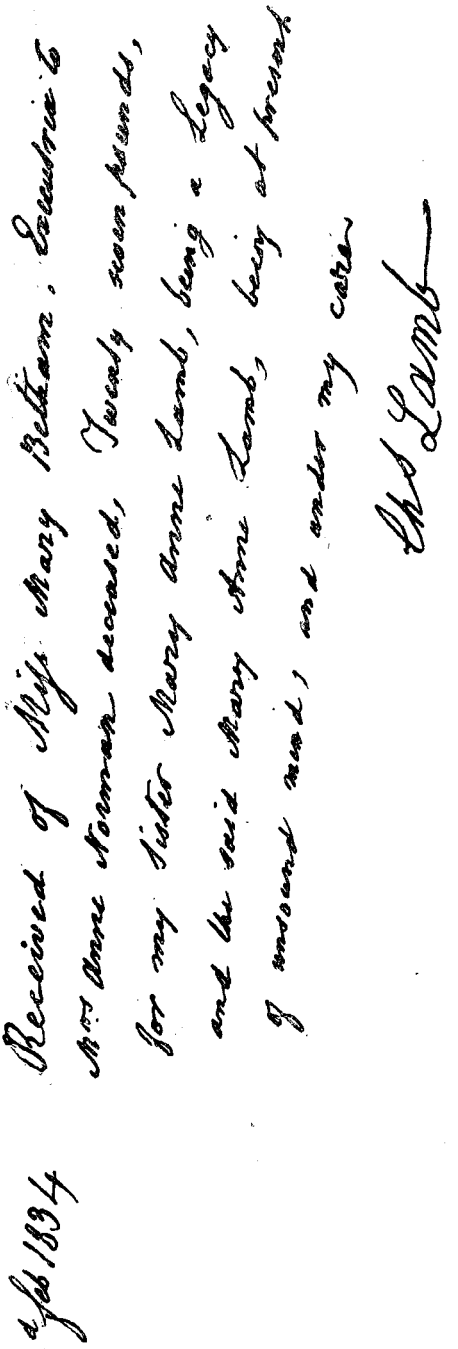
in the same grave. His pension was, with rare generosity, continued to her by the East India Company, and she enjoyed the income of his small savings (£2,000) during her life; then it went to Emma Isola Moxon. This was all he had gathered together in coin; his real riches were lavishly dispensed during his life, and are hoarded now by all of us who love his memory.



Fac-simile of a Receipt for a Legacy, signed by Charles Lamb as Guardian for his Sister Mary.
[By permission of Charles B. Foote, Esq., the owner of the original.]

We walk from Enfield by the same path across the fields through which Lamb escorted Wordsworth and his other visitors to the Bell at Edmonton, there to take a parting glass with them before the return coach to town should come along. That famous inn is no longer as it was then, as it was when Cowper laughed all night at the diverting history of John Gilpin, just heard from Lady Austen, and "must needs turn it into a ballad when he got up," to relieve his reaction of melancholy. The balcony from which the thrifty wife gazed on Johnny's mad career is gone, the very walls are levelled, a vilely vulgar gin-palace rises in their place, and the ancient sign bearing the legend, "The Bell and John Gilpin's Ride," is now replaced by a great aggressive gilt bell.

From here we walk, following Lamb's last footsteps, perchance none too steady, along the London Road, past the old unchanged wooden taverns—untouched, by the odd irony of the modern builder because they have no historic interest!—the Horse and Groom, and the Golden Fleece. So through dull, straggling Church Street, we go by the little shop in which—then a surgery—John Keats served his apprenticeship, and wrote his

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"Juvenile Poems;" and pass by the one-storied Charity School, "A structure of Hope, Founded in Faith, on the basis of Charity, 1784," as the legend reads over the head of the queer little female figure in the niche. The mistress of this school used to run to her window, drawn by Lamb's cheery voice as he came out, to look at the famous "spare, middle-sized man in pantaloons," as she described him. For Bay Cottage—so named in his day, now well re-named Lamb's Cottage, next to Lion House, with its rampant lions on the gate-posts—stands nearly opposite the small school; and it was through this long, narrow strip of front garden, cut by a gravelled footpath and railed in by iron palings, that Charles Lamb walked for the last time—was carried to his final resting-place. At its end squats the small cottage, darkened and made more diminutive by the projecting houses on either side. On the left of the hall—large by contrast—is their snug sitting-room, not more than twelve feet square, low-ceilinged, deep-windowed, with a great beam above. Mounting by a narrow, winding, tiny staircase its turned balustrade of Queen Anne's time—under which partly lies the dingy dining-room—we find his front bedroom, his death-room, with one window as in the sitting-room beneath. Mary's large bedroom is behind, with two good windows, looking out on the long strip of back garden, wherein are ancient trees and new vegetables. Nothing within these walls has suffered any change.

It is but two minutes' walk to the great, desolate graveyard, lying all about the ancient church, whose square, squat, battlemented tower shows its mellow tints through dark masses of ivy. Service was going on when I went for the first time to this spot, a few years since, and I waited until the officiating clergyman came out to learn from him the location of the grave I had come to see. *He could not tell me!* He had heard that Charles Lamb was buried in his church-yard, but he had never seen the grave, nor asked about it. When we had found it, a crippled impostor, lounging on the look-out for stray pence, affecting mute sympathy, scrambled up, and swarmed down with scissors on the long grass about the small mound. That parson's ignorance—the obscurity and desolation of the grave—the shocking structure which dominates it, of the stone-mason order of architecture, well-cared for, and which aggressively commemorates one "Gideon Rippon, of the Eagle House, Edmonton, and of the Bank of England"—all this is typical of the relation borne by literature to Society, and to Respectability in England. These combined cohorts don't know, and don't want to know, about the burial-place of their only Charles Lamb; but they do due reverence, with naïve and unconscious vulgarity, to the memory of the bank-official who kept Books or handled Money. Lamb himself, with his large sense of the ludicrous and his small sense of the decorous, would be tickled by the harmony between this state of affairs and his whole life. To the grave come pilgrims from the other side of the ocean, and sometimes the Blue Coat boys in small groups. The dreary and tasteless headstone bears Cary's feeble lines, the acutest criticism on which was made by a knowing 'navvy,' who spelt it through painfully, and said to his companion: "I'm blest if it isn't as good as any in the church-yard; *but, a bit too long*, eh, mate?"

They have quite lately put up a mural monument in the church's single aisle, in which, under twin arches perked up with crocketed common-places, are the medallion busts of Charles Lamb and of William Cowper. Under the former—the only one which concerns us now—is cut this inscription fitly followed by Wordsworth's lines: "In Memory of Charles Lamb, the Gentle Elia, and Author of the Tales from Shakespeare. Born in the Inner Temple, 1775, educated at Christ's Hospital, Died at Bay Cottage, Edmonton, 1834, and buried beside his sister Mary in the adjoining church-yard.—

"'At the centre of his being lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified:
Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived.'"

THE END.

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WAGNERIANISM AND THE ITALIAN OPERA.

By William F. Apthorp.

SOME months ago it was my privilege to consider some of the aspects of Richard Wagner's poetic gift in the pages of this magazine; my purpose in the present article is to discuss — if soliloquy can be called discussion—one point in his musical theory which has led him to follow a path divergent from that of most of his great predecessors in the field of lyric drama, or opera. Out-and-out Wagnerians might, perhaps, take exception to the word *discussion*, for, although I can just now call to mind no instance in which such a claim has been categorically made by them, the general drift of their more recent writings seems to imply that Wagner and Wagnerianism have already been accepted *in toto* by all reputable thinkers on music to-day, and are hence outside of the proper pale of discussion. But it seems to me that one may rightly say of Wagner, even to-day, what Émile Zola once said of Victor Hugo:

"... It is not true that his work should be placed above the examination of readers, like a dogma. I am quite willing to admire, and am even of the opinion that admiration is one of the rare good things in our existence. But never will I consent to admire, if I am deprived of my own free judgment. What, then, is this strange claim? Victor Hugo, man of genius though he be, belongs to me. It sometimes happens, in this century of ours, that we discuss God; we can well discuss Victor Hugo."

No great genius has ever yet been quite able, either during his lifetime or posthumously, to live up to the claim of being *indiscutable*.

Of all existing developments in the field of lyric drama the Italian opera has been most frequently held up by Wagnerians as a monstrosity, against which the music-dramas of the Bayreuth master stood forth in the sharpest contrast, and the ruling principles of which had been most convincingly stultified by his theoretical arguments.

That Italian opera is now on its last legs everywhere, save in its own home, is the generally accepted opinion to-day, and there can be little doubt that Wagner and the Wagnerian movement in Europe and this country have had much to do with its decline in popular favor. If I speak here especially of Italian opera, it is partly for the sake of simplicity of plan, for almost all the objections that have been urged by Wagnerians against the French, or the German opera, apply *a fortiori* to the Italian; and partly because the history of the Italian opera shows us a direct descent in an unbroken line from the very beginnings of the lyric drama it self, and the theoretical principles on which it was first established are curiously like those promulgated by Wagner. The parallel between the musical doctrines of Wagnerianism and those of the Florentine music-reform of the seventeenth century has been drawn more than once, and notably by Wagnerians;

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but I hardly think that its instructiveness has been quite exhausted. Indeed, I find it strongly suggestive in several ways which Wagnerians have as yet been prone to ignore.

The musical formula, both of Wagner and of the Florentine music-reformers of the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, was, to all intents and purposes, partly this: That the aim of music should be to heighten, color, and vivify the expression of the poetic and dramatic idea presented in the text. That the Florentine reformers, on the one hand, and Wagner, on the other, should have arrived at this formula by diametrically opposite paths may seem a little strange at first sight, but it was not unnatural. The Florentines approached it, so to speak, academically. Ambros heads his chapter on this subject, in his "History of Music," "The Music-Reform and the Fight against Counterpoint." That there was a fierce war waged against the old strict counterpoint of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in the strenuous endeavor to establish a new musical style, is perfectly true. But the reformers' championship of the one, and their attacks upon the other, were, in every case, based upon what was in their eyes incontrovertible *authority*, not upon a free, spontaneous, instinctive predilection or aversion. Indeed, one finds a certain circumspect spirit of premeditation pervading the whole renaissance. We are told that we owe to the renaissance the first budding of personality and individualism in art, and this is, in the main, true. This growth of individualism was the only original and spontaneous element in the whole renaissance, and was probably the one thing that vivified it, and kept it alive as something real, and prevented its being a rather hollow sham. But you would sorely have astonished the great promoters of the renaissance had you told them that this growth of individualism would in time be recognized as one of the prime characteristics of the movement. For it was quite spontaneous, and not of their planting; it crept in unforeseen and unfeared, and was, in reality, in direct opposition to the very fundamental principle of the renaissance itself, which cared little for spontaneity or originality, but set out as a wilful, premeditated, and almost servile return to classic Greek and Roman models. The renaissance movement was consciously academic; it based its principles and tenets upon the authority of the classics. The Florentine music-reform was intrinsically the renaissance of the art of music. That the renaissance spirit should not have entered into music until near the beginning of the seventeenth century, that is, not until renaissance poetry, painting, and sculpture had already crossed the threshold of their period of decadence, is explained by the exceedingly late development of music in comparison with that of her sister arts. It is also to be noted, by the way, that it was through this Florentine music-reform that the element of individualism was first brought into musical composition.

The Florentine reformers fought against counterpoint simply because counterpoint did not tally with the æsthetic principles laid down by Plato and Aristotle; from the eleventh to the sixteenth century music had been undergoing a process of formal evolution in a wholly natural way, and had arrived at that exceedingly complex, but stoutly organized, form known as strict simple (or, more properly, *single*) counterpoint. The classical authority of Greek or Roman æstheticians had had little or no influence upon this evolution, and it is not surprising that the result should have diverged widely from those principles of art which were established *a priori* by philosophers who lived at a time when music was hardly out of its first infancy. But the renaissance dogma demanded that classical authority should prevail at all hazards, and as the Florentines fought against counterpoint, intrenching themselves behind the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, so also did they seek to establish their new expressive and dramatic musical style in strict conformity with the teachings of those philosophers. Thus the whole reform movement in Florence at the beginning of the seventeenth century, with the establishment of the so-called *stile rappresentativo* in which it resulted, was purely academic in character; based

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wholly upon classical authority. It is, as I have said, a little curious that Richard Wagner, to whom all authority was as nothing, and who believed firmly that the artist's instinct was an authority to itself, should, in the nineteenth century, have arrived at almost precisely the same conclusions concerning the art of music that the old Florentines did, and this, too, by a perfectly free, spontaneous, and untrammelled process of natural selection. It is one of the most striking confirmations of a philosophic theory in all history; for what more brilliant confirmation could a philosophic theory of art ask for than to find itself mirrored in the unprompted instincts and actual practice of the originally creative artist?

The pure *stile rappresentativo*, the musical style established by the Florentine reformers, and the one in which the first lyric dramas were written, was, however, exceedingly short-lived. The music in this style was amorphous, without organic form,* but it was highly expressive. Its monotony seems terrible to us now, and there can be little doubt that it was felt to be a disadvantage by the new school itself, as soon as the novelty of the style had begun to wear off. Let the reader look at the longish monologue of Orpheus in Caccini's "Euridice" (published in F. Rochlitz's Collection de morceaux de chant, vol. ii., p. 2), and try to imagine an entire opera fashioned upon this model. Flesh and blood could not long stand it, and, indeed, did not stand it long. The music was not only amorphous, but was even hampered in its free expressiveness by an iron rule which demanded a stately, measured cadence at the end of every distich of the poetry. One might have thought that this strict adherence to what is to be recognized as a metrical element in the versified text would have imparted at least a certain rudimentary, rhythmic organism to the music, for rhythm is assuredly one of the prime elements of musical form. But the truth is that it did not do so; those regularly recurring, leaden cadences were but so many mile-stones by which the length of the dreary monologue could be measured, and upon which the weary ear might rest for a moment; but they had little musically organic, form-giving virtue. But, amorphous as the music of the *stile rappresentativo* was, this very fact made it peculiarly ready for undergoing a process of evolution; and it might easily have been predicted that this evolution would proceed either in accordance with some hitherto undiscovered law, or with the laws in obedience to which already existing musical forms had been developed. The evolution did set in almost immediately, such is the inveterate tendency of art to spurn the amorphous condition, and to become organic. Hardly a generation after Caccini and Peri, the first founders of the *stile rappresentativo*, and, with it, of the lyric drama, principles of organic growth, derived from the hitherto disregarded people's song, the dance, and, wonder of wonders! even from the old, despised counterpoint itself, began to show themselves at work in the amorphous mass, together and in harmony with another newly discovered principle, that of tonality. The tonal system was developed, and with it the laws of harmony; modern music was born, bringing with it the development of new and more highly organized forms than even the old counterpoint had been able to realize, for, under the sway of the new law of tonality, musical forms became not merely organic, but essentially *vertebrate;* music developed a spinal column. Amid this general evolution of musical forms, which went on with unexampled vigor during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Florentine *stile rappresentativo* was not wholly discarded. It still survived in its original amorphous condition (dropping, however, that sham semblance of a form-giving principle, the heavy cadence at the end of each distich), side by side with the higher, organic forms that had been evolved from it. It became what is now known as recitative.

Now it is well worthy of note that, while some of the dramatic and emotional expressiveness, upon which the old Florentine *stile rappresentativo* solely based its claim to respect, still survived, in greater or less vigor, in every musi-

*I may as well say here, for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with musical terminology, that what we call *form* in music is virtually identical with *organism*, or *organic structure*.

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cal form that was subsequently developed, the evolution of musical forms which went forward during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries displayed almost as great activity in the field of lyric drama itself as in any other domain in the whole art of music. Indeed, one finds that, with the exception of the fugue, the sonata, and of those forms which belong properly to the dance, almost every form that is characteristic of modern music was first developed in the lyric drama before it was applied, with greater or less variation, to other styles of composition, while most of those other forms which owed their first development to instrumental composition made their way soon enough into the lyric drama, by which they were willingly adopted. Thus the lyric drama, which began with its music in the amorphous condition of pure emotional expression, soon became one of the principal fields for the evolution of purely musical forms.

It has been claimed that, during this formal evolution of music in the lyric drama, more and more of its original dramatic, emotional expressiveness was gradually lost until, in the Italian opera of the nineteenth century, this expressiveness vanished entirely, and the opera became a mere aggregation of musical stencil-pictures, pleasing enough to the ear, but of no dramatic value. Yet, admitting that the opera became in time the field for much inveterately undramatic music, it seems to me wholly a mistake to attribute this to the evolution of purely musical forms within its domain. True, the progressive introduction of undramatic moments and the formal evolution went on pretty much together, but I do not think that the latter can rightly be assumed to have been the active cause of the former. Music in the opera did not diminish in dramatic quality because it became organic, but from a totally distinct cause; and this cause is not hard to discover. It was solely and simply the contemporaneous growth of technical virtuosity in singers. It must be remembered that the opera was, from the beginning, an article of luxury; it has always cost more money than any other form of musical entertainment, and has been forced to look for its support largely to the moneyed classes, and hence to appeal mainly to their taste. It has thus had to appeal to a frivolous liking for luxury and easily sensuous enjoyment quite as much as to a more serious æsthetic taste on the part of its peculiar public. And there are few things that a sensuously inclined musical public take to more readily than a display of virtuosity in any of its branches; brilliant florid singing by fine and exquisitely cultivated voices is always sure of an applauding audience. The singer, the vocal virtuoso, became in time a ruling power in opera, and it is to him, principally if not entirely, that the introduction of undramatic music into the opera is chargeable. Indeed, the baleful influence of the virtuoso did not stop here; it was exerted fully as much to the detriment of musical form in opera as it was to the hurt of dramatic expression. From a co-operator who had to be considered and humored, the singer became an autocrat whose pleasure it behooved the composer solely to consult—for the public was almost invariably on the singer's side. Thus, whereas at one time it was only necessary so far to modify musical forms as to enable the singer to display his vocal virtuosity, it at last came to a point where these same forms were more and more stunted and robbed of their higher organism, in order that the display of virtuosity should be all that was left for the public to admire. Anyone can appreciate this who will take the trouble to compare a florid air by Handel with a *cabaletta di bravura* by Bellini. The voice-part is florid and brilliant in the one as in the other. But in the Handel air it is, like the Pope, only *primus inter pares:* it and the instrumental accompaniment are functional and interdependent factors in a stoutly constructed and very highly organized whole. In the Bellini *cabaletta*, on the other hand, the voice-part is all in all; the accompaniment stands in merely harmonic relations to it, and is withal of so rudimentary a character as to serve for little else than to mark the rhythm, support the voice, and keep the singer to the pitch; the musical organism of the whole is infinitely lower, not to say often defective. Thus the influ-

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ence of the virtuoso singer in opera has been not only to lessen, at times almost to annul, the dramatic and expressive vigor of the music, but also to induce a retrograde movement in the evolution of musical form itself.*

The ever-growing supremacy of the singer in opera, with the unfortunate influence it exerted both upon the organic form and dramatic expressiveness of opera music, reached its climax in Italy; but that the effects of this supremacy were not confined to the Italian peninsula is easily explained by the immense popularity of Italian opera all over Europe during the latter half of the last and the earlier part of the present century. Yet it is a mistake to think that this supremacy of the vocal virtuoso ever was wholly unquestioned and uncombated even in Italy itself. Recalcitrant and reactionary composers were never quite wanting, and although the opposition to the reigning evil was seldom, if ever, of the thorough-going, root-and-branch sort, an opposition still existed. In almost every instance when a composer of special note had submissively offered his neck to the yoke of victorious virtuosity, and had made florid vocal writing almost his exclusive specialty, it is noticeable that he was succeeded by one or two others who took more or less reactionary ground. For an instance that comes near our own time, take the case of Rossini.† He had pushed florid vocal writing fairly *ad absurdum;* but he was immediately followed by Bellini and Donizetti, who, although they showed no disposition to break wholly with brilliant vocalism, did do at least something, and with fixed purpose, too, toward rehabilitating the dramatic and expressive element in opera music. They were reactionaries, if not very thorough-going ones, and although they made no attempt to alter or modify the traditional musical forms of the opera of their day, they did much toward rendering them more dramatically expressive than they had been in Rossini's hands. With a certain happy astuteness of instinct they even knew, as not a few of their forbears had done, how to turn the singer's art itself to expressive account. For with and beside all their astounding vocal agility, the great Italian singers were also masters of musical phrasing, and of the production of a warm and expressive vocal tone. In both Bellini and Donizetti we accordingly find a frequent return to an emotionally expressive vocal *cantilena* which was by no means deficient in dramatic value. They, in turn, were followed by the rough and fiery Verdi, in the music of whose operas, even of his earlier ones, the element of intense dramatic expression is at least on a par with, and generally predominates over, that of mere vocal display. Again, we must not forget that florid Italian opera, almost universal as its popularity was at one time, had, both in France and Germany, a more and more formidable rival in French opera, which had never lost sight of the fact that the dramatic element was the one of prime importance, although, in its early beginnings, it did not set out upon so specifically dramatic a formula as that of the old Florentines. In Germany the native works of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Weber, with Marschner following closely in the latter's footsteps, were not without weight as a counterpoise to the imported Italian article, albeit they were hard put to it, for a time, to hold their own against its incursions. And it is particularly to be noted that, while German and French opera of the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century bowed less submissively under the thraldom of the virtuoso singer than Italian opera, and showed a finer and stouter dramatic fibre, they, and especially the German, were infinitely superior to it in respect to perfection of musical construction, and in their wealth of highly organized musical forms.

That Italian opera was really well on in its decadence could not escape the more knowing heads in France and Germany, little as the fact was suspected in Italy; but eventually it be-

* A similar tendency on the part of the virtuoso has been noticeable in pianoforte music; it is very striking how pianoforte virtuosi, from Herz and Hünten to Thalberg and Liszt himself (in his earlier, "finger-knight" period), have shown a peculiar fondness for writing in musical forms of very low organism, such as the "operatic fantasia" and the like.

† In speaking of Rossini in this connection, I would leave his "Guillaume Tell" out of the discussion. The strong French influence of which this opera gives evidence places it apart from his other works.

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came evident even to Italians themselves. Indeed, it had been noticeable for some time that more than one great Italian composer had fallen (or risen) musically out of the ranks of his countrymen, to enlist, in so far as his inborn nature would permit, under the French flag. Spontini and Cherubini began it,* next followed Rossini, with "Guillaume Tell," and then Verdi, with "Don Carlos," "Aïda," and "Otello;" and Verdi may fairly be said to have brought all that is of much weight in young musical Italy with him. Of course, the defection of Rossini and Verdi from the Italian school was not so complete as that of Spontini, whose style in his later operas is almost wholly French, or Cherubini, who shows himself in his music as half French, half German. Indeed, it could not well have been so, for both Rossini and Verdi joined the French cause late in their careers, when a radical remodelling of their musical style was no longer possible; but, although much of the Italian style still remains in both "Guillaume Tell" and "Aïda," and both works have an unmistakably Italian flavor, the *attempt* on the part of the two composers to follow French models is none the less evident and significant. Both were as French as they knew how to be.

But, decadent though it was, Italian opera continued to enjoy an immense, almost a supreme, popularity both in France and Germany until about twenty or twenty-five years ago. But that Italian opera of the traditional stamp has long been decadent, and is now moribund, is not so important to my present purpose as are the causes which have brought about this decadence.

It has been claimed, and especially by Wagnerians, as I have already hinted, that this decadence has been owing chiefly, if not solely, to an ever-increasing and systematic unfaithfulness on the part of Italian composers to the original dramatic purpose of the lyric drama; and that this unfaithfulness has manifested itself in a servile compliance with the demands of virtuoso singers, on the one hand, and in an adherence to set and rigid musical forms, developed according to purely musical principles, on the other. Of the untoward influence of the virtuoso singer I have already spoken; it was undoubtedly one of the chief causes of the Italian decadence in opera; as for the adherence to set and rigid musical forms, I cannot think that this can rightly be assumed to have had much, or anything, to do with it. On the contrary, it seems to me that it was neither the rigidity nor the purely musical origin of the established forms in Italian opera that hurried on its decadence, but their ever-increasing intrinsic musical poverty. After the decline of the great Neapolitan operatic school, Italy occupied a position in the world of opera music that had every outward appearance of being a highly enviable one, but was in reality a very deplorable one indeed. She was for a long while the chief purveyor of operas for the whole civilized world; she exported immense quantities of dramatico-musical goods, but imported practically nothing, neither works, nor ideas, nor principles. She lived musically wholly upon herself. Germany and France were growing in music at a tremendous pace, but Italy remained stationary and fell inevitably behind the times. Here we have, together with the supremacy of the virtuoso, an all-sufficient cause for her musical decadence, which means virtually the decadence of Italian opera. It was induced by what may be called a long course of breeding-in, a process which sooner or later results in decrepitude and cretinism. Italian composers studied only Italian masters, and eventually ceased to study even them any more than was needful to acquire the bare rudiments of their art. And as the older masters, one by one, died off, the country suffered more and more from a dearth of capable teachers. From possessing men like Padre Martini and his successor Padre Mattei, the former of whom was an undisputed contrapuntal authority for the whole world, whose instruction was eagerly sought by some of the greatest musicians from France and Germany, Italy at length fell so low, to such a depth of musical ineptitude, as to consider Saverio Mercadante a *gran' contrappuntista*. And

* Lully was an Italian by birth and parentage, but is in no sense to be ranked as an Italian composer; his whole musical education was got in France, as his whole public career was in France.

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note also the fact that, about this time, music-students began more and more to shirk their studies; running away from conservatories became the fashion. It is well known that Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi all gave their masters the slip, and began composing for the public stage long before their musical education was completed. The result was inevitable: Italian music had to suffer. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that the decadence of Italian opera has been purely and simply a musical decadence, not a dramatic one; the thing has become moribund through its musical poverty—not through its deficiency in dramatic vigor, but through its continued and systematic stunting and impoverishing once stoutly constructed and highly organized musical forms. So far from the history of Italian opera showing a constant decline in the dramatically expressive element in its music, as Wagnerians would have us believe, I insist that it shows exactly the opposite. Although there is an immense superficial disparity between the singleness of dramatic purpose in the *stile rappresentativo* of Caccini and Peri, and the apparent singleness of musical purpose in the rigid formalism, the elaboration, and often contrapuntal development of the aria of Alessandro Scarlatti, we find no such disparity when we consider the intrinsic emotional and dramatic expressiveness of the music written in these two styles. The real weakness of the aria of Scarlatti, Handel, and others of their period, as an operatic form, lay not in its lack of dramatic, or expressive quality, but in its wholly *unscenic* character; by its length, and the frequent repetitions of the text it necessitated, it obstructed the progress of the dramatic action. But, from the time of Scarlatti and Handel down to Verdi, the history of Italian opera shows a progressive elimination of unscenic elements from the musical forms employed, as well as a pretty constant increase (except in the case of the *aria di bravura*) of intrinsic dramatic vigor and expressiveness in the music. And cases can be cited in which the undramatic character and scenic unfitness even of the *aria di bravura* may very well be disputed. Take Amina's "*Ah, non giunge,*" at the end of the "Sonnambula," a piece of florid vocalism upon which Wagnerian criticism has been particularly severe. It has been objected that young girls, when perfect felicity is suddenly sprung upon them, do not go off into warbling florid roulades. Don't they? Ah, but sometimes they do; I, *moi qui vous parle,* have heard them. But let that pass; admit that singing brilliant scales and arpeggi is not an usual expression of supreme joy in real life. Neither is singing anything; judge the situation by naturalistic, or realistic, rules, and Amina ought not to sing at all. I, for one, am quite incapable of feeling the dramatic unfitness of Amina's "*Ah, non giunge;*" its purely musical distinction is another matter, and has nothing to do with the question. But, leaving aside the *aria di bravura,* where in all music can you find more characteristic examples of intense dramatic force than in Italian opera?* Take the ensemble-piece, "*Maffeo Orsini, signora, son' io,*" in the prologue of "Lucrezia Borgia," with its inexorable closing-in of the opposing forces around Lucrezia, her cries of terror, and the whirlwind *stretto* that terminates the whole! The thing is as dramatic, both in plan and effect, as can well be imagined. Take the quartet in the fourth act of the "Trovatore," with Manrico's terrible phrase, "*Ha, questa infame l'amor venduto;*" I do not think that Wagner himself has ever written anything more poignantly expressive of ungovernable rage, and utter misery of soul. And let no one think for a moment that I am laboriously ransacking the whole literature of Italian opera to find a few sporadic examples of dramatic force; I have taken my examples quite at random; they are characteristic, and might be multiplied almost *ad infinitum.* No, whatever may have been the course of Italian opera, considered as pure music, it has almost steadily followed the principle of eliminating what was unscenic in the musical forms employed, and of increasing its dramatic vitality, vigor, and expressiveness. The principal charge that can be brought

* Let me say once more that I am now considering the music simply for its dramatic quality, and wholly without regard for its purely musical value.

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against it, in this connection, is that it did not carry this process of elimination of unscenic elements quite far enough.

One of the most interesting points, to my mind, in the whole history of Italian opera is the short-livedness of the original Florentine *stile rappresentativo*, and the extreme readiness the opera showed to follow a path of development almost diametrically opposed to that indicated by the precepts of its founders. It is, indeed, highly significant that the opera so soon abandoned the formula with which it first set out. Of this formula I have as yet given only a part: That the aim of music should be to heighten, color, and vivify the expression of the poetic and dramatic idea presented in the text. But this positive part of the Florentine formula was really conditioned and limited by a quasi-negative clause, which may briefly be stated as follows: That, in thus heightening the expression of the poetic and dramatic idea, music must forego all such principles of organic structure as are derived solely from its own nature.* Now it was just this negative clause of its original formula that the opera so soon disobeyed, for, as I have said, the evolution of musical forms in accordance with purely and exclusively musical principles of organism set in very soon. The positive part of the formula was adhered to, with greater or less tenacity, to the end; its primary importance was undoubtedly lost sight of at times, but it was never, or hardly ever, wholly abandoned. It has been claimed that the evolution of musical forms that went forward in the opera was a wholly artificial one, that it corresponded to no rational artistic need, and necessarily contravened the true fundamental principles of the lyric drama. I can see no valid reason for believing this to be true; indeed, I hold it to be utterly and totally false. But even if it were true, it is none the less indubitable that, if an evolution of musical forms was to take place at all, it must of needs be in accordance with, and dependent upon, purely musical organic principles. It is quite idle to expect music, or anything else, to develop organically except in obedience to the organic laws that lie in its own nature. If the old *stile rappresentativo* was to develop organically, it absolutely had to develop musically. It is quite clear to my mind that the second clause of the original Florentine formula was essentially fatal to all musical vitality in the lyric drama; it was the great mistake of the music-reform, and of the founders of the opera. Their successors saw it to be so, and did their best, at first, to correct it, then to expunge it altogether. I do not mean to say that opera composers, in Italy or elsewhere, invariably followed the wisest course in developing musical forms, or that the forms they hit upon were always those best fitted for their purpose. Every onward step that the art of music has ever made in its gradual growth and progress has been purely tentative, and many mistakes have been made. But it is of signal importance to acknowledge the truth that it was æsthetically unavoidable that an organic evolution of some sort should go forward in the music of the lyric drama; that it should remain wholly inorganic and amorphous was impossible, for it is contrary to a fundamental law of nature that that which contains within itself the potency and power of organic development should remain forever inorganic. And that music does contain within itself such potency and power has been abundantly proved.

Now Wagner has been the first to attempt to re-establish both clauses of this formula, as a law governing music in the lyric drama, since the original promulgators of the doctrine passed away. Gluck came near doing so, but even he hesitated to subscribe to the second clause. Wagner still remains the only composer who has made a thoroughgoing and consistent attempt to bring the lyric drama back to a complete allegiance to its original principles; he alone has accepted the Florentine formula in its entirety, and made it the primary article of his musical creed. And

* This statement of the negative clause of the Florentine formula is true to the spirit rather than to the letter of the æsthetic code of the music-reform. The Florentine reformers only included the principles of counterpoint in their taboo; but as counterpoint was the only organic musical development recognized, or even known, in their day, it was naturally the only form they attacked. But it is none the less evident that the spirit of the reform movement was inimical to all independent musical development, and my statement of the formula is consequently quite fair.

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Wagnerians have not hesitated to proclaim this formula as an all-important and integral factor of the greatness of his works. This seems to me to be imputing too much power to a formula, for I hold, with Zola, that "every formula, in itself, is good and legitimate, it is enough that a man of genius make it his own; in other words, a formula is nothing but an instrument furnished by a certain historical and social environment, and which owes its beauty above all to the more or less superior way in which the predestined man knows how to draw music from it." The value of an artistic formula resides not so much in itself as in the living faith with which it inspires the artist. The theory may be incomplete or irrational, or, again, it may be irrefragable; in either case, it mirrors the bent of the man who formulated it; and, the formula once arrived at, he will unavoidably have profounder, more complete, and unshaken faith in it than in any other. It thus becomes the means by which he can best bring his own genius to a focus upon his work, the tool of all others with which he can work with the greatest freedom and security. But it does not in the least follow that another man can work equally well with it, or even do his best possible work with it. That a certain formula is even the *sine qua non* of this or that man's artistic productiveness, that it is at once his strength and his guide, is no certain proof of its general excellence; all that is proved is that it is the tool with which he individually can best work. It furnishes him, on the one hand, with the channel through which his genius draws its inspiration, and, on the other, with the mould in which he casts this inspiration that it may be given an intelligible and plastic shape.

As for the Wagner formula, I do not believe that, with the exception of a few Wagnerian extremists, anyone in our day has the complete faith in it that Wagner had. And, for the Wagnerian extremists, let it not seem invidious if I say here that their faith in Wagner's creed seems rather of the mediæval sort, as based more upon the miracles the prophet worked than upon an unbiassed sifting of his preaching; at all events, it is certain that no one of them has ever had his faith put to the test of being brought face to face with artistically creative promptings from within. It is enough to examine some of its logical corollaries to see that a complete faith in this creed of Wagner's is hardly imaginable to-day. Take only one point: If Wagnerianism were true, through and through, all purely instrumental composition would have been irrational after Beethoven's Ninth Symphony! Who is there that believes this? Not many, surely, with the stock of Mendelssohn and Schumann symphonies we have, and while Brahms still lives. I can see nothing for it but to conclude that it was the splendor of Wagner's genius, as exhibited in his works, that has led the present out-and-out Wagnerians to accept his formula *in toto;* and that, under the double influence of the evangel and the miracles, they have turned round to use the dogma as an irrefragable argument to prove the perfection of the works.

It is, however, far truer to say that the prime value of this formula lay in the fact that it was the perfectly free expression of Wagner's personal artistic instincts, so that, pinning his entire faith to it, he could work with it in absolute freedom, unharassed by the shadow of a doubt. So far the formula was, secondarily, but only secondarily, a factor in the greatness of his works. But, primarily, it explains their besetting weakness. Holding fast by both of its clauses, Wagner, like the old Florentines before him, failed in one point: in giving the lyric drama an organic musical form. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise, for the formula forbids all essentially musical organism. To object that the development and establishment of an organic musical form was no part of his artistic striving is not to answer this; for, whether he tried to or not, the fact remains that he did not. Do not think that, in saying this, I forget the many pages of musically coherent and organic writing that are to be found even in his later music-dramas; I willingly admit that he often rose superior to his formula. But the general lack of organic quality in his music is none the less undeniable. I would not, either, be thought to under-

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rate the puissant splendor of his genius, nor the immense good he has done in the field in which he worked. He alone has carried through to its absolute completion that process of elimination of undramatic and unscenic moments from the music of the lyric drama, in which the Italians halted, and in which the French and the Germans themselves had (with few exceptions) not gone much further than they. Undramatic or unscenic music is now, and will henceforth forever be, a solecism in the lyric drama, not to be endured; and this we owe to Wagner. Perhaps it was necessary for a man of commanding genius to have the complete faith in an extreme formula that Wagner had, necessary for him to see only one side of the question, to be able to make a clean sweep of all such solecisms, as it were, at one fell swoop. But with all the miracles, both creative and destructive, Wagner worked, the weak point in his doctrine and his practice is none the less to be criticised. It is not true that, in order to heighten, color, and vivify the expression of the poetic and dramatic idea presented in the text, music must forego those principles of organic development which are derived solely from its own nature; it is not true that, in order to be dramatic, music must be inorganic, and take what semblance of form it can from the poetry alone. The second finale (statue scene) of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" proves this. The music in this thrice-wonderful scene is as stoutly organic in structure, its development is as strictly based upon purely musical principles, as any that was ever written, while it is as thoroughly and essentially dramatic and scenic as any that Wagner himself ever wrote. Here music not only performs its proper dramatic function in the lyric drama, but performs it in the best possible way, in accordance with the highest laws of its own being. Here we have the complete transmutation of dramatic poetry and dramatic action into music. And let me say, to conclude, that, no matter what function music may be called upon to perform, whether it be to appeal to our emotions and imagination as pure form and color in the symphony or sonata, or to heighten and idealize the expression of poetry in the song, the cantata, or the lyric drama, it would be contrary to every known law of nature for it to relinquish any principle of organic structure that has been evolved from its own substance, and in accordance with its own laws. This or that particular musical form may become extinct and make way for others in the general and unceasing struggle for existence, and only the fittest will survive; and what is fit to-day may be unfit to-morrow. But the great principle of musical form and organism of some sort is eternal; and, if we may trust the lesson of the past, the evolution of the future will still be one from simpler to more complex and more highly organized forms. Just as the lack of musical organism in the old Florentine *stile rappresentativo* was soon felt to be a weakness, and not a source of strength, in the lyric drama, so will the similar lack of musical organism in the Wagnerian music-drama be found to be a weakness, and, in time, be cured by a new formal evolution of some sort. Wagner's famous dictum, that the composer in lyric drama must remember not to be too musical, will give way to Von Bülow's far truer and profounder counter-apophthegm, that a composer cannot, in any case, possibly be musical enough. A certain German critic once said that, whatever might be thought of Wagner, he was indisputably the gate through which the future path of the lyric drama lay. Yes, but the lyric drama must pass *through* this gate; stop at it it cannot.

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IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CRESTFALLEN RETURN TO ALBANY.

FOR a man who had his physician's personal assurance that there was nothing serious in his case, I recovered my strength with vexatious slowness. There was a very painful and wearing week, indeed, before it became clear to me that I was even convalescent, and thereafter my progress was wofully halting and intermittent. Perhaps health would have come more rapidly if with every sound of the guns from the platforms, and every rattle of the drums outside, I had not wrathfully asked myself, "Of what use is all this now, alas!"

These bad days were nearing their end when Dr. Teunis one afternoon came in with tidings from home. An express had arrived from Albany, bringing the intelligence that General Wooster was shortly to come with re-enforcements, to take over our headless command. There were many letters for the officers as well, and among these were two for me. The physician made some show of keeping these back from me, but the cousin relented, and I was bolstered up in bed to read them.

One was a business epistle from Albany, enclosing a brief memorandum of the disposition of certain moneys and goods belonging to the English trading company whose agent I had been, and setting my mind at ease concerning what remained of its interests.

The other was a much longer missive, written in my mother's neat, painstaking hand, and in my mother's language. My story can be advanced in no better way than by translating freely from the original Dutch document, which I still have, and which shows, if nothing else, that Dame Mauverensen had powers of directness and brevity of statement not inherited by her son.

"January 9, A. D. 1776.

"DEARLY BELOVED SON: This I write, being well and contented for the most part, and trusting that you are the same. It is so long since I have seen you—now nearly four years—that your ways are beyond me, and I offer you no advice. People hereabout affect much satisfaction in your promotion to be an officer. I do not conceal my preference that you should have been a God-fearing man, though you were of humbler station. However, that I surrendered your keeping to a papistical infidel is my own blame, and I do not reproach you.

"The nigger Tulp, whom you sent to me, upon your departure for the wars, was more trouble than he was worth, to say nothing of his keep. He was both lame and foolish, getting forever in my way, and crying by the hour with fears for your safety. I therefore sent him to his old home, The Cedars, where, as nobody now does any manner of work (your aunt being dead, and an incapable sloven having taken her place) he will not get in the way, and where others can help him to weep.

"When Mistress Cross came down to The Cedars last summer, having been deserted by her worthless husband, and found Mr. Stewart stricken with paralysis, I was moved to offer my assistance while they both lay ill. The burden of their illness was so great that your aunt broke down under it, but she did not die until after Mistress Cross had recovered from her fever, and Mr. Stewart had regained his speech and a small portion of his wits. Mistress Cross was in a fair way to be despoiled of all her rightful belongings, for she brought not so much as a clean smock away with her from her husband's house, and there was there in charge an insolent rascal named Rab, who, when I demanded the keys and his mistress's chattels, essayed to turn me away. I lectured him upon his behavior in such terms that he slunk off like a whipped dog, and presently sent to me a servant from whom I received what I came for. She would otherwise have obtained nothing, for, obstinate as she is in some matters, she is a timid soul at best, and stands in mortal fear of Rab's malevolence.

"Mr. Stewart's mind is still in a sad way. He is childish beyond belief, and talks about you as if you were a lad again, and then speaks of foreign matters, of which we know nothing, so long past are they, as if they were still proceeding. In bodily health, he seems now somewhat stronger. I knitted him some woollen stockings, but he would not wear them, saying

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that they scratched his legs. Mistress Cross might have persuaded him out of this nonsense, but did not see fit to do so. She also humors him in the matter of taking him to the Papist church at Johnstown, whenever the roads are open, he having become highly devotional in his second childhood. I was vigorously opposed to indulging this idea of his, which is almost as sinful in her as it is superstitious and silly in him, but she would go her own gait, and so she may for all of me.

"She insisted, too, on having one of Adam Wemple's girls in to do the work when your aunt fell ill. I recommended to her the widow of Dirck Tappan, a worthy and pious woman who could not sleep if there was so much as a speck of dust on the floor under her bed, but she would not listen to me, saying that she liked Moll Wemple and wanted her, and that she did not like Dame Tappan and did not want her. Upon this I came home, seeing clearly that my company was not desired longer.

"I send you the stockings which I knitted for Mr. Stewart, and sundry other woollen trifles. Your sisters are all well, but the troubles in the Valley take young men's thoughts unduly off the subject of marriage. If the Committee would only hang John Johnson or themselves there would be peace, one way or the other, and girls would get husbands again. But all say matters will be worse before they mend.

"Affectionately, your mother,

"KATHARINE MAUVERENSEN."

As I look at this ancient, faded letter, which brought to me in belated and roundabout form the tidings of Mr. Stewart's helpless condition and of Daisy's illness and grief, I can recall that my first impulse was to laugh. There was something so droll, yet so thoroughly characteristic of my honest, bustling, resolute, domineering mother in the thing, that its humor for the moment overbalanced the gravity of the news. There was no more helpful, valuable, or good-hearted woman alive than she, provided always it was permitted her to manage and dictate everything for everybody. There was no limit to the trouble she would undertake, nothing in the world she would not do, for people who would consent to be done for, and would allow her to dominate all their thoughts and deeds. But the moment they revolted, or showed the weakest inclination to do things their own way, she blazed up and was off like a rocket. Her taste for governing was little short of a mania, and I could see, in my mind's eye, just how she had essayed to rule Daisy, and how in her failure she had written to me, unconsciously revealing her pique.

Poor Daisy! My thoughts had swung quickly enough from my mother to her, and, once there, persistently lingered. She had, then, been at The Cedars since June; she had been very ill, but now was in health again; she was a fugitive from her rightful home, and stood in fear of her former servants; she had upon her hands a broken old invalid, and to all his freaks and foibles was a willing slave; she was the saddened, solitary mistress of a large estate, with all its anxieties multiplied a hundredfold by the fact that these were wartimes, that passions ran peculiarly high and fierce all about her, and that her husband's remaining friends, now her bitter foes, perhaps, were in a desperate state of temper and daring.

From this grewsome revery I roused myself to exclaim: "Teunis, every day counts now. The sooner I get home the better!"

"Quite so," said he, with ready sarcasm. "We will go on snow-shoes to Sorel to-morrow morning."

"No—you know what I mean. I want to——"

"Oh, yes, entirely so. We might, in fact, start this evening. The wolves are a trifle troublesome just now, but with a strong and active companion, like you, I should fear nothing."

"Will you cease jesting, Teunis! What I want now is to exhaust all means of gaining strength—to make every hour tell upon the work of my restoration. There is urgent need of me at home. See for yourself!" And I gave him my mother's letter.

My cousin had had from me, during our long camp intercourse, sufficient details of my early life to enable him to understand all my mother's allusions. He read the letter through carefully, and smiled. Then he went over it again, and turned grave, and began to look out of the window and whistle softly.

"Well," I asked, impatiently; "what is your judgment?"

"My judgment is that your mother was, without doubt, the daughter of my great-uncle Baltus. When I was fourteen years old my father put me out of his house because I said that cocoa-nuts

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grew on trees, he having been credibly informed by a sailor that they were dug from the ground like potatoes. Everybody said of my father, when they learned of this: 'How much he is like his uncle, Captain Baltus.' She has the true family piety, too. The saying in Schenectady used to be: 'The Van Hoorns are a God-fearing people—and they have reason to be.'"

I could not but laugh at this, the while I protested that it was his views upon the tidings in the letter that I wished.

"I agree with you that the sooner you get home the better," he said, seriously. "The troubles in the Valley will be ripe ere long. The letters from Albany, just arrived, are filled, they tell me, with rumors of the doings of Johnson. General Schuyler had, at last accounts, gone up toward Johnstown with a regiment, to discover the baronet's intentions. So get well as fast as you like—and we will be off."

This was easy enough to say, but nearly two months went by before I was judged able to travel. We indeed did not make a start until after General Wooster arrived with more troops, and assumed command. Our return was accomplished in the company of the express he sent back with news of his arrival, and his report of the state of affairs in front of Quebec. From our own knowledge this was very bad, what with the mutinous character of many of the men, the total absence of subordination, and the bitter jealousies which existed among the rival officers. Even above the joy of turning our faces once more toward home, there rose in both of us a sense of relief at cutting loose from an expedition which had done no good, and that, too, at such a sad cost of suffering and bloodshed. It was impossible to have any pride whatever in the adventure, and we had small disposition to look people in the face, or talk with them of the siege and attack. To do them justice, the residents of the sparsely settled districts through which we slowly passed were civil enough. But we felt that we were returning like detected impostors, and we had no heart for their courtesies.

Albany was reached at last, and there the news that the British had evacuated Boston put us in better spirits. The spring was backward, but it was April by the calendar if not by the tree-buds and gardens, and busy preparations for the season's campaign were going forward. General Schuyler took me into his own house, and insisted upon my having a full fortnight's rest, telling me that I needed all my strength for the work he had in mind for me. The repose was in truth grateful, after the long and difficult journey I had performed in my enfeebled condition, and what with books and pictures, and the journals of events that had transpired during my long absence, and the calls of friends, and the careful kindness of the general and his good wife, I ought to have felt myself indeed happy.

But in some senses it was to me the most vexatious fortnight of the whole spring, for no hour of it all passed in which I was not devoured with anxiety to be among my own people again. The general was so preoccupied and burdened with the stress of public and martial business, always in his case carried on for the most part under the embarrassment of recurring illness, that I shrank from questioning him, and the fear haunted me that it was his intention to send me away again without a visit to my old home. It is true that I might have pleaded an invalid's privileges, but I was really well enough to work with prudence, and I could not offer to shirk duty at such a time.

But in his own good time the general relieved my mind and made me ashamed that I had ever doubted his considerateness. After breakfast one morning—it was the first, I remember, upon which I wore the new uniform with which I had been forced to replace the rags brought from Quebec—he called me to him in his library, and unfolded to me his plans:

"John Johnson lied to me last January, when I went up there, disarmed his Scotchmen, and took his parole. He lied to me here in March, when he came down and denied that he was receiving and despatching spies through the woods to and from Canada. The truth is not in him. During the past month much proof has come to my

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hands of his hiding arms and powder and lead near the Hall, and of his devil's work among the Mohawks, whom he plots day and night to turn against us. All this time he keeps a smooth tongue for us, but is conspiring with his Tory neighbors, and with those who followed Guy to Canada, to do us a mischief. Now that General Washington is master at Boston, and affairs are moving well elsewhere, there is no reason for further mincing of matters in Tryon County. It is my purpose to send Colonel Dayton to Johnstown with part of his regiment, to settle the thing once for all. He will have the aid of Herkimer's militia if he needs them, and will arrest Sir John, the leaders of his Scotch followers, and all others, tenants and gentlemen alike, whose freedom is a threat to the neighborhood. In short, he will stamp out the whole wasps' nest.

"You know the Valley well, and your people are there. It is the place for you just now. Here is your commission as major—but you are still attached to my staff. I lend you merely to the Tryon County Committee. You will go with Dayton as far as you like—either to Caughnawaga, or some near place—perhaps your old home would suit you best. Please yourself. You need not assist in the arrests at Johnstown; that might be painful to you. But after Dayton's return with his prisoners you will be my representative in that district. You have four days in which to make ready. I see the prospect pleases you. Good! To-morrow we will discuss it further."

When I got outside I fairly leaped for joy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I SEE DAISY AND THE OLD HOME ONCE MORE.

I RODE beside Colonel Elias Dayton one forenoon some ten days later, up the Valley road, my pulses beating fast at the growing familiarity of the scene before us. We had crossed the Chuctenunda Creek, and were within sight of the gray walls of Guy Park. Beyond rose the hills behind which lay Fort Johnson. I was on the very threshold of my boyhood's playfield—within a short hour's walk of my boyhood's home.

The air was full of sounds. Birds sang with merry discordance all through the thicket to our right, flitting among the pale green tangle of spring's foliage. The May sunshine had lured forth some pioneer locusts, whose shrill cries came from who could tell where—the tall swale-grass on the river edge, erect now again after the April floods, or the brown broom-corn nearer the road, or from the sky above? We could hear the squirrels' mocking chatter in the tree-tops, the whirr of the kingfishers along the willow-fringed water—the indefinable chorus of Nature's myriad small children, all glad that spring was come. But above these our ears took in the ceaseless clang of the drums, and the sound of hundreds of armed men's feet, tramping in unison upon the road before us, behind us, at our side.

For my second return to the Valley was at the head of troops, bringing violence, perhaps bloodshed, in their train. I could not but contrast it, in my mind, with that other home-coming, four years before, when I sat turned to look eastward in the bow of Enoch's boat, and every soft dip of the oars timed the glad carol in my heart of home and friends—and the sweet maid I loved. I was so happy then!—and now, coming from the other direction, with suggestions of force and cruel purposes in every echo of our soldiers' tread, I was, to tell the plain truth, very miserable withal.

My talk with Colonel Dayton had, in a way, contributed to this gloomy feeling. We had, from choice, ridden side by side for the better part of two days, and, for very need of confiding in someone, I had talked with him concerning my affairs more freely than was my wont. This was the easier, because he was a contemplative, serious, and sensible man, whose words and manner created confidence. Moreover, he was neither Dutchman nor Yankee, but a native Jerseyman, and so considered my story from an equable and fair point of view, without bias.

It was, indeed, passing strange that this man, on his way to seize or crush the Johnson clique, as the case might

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be, should have been the one to first arouse in my mind the idea that, after all, the Tories had their good side, and were doing what to them seemed right, at tremendous cost and sacrifice to themselves. I had been telling him what a ruffian was Philip Cross, and what grounds I had for hating him, and despitefully describing the other chief Tories of the district. He said in reply, I remember:

"You seem to miss the sad phase of all this, my friend. Your young blood feels only the partisan promptings of dislike. Some day—soon, perhaps—you will all at once find this youthful heat gone; you will begin to walk around men and things, so to speak, and study them from all sides. This stage comes to every sober mind; it will come to you. Then you will realize that this baronet up yonder is, from his own stand-point, a chivalrous, gallant, loyal gentleman, who imperils estates, power, peace, almost life itself, rather than do what he holds to be weak or wrong. Why, take even this enemy of yours, this Cross. He was one of the notables of these parts—rich, popular, influential; he led a life of utmost luxury and pleasure. All this he has exchanged for the rough work of a soldier, with its privations, cold, fatigue, and the risk of death. Ask yourself why he did it."

"I see what you would enforce," I said. "Your meaning is that these men, as well as our side, think the right is theirs."

"Precisely. They have inherited certain ideas. We disagree with them; we deem it our duty to silence them, fight them, drive them out of the country, and, with God's help, we will do it; but let us do this with our eyes open, and with the understanding that they are not necessarily scoundrels and heathen because they fail to see things as we see them."

"But you would not defend, surely, their plotting to use the savages against their neighbors—against helpless women and children. That must be heathenish, to any mind."

"Defend it? No! I do not defend any acts of theirs. Rid your mind of the idea that because a man tries to understand a thing he therefore defends it. But I can see how they would defend it to their own consciences—just as these thrifty Whig farmers hereabout explain in their own minds as patriotic and public-spirited their itching to get hold of Johnson's Manor. Try and look at things in this light. Good and bad are relative terms; nothing is positively and unchangeably evil. Each group of men has its own little world of reasons and motives, its own atmosphere, its own standard of right and wrong. If you shut your eyes, and condemn or praise these wholly, without first striving to comprehend them, you may or may not do mischief to them; you assuredly injure yourself."

Thus, and at great length, spoke the philosophical colonel. I could not help suspecting that he had too open a mind to be a very valuable fighter, and, indeed, this proved to be true. He subsequently built some good and serviceable forts along the Mohawk, one of which to this day bears his name, but he attained no distinction as a soldier in the field.

But, none the less, his words impressed me greatly. What he said had never been put to me in clear form before, and at twenty-seven a man's mind is in that receptive frame, trembling upon the verge of the meditative stage, when the presentation of new ideas like these often marks a distinct turn in the progress and direction of his thoughts. It seems strange to confess it, but I still look back to that May day of 1776 as the date of my first notion that there could be anything admirable in my enemies.

At the time, these new views and the tone of our talk helped to disquiet me. The swinging lines of shoulders, the tramp! tramp! in the mud, the sight of the guns and swords about me, were all depressing. They seemed to give a sinister significance to my return. It was my home, the dearest spot on earth—this smiling, peaceful, sunlit Mohawk Valley—and I was entering it with soldiers whose mission was to seize and despoil the son of my boyhood's friend, Sir William. More than one of my old playmates, now grown to man's estate, would note with despair our approach, and curse me for being of it. The lady of Johnson Hall, to whom all this would

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be horrible nigh unto death, was a close, warm friend of Daisy's. So my thoughts ran gloomily, and I had no joy in any of the now familiar sights around me.

The march up from Schenectady had been a most wearisome one for the men, owing to the miserable condition of the road, never over-smooth and now rendered doubly bad and difficult by the spring freshets and the oozing frost. When we reached the pleasant little hollow in which Fort Johnson nestles, a halt was accordingly ordered, and the tired soldiers prepared to refresh themselves with food by the banks of the creek. It was now afternoon; we were distant but a short mile from The Cedars, and I could not abide the thought of lingering here, to no purpose, so close to the goal of all my longings. I therefore exchanged some plans and suggestions with Colonel Dayton and his companion Judge Duer, who represented the civil law in the expedition, and so clapped spurs and dashed forward up the road.

"It seems ten years, not four, since I was last here," I was saying to Daisy half an hour later, and unconsciously framing in words the thoughts which her face suggested.

I know not how to describe the changes which this lapse of time had wrought upon her countenance and carriage. In the more obvious, outward sense it had scarcely aged her. She was now twenty-three years of age, and I doubt a stranger would have deemed her older. Yet, looking upon her, and listening to her, I seemed to feel that, instead of being four years her senior, I was in truth the younger of the two. The old buoyant, girlish air was all gone, for one thing. She spoke now with gentle, sweet-toned gravity, and her eyes, frankly meeting mine as of old, had in their glance a soft, reposeful dignity which was new to me.

Almost another Daisy, too, she seemed in face. It was the woman in her features, I daresay, which disconcerted me. I had expected changes, perhaps, but not upon these lines. She had been the prettiest maiden of the Valley, beyond all others. She was not pretty now, I should say, but she *was* beautiful—somewhat pallid, yet not to give an air of unhealth; the delicate chiselling of features yielded now not merely the pleasure of regularity, but the subtler charm of sensitive, thoughtful character. The eyes and hair seemed a deeper hazel, a darker brown, than they had been. The lips had lost something of their childish curve, and met each other in a straight line—fairer than ever, I thought, because more firm.

I am striving now, you see, against great odds to revive in words the impressions of difference which came to me in those first hours, as I scanned her face. They furnish forth no real portrait of the dear lady; how could I hope they should? But they helped to define, even if dimly, the changes toward strength and self-control I found in her.

I was, indeed, all unprepared for what awaited me here at The Cedars. My heart had been torn by all manner of anxieties and concern. I had hastened forward, convinced that my aid and protection were direly needed. I sat now, almost embarrassed, digesting the fact that the fortunes of The Cedars were in sufficient and capable hands.

Mr. Stewart's condition was in truth sad enough. He had greeted me with such cordiality and clear-wittedness of utterance and manner that at first I fancied his misfortunes to have been exaggerated in my mother's letter. His conversation for a moment or two was also coherent and timely. But his mind was prone to wander mysteriously. He presently said: "Assuredly, I taught you to shave with both hands. I knew I could not be mistaken." I stole a glance toward Daisy at this, and her answering nod showed me the whole case. It was after old Eli had come in, and wheeled Mr. Stewart in his big chair out into the garden, that I spoke to Daisy of the differences time had wrought.

"Ay!" she said, "it must be sadly apparent to you—the change in everything."

How should I approach the subject—the one thing of which I knew we were both thinking? There seemed a wall between us. She had been unaffectedly glad to see me; had, for the instant, I fancied, thought to offer me her cheek

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to kiss—yet was, with it all, so self-possessed and reserved that I shrank from touching upon her trouble.

"Perhaps not everything is sad," I made answer, falteringly. "Poor Mr. Stewart—that is, indeed, mournful, but, on the other hand——" I broke off abruptly.

"On the other hand," she took up my words calmly, "you are thinking that I am advantaged by Philip's departure."

My face must have showed that I could not deny it.

"In some respects," she went on, "yes; in others, no. I am glad to be able to speak freely to you, Douw, for you are nearest to me of all that are left. I do not altogether know my own mind; for that matter, does anyone? The Philip to whom I gave my heart and whom I married is one person; the Philip who trampled on the heart and fled his home seems quite another and a different man. I hesitate between the two sometimes. I cannot always say to myself: 'The first was all fancy; the second is the reality.' Rather, they blend themselves in my mind, and I seem to see the fond lover remaining still the good husband, if only I had had the knowledge and tenderness to keep him so!"

"In what are you to be reproached, Daisy?" I said this somewhat testily, for the self-accusation nettled me.

"It may easily be that I was not wise, Douw. Indeed, I showed small wisdom from the beginning."

"It was all the doing of that old cat, Lady Berenicia!" I said, with melancholy conviction.

"Nay, blame not her alone. I was the silly girl, to be thus befooled. My heart would have served me better, if it had been all good. The longing for finery and luxury was my own. I yearned to be set above the rest. I dreamed to be called 'My lady' too, in good time. I forgot that I came from the poor people, and that I belonged to them. So well and truly did I forget this that the fact struck me like a whip when—when it was brought to my notice."

"He taunted you with it, then!" I burst forth, my mind working quickly for once.

She made no answer for the time, but rose from her chair, and looked out upon the group in the garden. From the open door she saw the van of Dayton's soldiers trudging up the Valley road. I had previously told her of their mission, and my business.

"Poor Lady Johnson!" she said, resting her head against her hand on the door-frame, and looking upon the advancing troops with a weary expression of face. "Her trouble is coming—mine is past." Then, after a pause: "Will they be harsh with Sir John, think you? I trust not. They have both been kind to me since—since Philip went. Sir John is not bad at heart, Douw, believe me. You twain never liked each other, I know. He is a bitter man with those who are against him, but his heart is good if you touch it aright."

I had not much to say to this. "I am glad he was good to you," I managed to utter, not over-graciously, I fear.

The troops went by, with no sound of drums now, lest an alarm be raised prematurely. We watched them pass in silence, and soon after I took my leave for the day, saying that I would go up to see the Fondas at Caughnawaga, and cross the river to my mother's home, and would return next morning. We shook hands at parting, almost with constraint.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ARREST OF POOR LADY JOHNSON.

EARLY the next day, which was May 20th, we learned to our surprise and consternation that on the preceding afternoon, almost as Colonel Dayton and his soldiers were entering Johnstown, Sir John and the bulk of his Highlanders and sympathizers, to the number of one hundred and thirty, had privately taken to the woods at the north of the Hall, and struck out for Canada.

Over six weeks elapsed before we learned definitely that the baronet and his companions had traversed the whole wilderness in safety, and reached Montreal, which now was once more in British hands—our ill-starred Quebec ex-

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pedition having finally quitted Canada earlier in the month. We could understand the stories of Sir John's travail and privations, for the snow was not yet out of the Adirondack trails, and few of his company were skilled in woodmen's craft. But they did accomplish the journey, and that in nineteen days.

I, for one, was not very much grieved at Johnson's escape, for his imprisonment would have been an embarrassment rather than a service to us. But Colonel Dayton was deeply chagrined at finding the bird flown, and I fear that in the first hours of his discomfiture he may have forgotten some of his philosophical toleration for Tories in general. He had, moreover, the delicate question on his hands of what to do with Lady Johnson. Neither Judge Duer nor I could advise him, and so everything was held in suspense for the better part of a week, until General Schuyler's decision could be had.

Meanwhile my time was fairly occupied, in the fulfilment of matters intrusted to me by the general. I had to visit Colonel Herkimer at his home below Little Falls, and talk with him about the disagreeable fact that his brother, Hon-Yost Herkimer, had deserted the militia command given him by the Whigs and fled to Canada. The stout old German was free to denounce his brother, however, and I liked the looks and blunt speech of Peter Bellinger, who had been made colonel of the deserted battalion of German Flatts. There were also conversations to be had with Colonel Klock, and Ebenezer Cox, and the Fondas, at their several homes, and a day to spend with my friend John Frey, now sheriff in place of the Tory White. It thus happened that I saw very little of the people at The Cedars, and had no real talk again with Daisy, until a full week had passed.

It was a cool, overcast forenoon when I alighted next at the familiar gate, and gave my horse into Tulp's charge. The boy, though greatly rejoiced to see me back again, had developed a curious taciturnity in these latter years—since his accident, in fact—and no longer shouted out the news to me at sight. Hence I had to ask him, as I neared the door, what strange carriage was that in the yard beyond, and why it was there. As I spoke, a couple of men lounged in view from the rear of the house, and I recognized them as of Dayton's command. Tulp explained that Lady Johnson was being taken away, and that she had tarried here to rest on her journey.

If I had known this at the gate, I doubt I should have stopped at all, but I had been seen from the window, and it was too late now to turn about. So I entered, much wishing that I had left off my uniform, or, still better, that I had stayed away altogether.

There were present in the great room Daisy, Lady Johnson, a young lady who was her sister, two children—and a man in civilian's garb, with some few military touches, such as a belt and sword and a cockade, who sat by the window, his knees impudently spread apart and his hat on his head. I looked at this fellow in indignant inquiry.

Daisy came eagerly to me, with an explanation on her lips:

"It is the officer who is to take Lady Johnson to Albany. He insists upon forcing his presence upon us, and will not suffer us to be alone together in any room in the house."

"Who are you?—and off with your hat!" I said to the man, sharply.

My uniform was of service, after all. He looked me over and evidently remembered having seen me with his colonel, for he stood up, and took off his hat. "I am a Lieutenant of the Connecticut line," he said, in a Yankee snarl, "and I am doing my duty."

"I am a Major in the Continental line, and I should be doing *my* duty if I sent you back in irons to your colonel," I answered. "Get out of here, what time Lady Johnson is to remain, and leave these ladies to themselves!"

He was clearly in two minds about obeying me, and I fancy it was my superior size rather than my rank that induced him to go, which he did in as disagreeable a fashion as possible. I made my bow to Lady Johnson, and said something about being glad that I had come, if I had been of use.

She, poor young woman, was in a sad state of nervous excitement, what with her delicate condition and the distressing circumstances of the past week.

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"Who are you? and off with your hat!" I said to the man, sharply.

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She was, moreover, a very beautiful creature, naturally of soft and refined manners, and this made me the readier to overlook the way in which she met my kindly meant phrases.

"I marvel that you are not ashamed, Mr. Mauverensen," she said, heatedly, "to belong to an army made up of such ruffians. Every rag of raiment that man has on he stole from my husband's wardrobe at the Hall. To think of calling such low fellows officers, or consorting with them!"

I answered as gently as I could that, unfortunately, there were many such ill-conditioned men in every service, and pointed out that the man, by his speech, was a New Englander.

"And who fetched them into this province, I should like to know!"

Nothing was further from my thoughts than to hold a political discussion with this poor troubled wife, who saw her husband's peril, her own plight, and the prospective birth of her first child in captivity, constantly before her eyes! So I strove to bring the talk upon other grounds, but not with much success. She grew calmer, and with the returning calmness came a fine cool dignity of manner and tone which curiously reminded me of Lady Berenicia Cross, but she could talk of nothing save her wrongs, or, rather, those of her husband. She seemed not to have very clear notions of what the trouble was all about, but ascribed it loosely, I gathered, to the jealousy of Philip Livingston, who was vexed that the Scotch did not settle upon his patent instead of on Sir John's land, and to the malice of General Schuyler, whose feud with the Johnsons was notorious.

"And to think, too," she added, "that Mr. Schuyler's mother and my mother's mother were sisters! A very pleasant and valuable cousin he is, to be sure! Driving my husband off into the forest to perhaps die of hunger, and dragging me down to Albany, in my condition, and thrusting a low Connecticut cobbler into my carriage with me! If my sickness overtakes me on the road, and I die, my blood will be on the head of Philip Schuyler!"

I read in Daisy's eyes a way out of this painful conversation, and so said: "Lady Johnson, it will perhaps render your journey less harrowing if I have some talk with this officer who is your escort. Let me leave you women-folk together here in peace, the while"—and went out into the garden again.

I found the lieutenant in the garden to the rear of the house, gossiping in familiar style with his half-dozen men, and drew him aside for some private words. He was sensible enough, at bottom, and when I had pointed out to him that his prisoner was a good and kindly soul, who had been, through no fault of her own, nurtured in aristocratic ideas and ways; that those of whatever party who knew her well most heartily esteemed her; and that, moreover, she was nearly related by blood to General Schuyler—he professed himself ready to behave toward her with more politeness.

The trouble with him really lay in his abiding belief that people underestimated his importance, and hence he sought to magnify his position in their eyes by insolent demeanor. Therein I discerned the true Yankee.

That the men of the New England States have many excellent parts I would be the last to deny, but that they were in the main a quarrelsome, intractable, mutinous, and mischief-making element in our armies during the Revolution is not to be gainsaid. I know, of my own knowledge, how their fractious and insubordinate conduct grieved and sorely disheartened poor Montgomery while we lay before Quebec. I could tell many tales, too, of the harm they did to the cause in New York State, by their prejudices against us, and their narrow spite against General Schuyler. So mischievous did this attitude become at last—when old General Wooster came to us with his Connecticut troops, and these set themselves up to be independent of all our plans or rules, refusing even to mess with the others, or to touch Continental provisions and munitions—that Congress had to interfere and put them sharply back into their proper places. Jerseymen, Pennsylvanians, Virginians, and men from the Carolinas will bear me out in saying these things about the New England soldiery. I speak not in blame or bitterness. The truth is that they were too much akin in blood

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and conceit to the English not to have in themselves many of the disagreeable qualities which had impelled us all to revolt against British rule.

When the lieutenant had ordered the horses to be brought out for a start, I went back into the house. The women had been weeping, I could see. Lady Johnson had softened in her mood toward me, and spoke now some gentle words of thanks for the little I had done. When I told her, in turn, that her escort would henceforth be more considerate in his conduct toward her, she was for a moment pleased, but then tears filled her eyes at the thoughts of the journey before her.

"When I am out of sight of this house," she said, sadly, "it will seem as if my last friend had been left behind! Why could they not have left me at the Hall? I gave them the keys; I yielded up everything! What harm could I have done them—remaining there? I had no wish to visit my relatives in Albany! It is a trick—a device! I doubt I shall ever lay eyes on my dear home again!"

And, poor lady, she never did.

We strove to speak words of comfort to her, but they came but feebly, and could not have consoled her much. When the lieutenant opened the door, the women made a tearful adieu, with sobs and kisses upon which I could not bear to look. Lady Johnson shook hands with me, still with a pathetic quivering of the lips. But then in an instant she straightened herself to her full height, bit her lips tight, and walked proudly past the obnoxious escort, down the path to the carriage, followed by her weeping sister and the two big-eyed, wondering children.

"Will she ever come back?" said Daisy, half in inquiry, half in despairing exclamation, as we saw the last of the carriage and its guard. "How will it all end, Douw?"

"Who can foresee?" I answered. "It is war now, at last, war open and desperate. I can see no peaceful way out of it. These aristocratic landlords, these Johnsons, Butlers, Phillipses, De Lanceys, and the rest, will not give up their estates without a hard fight for them. Of that you may be sure. *They* will come back, if their wives do not, and all that they can do, backed by England, to regain their positions will be done. They may win—and if they do, it will be our necks that will be put into the yoke—or the halter. At all events, it has gone too far to be patched over now. We can only stand up and fight as stoutly as we may—and leave the rest to fate."

"And it really was necessary to fight—I suppose it could not have been in reason avoided?"

"They would have it so. They clung to the faith that they were by right the masters here, and we the slaves, and so infatuated were they that they brought in English troops and force to back them up. There was no alternative but to fight. Would you have had me on the other side—on the English side, Daisy?"

"Oh, no! Douw," she answered, in a clear voice. "If war there must be, why, of course, the side of my people is my side."

I was not surprised at this, but I said: "You speak of your people, Daisy—but surely mere birth does not count for more than one's whole training afterward, and you have been bred among another class altogether. Why, I should think nine out of every ten of your friends here in the Mohawk district must be Tories."

"Not so great a proportion as that," she went on, with a faint smile upon her lips, but deep gravity in her eyes. "You do not know the value of these 'friends,' as you call them, as closely as I do. Never have they forgotten on their side, even if I did on mine, that my parents were Palatine peasants. And you speak of my being bred among them! In what way more than you were? Was I not brought up side by side with you? Was there any difference in our rearing, in our daily life until — until you left us? Why should I not be a patriot, sir, as well as you?"

She ended with a little laugh, but the voice quivered beneath it. We both were thinking, I felt, of the dear old days gone by, and of the melancholy fate which clouded over and darkened those days, and drove us apart.

We still stood by the open door, whence we had watched the carriage disappear. After some seconds of si-

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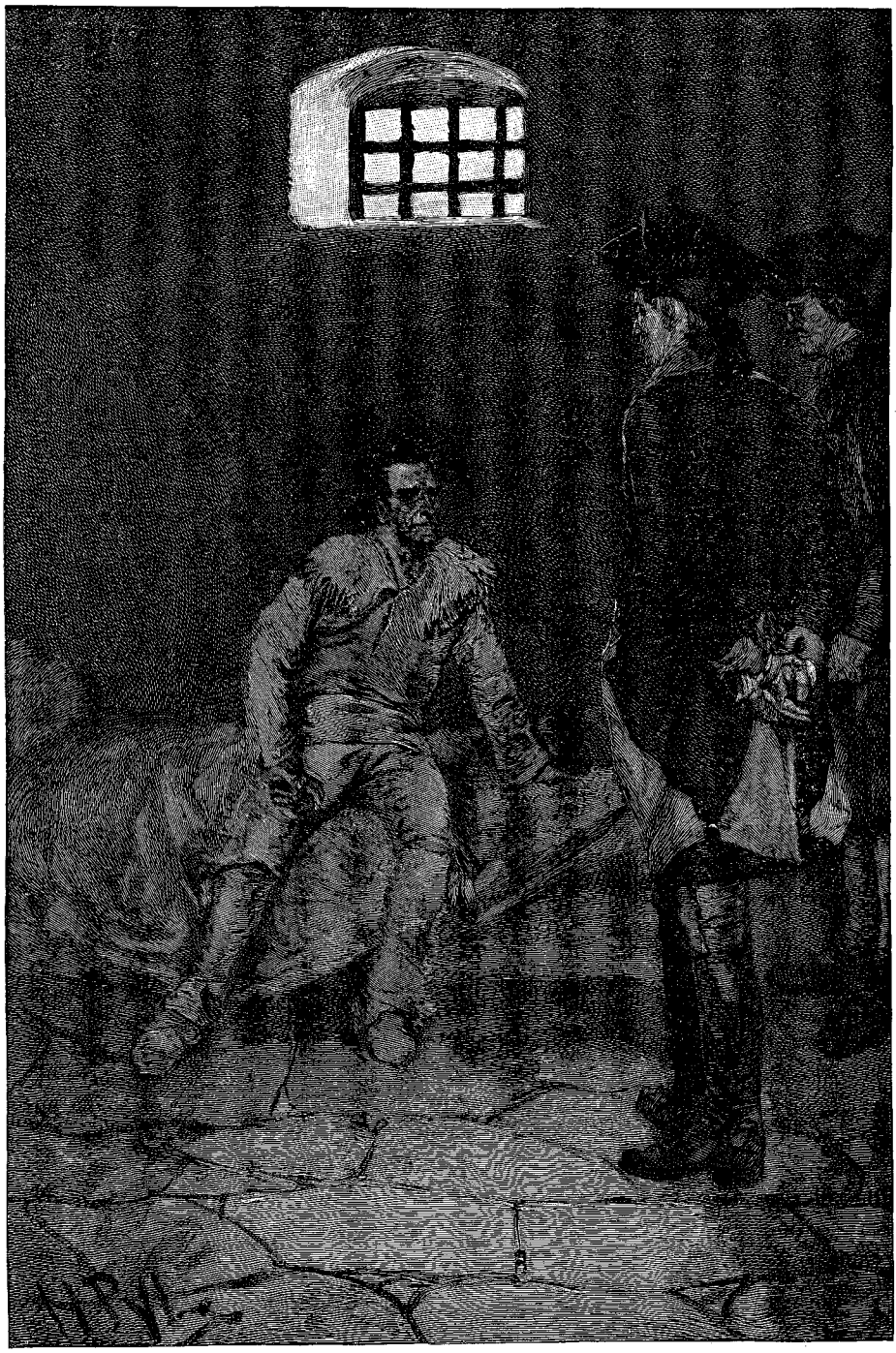

"Is your hanging-party ready?" he said.—Page 512.

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lence, I essayed to bring back the conversation to Lady Johnson, and talked of her narrow, ill-informed, purely one-sided way of regarding the troubles, and of how impossible it was that the class to which she belonged, no matter how amiable and good they might be, could ever adapt themselves to the enlarging social conditions of this new country.

While I talked, there burst forth suddenly the racket of fifes and drums, in the road. Some militia companies were marching past, on their way to join Colonel Dayton's force. We stood and watched these go by, and in the noise that they made we failed to hear Mr. Stewart's tottering footsteps behind us.

The din of the drums had called him out of his lethargy, and he came forward to watch the yeoman-soldiery.

"They march badly—badly!" he said, shielding his eyes from the sun with his hand. "I do not know the uniform. But I have been away so long—and everything is changed since the King of Prussia began his wars. Yet I am happier here as I am—far happier with my fields, and my freedom, and my children."

He had spoken in the tone, half-conversational, half-dreamy, which of late strangely marked most of his speech. He turned now, and looked at us; a pleasant change came over his wan face, and he smiled upon us with a curious reflection of the old fond look.

"You are good children," he said; "you shall be married in due time, and come after me, when I am gone. There will be no handsomer, happier twain in the province!"

Daisy flushed crimson, and looked pained at the old gentleman's childish babbling, and I made haste to get away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE TURNS UP IN MANACLES.

A TRULY miserable fourteen months' period of thankless labor, and of unending yet aimless anxiety, follows here in my story. It was my business to remain in the Valley, watch its suspected figures, invigorate and encourage its militia, and combat the secret slander and open cowardice which there menaced the cause of liberty. Fortunately I had, from time to time, assurance that my work was of actual advantage to General Schuyler; and occasionally I had leisure hours to spend at The Cedars. If these pleasurable things had been denied me, there would have been in the whole Continental service no more unenviable post than mine.

I have never pretended, least of all to myself, to be much enamoured of fighting; nor have I ever been regardless of personal comfort, and of the satisfaction of having warm clothes, sufficient food, and a good bed in which to sleep. Yet I would gladly have exchanged my state for that of the most wretched private soldier, barefooted and famished, on the frozen Delaware or at Morristown. War is a hateful and repellent enough thing, but it is at least better to be in the thick of it, to smell burning powder and see and feel the enemy, even if he be at your heels, than to be posted far away from the theatre of conflict, spying upon an outwardly peaceful community for signs of treason and disaffection.

I should not like to put down in black and white, here in my old age, all the harsh and malignant things which I thought of my Mohawk Valley neighbors, or some of them, during those fourteen months. I am able to see now that they were not altogether without excuse.

The affairs of the revolted Colonies were, in truth, going very badly. No sooner had Congress summoned the resolution to decree Continental Independence than the fates seemed to conspire to show that the declaration was a mistake. Our successes in the field came to a sudden halt: then disasters followed in their place. Public confidence, which had been too lightly raised, first wavered, then collapsed. Against the magnificent army of English and Hessian regulars which Howe mustered in New York, General Washington could not hold his own, and Congress lost the nerve to stand at his back. Our militia threw up the service, disheartened.

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Our commissariat faded out of existence. The patriot force became the mere skeleton of an army, ragged, ill-fed, discouraged, and almost hopeless. In battle after battle the British won—by overwhelming numbers or superior fortune, it mattered not which; the result was equally lamentable.

There had been indeed a notable week at Christmas-time, when the swift strong blows struck at Trenton and Princeton lifted for a moment the cloud which hung over us. But it settled down again, black and threatening, before spring came.

The Colonies quarrelled with one another; their generals plotted and intrigued, or sullenly held aloof. Cool men, measuring on the one side this lax and inharmonious alliance of jealous States, without money, without public-spirited populations, and, above all, without confidence in their own success, and on the other the imposing power of rich and resolute England, with its splendid armies and fleets in the St. Lawrence and in New York Harbor, and with its limitless supply of hired German auxiliaries—cool men, I say, weighing dispassionately these two opposing forces, came pretty generally to believe that in the end General Washington would find himself laid by the heels in the Tower at London.

I cannot honestly say now whether I ever shared this despondent view or not. But I do know that I chafed bitterly under the orders which kept me in the Valley, and not only prevented my seeing what fighting there was, but put me to no better task than watching in a ten-acre field for rattlesnakes. I can in no apter way describe my employment from May of 1776 to July of the following year. There was unending work, but no visible fruit, either for the cause or for myself. The menace of impending danger hung over us constantly—and nothing came of it, month after month. I grew truly sick of it all. Besides, my wounds did not heal well, and my bad health from time to time induced both melancholy and an irritable mind.

The situation in the Valley was extremely simple. There was a small outspoken Tory party, who made no secret of their sympathies, and kept up communications with the refugees in Canada. These talked openly of the time soon to arrive when the King's troops would purge the Valley of disloyalty, and loyalists should come by more than their own. There was a somewhat larger Whig party, which by word and deed supported Congress. Between these two, or, rather, because of their large number, surrounding them, was the great neutral party, who were chiefly concerned to so trim their sails that they should ship no water, whichever way the wind blew.

Up to the time of the Declaration of Independence these peaceful people had leaned rather toward the Whigs. But when General Washington evacuated Long Island, and the Continental prospects seemed to dwindle, it was wonderful to note how these same trimmers began again, first furtively, then with less concealment, to drink the King's health.

Roughly speaking, the majority of the avowed Tories were in the lower district of Tryon County, that called the Mohawk district, embracing all east of Anthony's Nose, including Johnstown, Tribes Hill, and Caughnawaga. They had, indeed, outnumbered the Whigs by five to one before the flights to Canada began; and even now enough remained to give a strong British color to the feeling of the district. In the Western districts of the county, where the population was more purely Dutch and Palatine, the Whig sentiment was very much stronger. But here, too, there were Tories, confessed and defiant—and everywhere, as time passed, the dry-rot of doubt spread among those who were of neither party. It came at last that nearly every week brought news of some young man's disappearance from home—which meant another recruit for the hostile Canadian force; and scarcely a day went by without the gloomy tidings that this man or the other, heretofore lukewarm, now spoke in favor of submission to the King.

It was my function to watch this shifting public opinion, to sway it where I could, but to watch it always. No more painful task could have been conceived. I lived in an atmosphere of

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treachery and suspicion. Wherever I turned I saw humanity at its worst. Men doubted their brothers, their sons, even their wives. The very ground underneath us was honey-combed with intrigues and conspiracies. Intelligence from Canada, with its burden of promises to speedily glut the passions of war, circulated stealthily all about us. How it came, how it was passed from hearth to hearth, defied our penetration. We could only feel that it was in the air around us, and strive to locate it—mainly in vain—and shudder at its sinister omens.

For all felt a blow to be impending—and only marvelled at its being so long withheld. It was two years now since Colonel Guy Johnson, with the Butlers and Philip Cross, had gone westward to raise the Indians. It was more than a year since Sir John and his retainers had joined them. Some of these had been to England in the interim, and we vaguely heard of others flitting, now in Quebec, now at Niagara or Detroit—yet none doubted that the dearest purpose of all of them was to return with troops and savages to reconquer the Valley. This was the sword which hung daily, nightly, over our heads.

And as the waiting time lengthened out it grew terrible to weak and selfish minds. More and more men sought to learn how they might soften and turn its wrath aside—not how they might meet and repel its stroke.

Congress would not believe in our danger—perhaps could not have helped us if it would. And then our own friends at this lost heart. The flights to Canada multiplied; our volunteer militiamen fell away from the drills and patrols. Stories and rumors grew thicker of British preparations, of Indian approaches, of invasion's red track being cleared up to the very gates of the Valley. And no man saw how the ruin was to be averted.

It was in the second week of July, at almost the darkest hour in that gloomy first part of 1777, that a singular link in the chain of my story was forged.

Affairs were at their worst, abroad and at home. General Washington's call for more troops had fallen on deaf ears, and it seemed impossible that his poor force could withstand the grand army and fleet mustering at New York. The news of St. Clair's wretched evacuation of Ticonderoga had come in, and we scarcely dared look one another in the face when it was told. Apparently matters were nearing a climax, so far, at least, as we in New York State were involved. For Burgoyne was moving down through the Champlain country upon Albany, with none to stay his progress, and an auxiliary force was somewhere upon the great Northern water frontier of our State, intending to sweep through the Mohawk Valley to join him. Once this junction was formed, the Hudson lay open—and after that? We dared not think!

I cannot hope to make young people realize what all this meant to us. To comprehend this, one must have had not only a neck menaced by the halter, but mother, sisters, dear ones threatened by the tomahawk and knife. Thinking back upon it now, I marvel that men did not go mad under this horrible stress of apprehension. Apparently, there was no hope. The old New England spite and prejudice against General Schuyler had stirred up now a fierce chorus of calumny and attack. He was blamed for St. Clair's pusillanimous retreat, for Congressional languor, for the failure of the militia to come forward—for everything, in fact. His hands were tied by suspicion, by treason, by popular lethargy, by lack of money, men, and means. Against these odds he strove like a giant, but I think not even he, with all his great, calm confidence, saw clearly through the black cloud just then.

I had gone to bed late one hot July night, and had hardly fallen asleep for gloomy musing upon these things, when I was awakened by a loud pounding on the door beneath. I was at my mother's house, fortunately, and the messenger had thus found me out promptly.

Tulp had also been aroused, and saddled my horse while I dressed, in response to the summons. I was wanted at Johnstown by Sheriff Frey, on some matter which would not wait for the morrow. This much I gathered from the messenger, as we rode together in the starlight, but he could tell me little

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more, save that an emissary from the Tories in Canada had been captured near the Sacondaga, and it was needful that I should see him. I wondered somewhat at this as a reason for routing me out of my sleep, but cantered silently along, too drowsy to be querulous.

Daylight broke before we crossed the river, and the sunrise gun sounded as we rode up into the court-house square at Johnstown. Soldiers were already to be seen moving about outside the block-houses at the corners of the palisade which, since Sir John's flight, had been built around the jail. Our coming seemed to be expected, for one of the soldiers told us to wait while he went inside, and after a few minutes John Frey came out, rubbing his eyes. As I dismounted, he briefly explained matters to me.

It seemed that a Tory spy had made his way in from the woods, had delivered letters both at Cairncross and at The Cedars, and had then started to return, but by the vigilance of one of the Vrooman boys had been headed off and taken.

"He is as close as the bark on a beech-tree," concluded the sheriff. "We could get nothing out of him. Even when I told him he would be hanged this morning after breakfast, he did not change color. He only said that if this was the case he would like first to see you; it seems he knows you, and has some information for you—probably about Philip Cross's wife. Perhaps he will tell *you* what was in the letter he brought to her."

It occurred to me on the instant that this was the real reason for my being summoned. These were days of universal suspicion—and the worthy sheriff had his doubts even of Daisy.

"All right! Let me see the man," I said, and we entered the jail.

When the soldier in charge had opened the cell-door, the object of our interest was discovered to be asleep. Frey shook him vigorously by the shoulder. He sat bolt upright on the instant, squinting his eyes to accustom them to the light, but evincing no special concern at our presence.

"Is your hanging-party ready?" he said, and yawned, stretching his arms as freely as the manacles would admit.

I looked curiously at him—a long, slender, wiry figure, with thin, corded neck, and twisted muscles showing on so much of his hairy breast as the open buckskin shirt exposed. The face was pointed and bony, and brown as leather. For the moment I could not place him; then his identity dawned on me. I stepped forward, and said:

"Is that you, Enoch Wade?"

He looked up at me, and nodded recognition, with no show of emotion.

"It might have been my ghost, cap'n," he said, "if you hadn't hurried right along. These friends of yours were bent on spoiling a good man to make bad meat. They wouldn't listen to any kind of reason. Can I have a palaver with you, all by yourself?"

"What does he mean by a 'palaver?'" asked the honest Swiss sheriff.

I explained that it was a common enough Portuguese word signifying "talk," which Enoch in his wanderings had picked up. Furthermore, I told Frey that I knew the man, and wished to speak with him apart, whereupon the sheriff and the soldier left us.

"It is all in my eye—their hanging me," began Enoch, with a sardonic smile slowly relaxing his thin lips. "I wasn't fooled a minute by that."

"Perhaps you are mistaken there, my man," I said, as sternly as I could.

"Oh, no! not a bit! What's more, they wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't wanted to be caught. You know me. You have travelled with me. Honest Injun, now, do you take me for the kind of a man to be treed by a young Dutch muskrat-trapper if I have a mind not to be?"

I had to admit that my knowledge of his resourceful nature had not prepared me for such an ignoble catastrophe, but I added that all the more his conduct mystified me.

"Quite so!" he remarked, with another grim smile of complacency. "Sit down here on this bed, if you can find room, and I'll tell you all about it."

The tale to which I listened during the next half-hour, full of deep interest as it was for me, would not bear repeating here at length. Its essential points were these:

After Sir William's death Enoch had

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remained on at the Hall, not feeling particularly bound to the new baronet, but having a cat's attachment to the Hall itself. When Sir John finally resolved to avoid arrest by flight, Enoch had been in two minds about accompanying him, but had finally yielded to the flattering reliance placed by all upon the value and thoroughness of his knowledge as a woodsman. It was largely due to his skill that the party got safely through the great wilderness, and reached Montreal so soon. Since his arrival in Canada, however, things had not been at all to his liking. There was but one thought among all his refugee companions, which was to return to the Mohawk Valley, and put their old neighbors to fire and sword—and for this Enoch had no inclination whatever. He had accordingly resisted all offers to enrol him in the Tory Regiment which Sir John was raising in Canada, and had looked for an opportunity to get away quietly and without reproach. This chance had only come to him a week or so ago, when Philip Cross offered to pay him well to take two letters down to the Valley—one to his servant Rab, the other to Mrs. Cross. He had accepted this errand and had delivered the letters, as in duty bound. There his responsibility ended. He had no intention to return, and had allowed himself to be arrested by a slow and uninventive young man, solely because it seemed the best way of achieving his purpose.

"What is your purpose, Enoch?"

"Well, to begin with, it is to make your hair stand on end. I started from Buck's Island, on the St. Lawrence, on the 9th of this month. Do you know who I left there? Seven hundred uniformed soldiers, English and Tory, with eight cannons, commanded by a British colonel—Sillinger they called him—and Sir John Johnson. They are coming to Oswego, where they will meet the Butlers with more Tories, and Dan Claus with five hundred Indians. Then the whole force is to march on Fort Stanwix, capture it, and come down the Valley!"

You may guess how eagerly I listened to the details which Enoch gave—details of the gravest importance, which I must hasten to send west to Herkimer and east to Schuyler. When this vital talk was ended, I returned to the personal side of the matter with a final query:

"But why get yourself arrested?"

"Because I wanted to see you. My errand wasn't finished till I had given you Philip Cross's message. 'Tell that Dutchman,' he said, 'if you can contrive to do it without peril to yourself, that when I come into the Valley I will cut out his heart, and feed it to a Missisague dog!'"

(To be continued.)

A MEETING.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

Softly she came one twilight from the dead,
And in the passionate silence of her look
Was more than man has writ in any book:
And now my thoughts are restless, and a dread
Calls them to the Dim Land discomforted;
For down the leafy ways her white feet took,
Lightly the newly broken roses shook—
Was it the wind disturbed each rosy head?

God! was it joy or sorrow in her face—
That quiet face? Had it grown old or young?
Was it sweet memory or sad that stung
Her voiceless soul to wander from its place?
What do the dead find in the Silence—grace?
Or endless grief for which there is no tongue?

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THE NEW METHUSELAH.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

IF Asa Potterby, A.M., M.D., had lived two or three centuries earlier, there is no doubt that his great learning would have been an amazement to the world, while his instinct toward a recluse life would have housed him in some quiet and noble cloister. He was what one might call a left-over person from that earlier time, having come into existence far too late to find his proper surroundings. As one belated flower-seed sometimes comes straggling up in the border just as its fellows are bursting into bloom, so this learned sage peeped up through New England soil into the scorching light of its incredulous August sun, and found himself a surprising person to the enlightened folk of the nineteenth century. Great things were often said of him in the more remote halls of scholarship, and even many of his neighbors believed him to be not only learned but wise. His house was pointed out to strangers, even though droll anecdotes of his simplicity in worldly affairs were told by those altogether wanting in certain attributes of reverence. The master of arts that took no tangible shape; the doctor of unpractised medicine, Asa Potterby, looked elderly at forty and positively aged at sixty, but he contentedly delved in dark mines of literature, and blinked through his spectacles at the bustling world that surrounded him when he emerged into the light of day. Being possessed of a good colonial house and an inheritance of considerable money, he was not judged according to his folly as a poorer man might have been. It seemed as if he lived a hardly conscious life. He neither appeared to enjoy nor to dislike. He blinked and blinked, and rubbed his eyes, and sat himself down every day before his desk, to do some unneeded and unrewarding work. The men who put him highest in the scale of greatness were the venders of old and curious books. Nobody would give a more generous price for a rare volume than Dr. Potterby; he was most quickly allured by anything that concerned the subject of heredity, or theories relating to the vital forces.

In his slow way he had long been evolving a theory of his own, to which these industrious studies and researches had added continual proofs as years went by. He had learned to believe firmly in the possible indefinite prolongation of human life, having possessed himself, as he believed, of a simple secret—a rediscovery of something hinted at in many a legend which seemed to unenlightened minds but fabulous. The workings of this remedy against premature age and death itself could not be expected to have full power in our own century, when life has become so artificial, so far from its natural conditions; yet he saw, in spite of all this, no reason why the length of days in early Bible times could not have been, under those conditions, literally true. It was plain to him that all our modern habits of life tended directly to the brevity of human existence. The fret of constant conflict with improper air, clothing, and food, with gnawing

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anxieties of every sort caused by an endeavor to conform to the awful demands of social competition, had brought down the average duration of life to its present meagre span. After years of profound reflection our philosopher achieved an exposition of his theory; his heart fairly glowed, cold as it was sometimes called, with a knowledge of the added joy and well-being with which he was able to endow humanity. Now, when a man reached something like a proper equipment for his work, his work must fall from his feeble hands. What if a student like Darwin could go on with his researches and discoveries for a hundred years of working time instead of fifty! When a great man died it seemed only a sad accident and mistake to Dr. Potterby; it was a loss to the world which might have been prevented if his theory were known and acted upon. "Gone, and all his power with him!" Dr. Potterby would sadly groan, and that night his own study lamp would burn later than usual, and his early-rising housekeeper would find him next morning asleep in his chair, before a desk heaped high with books.

"Poor creatur," the good woman sometimes grumbled compassionately. "With all his notions o' keepin' folks alive, he'll step out his self, sure's fate, if he keeps on this way." Then Mrs. Yard would shake the sleeping sage by one limp shoulder and entice him to the comfortable library sofa, where he might, and usually did, sleep until high noon.

The learned man had a great fear of propounding his ideas before he had made them entirely clear and practical. He spent many months in preparing a treatise, but when it was in perfect order, and he sat before it, ready to make it into a neat bundle for the publisher, his heart failed him, and he suddenly determined not to risk discussion, but to afford a carping world some indisputable proof. After all, why should he expect honor and praise? Why not go out of this world secure in the belief that future ages would recognize and reward his patient toil? If he had been nurtured in infancy and childhood according to the true plan, he might be sure of seeing the workings of his system; but, alas! it was too late now, and he would not goad his mind into despair by any vain regrets.

So the great, clean manuscript was put on a high shelf in the library closet, and the doctor bent his energies to the building of a perfect illustration of his plan of life. He would take a child whose parents were unknown; he would surround it with the proper conditions; he would invest a permanent fund and select a board of trustees to put in charge of his great scientific experiment. Science should foster the enterprise; he would select the best men of his own time, and bind them to careful choice of their own successors. Released from the common wear and tear of life, and invigorated by his simple secret, such a defended and perfectly nourished child might be expected to enter at least upon the latter half of its second century. Of course, inherited weakness and nervous disorders must be considered for a generation or two; then the world, accepting so great a boon, would reform itself, and a golden age begin. In the doctor's own lifetime the board of trustees would not be informed of their responsibility or emoluments. But some weeks went by while he attempted to satisfy himself with the provisions of his will and its minute directions. These extended to the most careful prescriptions of physical exercise, food, and sleep; with explanatory notes, and recognition of all possible exceptions, and constant references to his more extended treatise.

II.

Mrs. Yard, Dr. Potterby's housekeeper, was sitting alone in the back hall doorway looking out into the pleasant old-fashioned garden. She was mending a pair of the doctor's stockings, and thinking affectionately of their wearer.

"More books!" muttered the good soul, jerking her darning cotton and snapping it. "He'll bu'st the walls o' the house apart afore he dies. I see a heap o' them tarnal auction catalogues on his table; pity I didn't burn 'em when they come from the post-office."

Mrs. Yard had taken her early tea,

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the house was quiet, two golden robins were singing in the nearest apple-trees. If Dr. Potterby himself took little thought of the antique elegance and comfort of his home-life, Mrs. Yard stood well in her place, and more than made up for his lack of care by extra intelligence and conscientiousness in all home matters. She had a great admiration and affection for her employer—in fact she had been trained by his mother, and had spent nearly all her life under the Potterby roof. She was a most sensible ruler and autocrat of the quiet household, but had great indulgence for a scholar's vagaries.

As she often insisted, Generosity was no name for the doctor, and the more he inclined to trustfulness, the fiercer she grew in protecting his interests. In her youth she had been the reverse of talkative, and in the busy household of old Madam Potterby had figured always as a grave, speechless young woman, intent upon her work and more or less disapproving of the world in general. As years went on, however, and she came to deserved headship of the household with younger women under her, Mrs. Yard suddenly developed a love for garrulous speech which startled and confused the pondering doctor. One night, when he was suffering from a bad cold and asked to have his tea served in the library, Mrs. Yard brought in the tray herself instead of giving it to her colleague, who usually performed such duties in the household.

Dr. Potterby looked up from his desk, gravely: "Ah, yes, the tea!" he said, with polite recognition of the service and her presence. Then he expected Mrs. Yard, after her well-known fashion, to go speechless away.

"I'm going to pour a cup and have you drink it hot," said the housekeeper; "otherwise you'll let the waiter set here till I send after it. Cold tea's worse than none fer one that's hoast up as you be, Dr. Potterby."

Mrs. Yard had never before been so lavish with her advice and opinions; he looked up at her again with mild curiosity. This was clearly not a matter of scientific principle; he accepted the hot tea with a grave bow.

"Perhaps there is some matter upon which you wish to confer with me at this time?" He had tried to summon some requisition or suggestion from the recesses of his own brain, but could think of nothing.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Yard, "the place's going all right as far as I can judge."

It was a stormy night, and the doctor, who was a man of warm though unused heart, suddenly became conscious that the good woman was perhaps lonely and had instinctively sought his presence, out of her own thoughts of those old days when the house was fuller and more homelike. He was mindful, too, that she had been married for a short time, and lost her husband by a melancholy accident. Perhaps he had not been compassionate of good Mrs. Yard. But he could not express any such thoughts as these, and took refuge from difficult speech in the simple action of swallowing his hot tea and eating his bread and butter. He believed in a hearty supper and late work, but this evening was to be made an exception.

Mrs. Yard picked up some scattered newspaper wrappers and put them into the waste paper basket. Then she darted at a snarl of knotted twine that had fallen from a bundle of books, and quickly wound it into a smooth twist and put it into the string drawer.

"How be you getting along, sir?" she asked, blandly; "I mean with your literary labors?"

The doctor felt as if a new and voluble Mrs. Yard had been evolved out of the old, indifferent, and taciturn one. "I am progressing slowly, I thank you," he answered, after a moment's pause for reflection. He remembered that the housekeeper's mother had been a great talker, and that her father was said to be an almost speechless man. Very likely one inheritance having been outworn the other was now beginning to prevail; it would be an interesting subject to pursue. This was surely wonderful, the sensible creature's instant development of a social aptitude and desire of colloquial pleasure. She had not said much yet, but nobody could fail to see that she was brimful of desire to gossip and discuss, like other women.

"Don't say that your tea is to your mind, if it ain't," she urged Dr. Potter-

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by, still looking about her for something to pick up or put away. "I just slid in the least pinch o' green out o' that old silver canister o' your mother's, sir; I thought it might 'liven up your head; it sometimes will with me."

"Very considerate," murmured the doctor.

"But then," said Mrs. Yard, "there's no telling what another person desires from one's own feelings. Many's the time I've said to myself, 'there, I don't believe but he'd like a pinch o' green tea, now he's working his brain so steady, but I never before this night have slid it in.'"

Dr. Potterby smiled benevolently, and so passed the noble occasion of Mrs. Yard's sociable visit, and she retired much gratified, advising him to ring the library bell if he felt like a little warm toast or a bit of cold meat before bedtime. The doctor long remembered this evening of Mrs. Yard's first self-assertion; from that time she had behaved as if they managed affairs in an amicable partnership of which she was the active member. He was completely in her power as to all affairs except those of his studies and personal pursuits, and, save with one or two friends, he became more taciturn as the years went by, while Mrs. Yard developed an increasing loquacity. He soon became able to carry on intricate processes of thought during her longest and most self-interesting harangues. For her own part, she was deeply aware of the great philosopher's helplessness without her, she knew that it fell upon herself to settle all really important questions for him in spite of his own unequalled powers of mind.

After this long digression, necessary to a full understanding of the domestic situation, we return to Mrs. Yard as she sat in the hall doorway, with her mind puzzled by greater questions than usual. She looked placid enough as she sat on the doorstep with her mending-basket and the short, wide stocking drawn over her extended fingers. She was not a person whose inward struggles betrayed themselves in her countenance, but she talked to herself a good deal, never having forsaken her habit formed in the years before she suddenly became more expressive to the doctor and her other associates.

"What could he ha' meant?" grumbled the good creature, "askin' me if I was any accustomed to the care o' child'n. He knows well enough I've made no habit of it."

III.

For all his stern onwardness of character, and philosophical scorn of that consideration of petty circumstances which Voltaire calls the tomb of great things, Dr. Potterby had a gift for enjoyment, for nestling into his few friendships. It was a gift which would completely surprise those who knew him but little. Most of his friendships, however, were conducted by letter, with devoted outlay of at least as much time as that spent by the Reverend Gilbert White and the Honorable Daines Barrington, or any other scientific gentlemen who, apparently, lived to correspond. There was one old acquaintance, however, who was a near neighbor, and the two gentlemen counted much upon their walks and talks. Mr. Masters was what it is proper to call in England a decayed gentleman, and owed much to Dr. Potterby's kindness, though, not being a person who liked to place himself under obligations, this fact was never directly acknowledged. Dr. Potterby disliked outward expressions of gratitude, and so their intercourse was on that high level described by Amiel, with exquisite comprehension of a social elegance of speech which ignores the plain things of every day, the common pains, or disturbances of mankind. If in the morning Mrs. Yard had despatched a winter overcoat good as new, but narrow for the doctor's girth, it was worn that very night, but without a word of either apology or compliment. Mr. Masters had been produced by nature for an alchemist, though the profession had become apparently extinct; and though his family had designed him for the New England pulpit, he had relapsed by instinct into a futile dabbling with the physical sciences. Dr. Potterby compassionated him, being to himself a man of practical value, and it must be confessed that Mr. Masters returned the same opinion in

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his secret and somewhat ungrateful heart. The home of Mr. Masters was in two bleak upper rooms bestrewn with electrical and chemical odds and ends, over one of the small village shops. His landlady and attendant was a considerate person, who had once been a servant of his family. The poor soul did the best she could for him, but it was fortunate for herself that she lacked the two useful senses of smelling and hearing, and was unconscious of explosions and their unwholesome effects. Nobody knew exactly how the two lived, unless it might be Mrs. Yard, who, with the doctor's assent and connivance, set a comforting basket in the hall every Sunday and Wednesday night. It was simply mentioned, when this proferred attention to Nancy Bland was first ventured, that Mrs. Yard had heard the good soul was not well, and, once begun, the custom was continued. "They have that quantity twice a week, and him filled up twice beside with a good warm supper, and I'll risk 'em starving," said Mrs. Yard, with generous satisfaction. It would have pleased her to have Mr. Masters and his receptive Nancy show some gratitude, but Dr. Potterby was content with silence, and even rebuked from time to time Mrs. Yard's expressions of impatience.

On a certain Sunday evening which followed the Saturday of the mended stockings, Mrs. Yard was conscious of an unholy desire to listen at the half-open library door. The wind had gone into the east, and there was a little fire in the fireplace, before which the two gentlemen basked, being replete with their supper, and ready for the steady flow of conversation. Mrs. Yard passed the door a little resentfully, for her prayer-meeting bell was already beginning to toll, and she put down Nancy Bland's basket with a decision that clinked the dishes inside. She meant that they should be heard in the library, and it was. Dr. Potterby winced, but Mr. Masters kindly behaved as if he were unconscious. It was the benefactor who was deferential in their interviews, and to-night, though brimful of desire to review his own plans, he hastened to show an interest in the exploits of his guest.

"Have you arrived at anything new in your recent experiments?" he inquired, with charming sympathy and politeness.

"I may say that I have," replied little Mr. Masters, straightening himself into new stiffness and dignity in the high leather-backed chair. "If I were a younger man I would go at once to a school of technology, to avail myself of the new practical knowledge of electrical engineering. I never remember to have deplored the flight of time as in these last few days. As it is, I must yield my great ideas to younger men."

"I suppose you have ascertained much that is new in regard to your registering attachment to the typewriter?" suggested Dr. Potterby, a little timidly. In his work on longevity, he had availed himself of the new discovery and hired a young man to do copying, but Mr. Masters had conceived an idea that the machine should be made to count its own words, and had gone off with it one night under his elbow. The owner had neither liked to ask for it back nor to buy a new one. Mrs. Yard insisted that the borrower had taken it to pieces, and could not set it running again.

"That matter is still under consideration," replied Mr. Masters, with offended dignity. "I have been giving great thought to a plan of much more importance—an electrical marine railway."

"Ah, indeed!" said Dr. Potterby, who wished that he could have the floor first. He was eager to see how his own project would sound. In speaking to another, one often saw the fallacies of one's own argument, but Mr. Masters was likely to take this evening to himself.

"An electrical marine railway," repeated the pompous little guest. "I am not aware that the idea has ever been broached. It is a very great concern of the public, a matter of prime importance to commerce. I have not said anything about it, even to you" (this was meant for a handsome tribute, and Dr. Potterby so regarded it). "I am prepared, however, to speak of my scheme now, of course, in secrecy."

Dr. Potterby bowed solemnly and

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settled himself comfortably in his chair. He was glad, at any rate, that he was to listen to something new. There was a delightful sense of comfort in the library, the flicker of the firelight brought out touches of red and gold on the bindings of the old books. There was a sound of gentle early summer rain outside. Mrs. Yard's old tortoise-shell cat stole in, settled herself with tucked-in paws before the fender, and began to purr, as if in comfortable retrospection. The faces of the two men were thoughtful and interesting. They showed themselves to be students, and unaffected by the minor ambitions and sordid cares of the world. Perhaps this look was clearest on the brow of Mr. Masters.

"An electrical marine railway," he repeated, with emphasis. "I mean, of course, a system for the propulsion of vessels or other conveyances from shore to shore. Something after the manner of the street railways in common use."

"You will have to explain a little more definitely, my dear sir," confessed the listener.

"I propose merely to make my announcement on this occasion," answered the man of science. "The detail is comparatively unimportant, and to one whose thoughts are not directed——"

"The trolley system?" ventured Dr. Potterby, humbly, catching at the first phrase which entered his mind.

"Exactly, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Masters, with unexpected gratification in his tone. "You forestall me. I admire your general intelligence, and especially in a man so devoted to special study. The trolley system is, I may say, the main element."

"I should call the sea the main element." Dr. Potterby rarely joked, but this great occasion deserved such tribute from him.

"The trolley system; that is a continuous wire, and a corresponding apparatus on the masts or decks of vessels which underrun the wire, and so derive their motive power. Such a wire can be laid as well as a wire for telegraphic purposes; it is exposed of course to greater dangers, being nearer the surface, but I foresee all these, and I am ready to meet them. If I were a man of fortune or, still better, a man of practical scientific training, I should now accomplish great results. Sir, I look upon my years of ecclesiastical study as a great, a never-to-be-regretted blunder."

This point had been often discussed, and the new plan appeared more interesting than was expected to Dr. Potterby's imagination. "In order to make your system wholly clear to me, I will propose my, perhaps, very ignorant objections," he said; "for instance, ships going northward or southward of the cable would damage it."

"There would be stations at intervals corresponding to draws, and at these intervals station-men would be placed to manage the passage of vessels. You do not understand, however, that the business of navigation would in time be completely revolutionized, and that there would be trunk and side lines of electrical cables, and shipping would be less and less at the mercy of the winds and waves. I have not suggested one point to you, that besides the great speed, the lines would be lighted by night from the same power as that from whence comes the force."

"Sir, it is an idea worthy of you!" exclaimed the doctor. "My own resources count as nothing in the face of such a magnificent enterprise, but in case of preliminary arrangements I beg you to command me. I beg that you will take — a few days, at any rate, in which to confer with those who are working in this same line." The sentence was ended in deference to Mr. Masters's feelings, but Dr. Potterby inwardly resolved to give his poor friend a handsome check at the first opportunity. "I wish to ask one more question. In case of the draw, or its substitute, being open, would not there be complete cessation on the whole length of the cable, the circuit being broken?"

Mr. Masters shrugged his shoulders pettishly, but was for the moment appalled. "Immense speed could be obtained, the present system of ship building, so cumbersome and expensive, gradually disused," he faltered, trying to appear as if he had not heard the question. Then he faced the question bravely in all its horror. "I have not worked out these insignificant details"—and for an uncomfortable

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minute there was complete silence. Dr. Potterby was filled with regret.

"I dare say that there might be a deep sunken wire used to keep the circuit unbroken," he dared to say, but was immediately conscious that it was not his place to have spoken first. Mr. Masters, however, breathed freely again, and showed himself unresentful. He had not considered such an important point before, and he had to own to himself that poor Potterby had shown acute powers of reasoning.

"My own scheme will play in well with yours," Dr. Potterby suggested, taking advantage of the silence. "Whenever these great discoveries are made I more and more regret the brevity of human life. I can only say that I have now determined to carry out my plan of practical illustration of my theories, and am going to select a subject this present week. I have approached the question as far as regards my good housekeeper's willingness to take certain duties upon herself, but I am not sure that she comprehended me. In the first years of an infant's life, a woman must naturally be the best care-taker, but women are inexact and unscientific. I am not sure how far I can depend upon Mrs. Yard for reports. On the other hand, it might be difficult to secure a man of scientific training who would be willing, even for a proper salary, to devote his time exclusively to the rearing of a very young child. You no doubt can understand that you would have felt a certain reluctance?"

"Perhaps for an adequate remuneration, and with the assistance—" Mr. Masters unexpectedly remarked; but Mr. Masters was nipped in the bud. Dr. Potterby's solemn face twitched with amusement. No, no, that would never do; the poor old fellow would never think of such nonsense if it were not for his ardent hopes about the railway. When it came to a choice between stupid old Nancy Bland and his own sensible Mrs. Yard, there was no question. "I should not think of employing your valuable time," he said hastily, and with great decision, "especially now that you are so occupied."

The two men rarely asserted their individuality in so open and bold a way as this evening. Each was conscious of his own high emprize, and neither could stop to dally with the inferior interests of the other. Their conversation fell to a lower level, and Mr. Masters only waited for the library clock to strike the half-hour after nine before he made his punctual departure. As he shut the great hall door behind him, Mrs. Yard opened another and emerged from seclusion in the dark dining-room into the doctor's bed-room, candle in her hand, unlighted. She came into the library and put the candlestick on the side-table where it was always left. Then she gave a contemptuous sniff; the doctor was carefully mending his small fire, as if he were just beginning the evening anew.

"He's took his basket, ain't he?" observed Mrs. Yard. "I didn't know but he'd disdain it after the message that was sent yesterday."

Dr. Potterby looked up bewildered; it was not possible that poor Masters's head was turned by his dreams of fortune.

"They never take it upon 'em to say thank ye, nor to send the basket back," explained Mrs. Yard. "Jonas went to mill yesterday afternoon, and as I was out on my errands I called in myself, feelin' more friendly than usual to old Nancy Bland, and I thought I'd have a word with her; the old gentleman might be out o' shirts again, an' there is two of yourn that's a little past. She was dreadful toppin', an' I saw 'twould be best to send them without a word, for fear of a squabble. She give me the basket, but she didn't like my comin'; there, sir, if 'twas me an' you in their two places, I suppose I shouldn't, but she did speak up so pert, and says she, 'I don't want no more o' that salt beef.' I tell you, Dr. Potterby, I like to have bu'st before her eyes, I was so mad."

"Well, well, we mustn't mind these little things," murmured the doctor.

"Little things?" said Mrs. Yard. "When I'd boiled an extry piece o' the best fer 'em, an' there's nothin' more nourishing or keeps better, and Mr. Masters eats a sight of it here whenever 'tis put on the table! I don't care whether Nance Bland likes it or not. 'Taint my business to consult her taste.

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She knows well we've kept her from starving, but 'tis such a favor to take from us."

"She's an ignorant creature, but very devoted to my old friend," said the doctor, affectionately. "Won't you sit down, Mrs. Yard? I should like to have a word with you."

Mrs. Yard was put into a girlish flutter by this invitation. It was very rare with the doctor, who usually tried to discover some pretext for suggesting that he liked to be left to himself. "There, there! I mustn't let my feelings run away with me," said the kind soul, smoothing out her Sunday dress. "I always believe in speaking out about likes an' dislikes. I recollect once in the spring, when I'd come back here the second time, after losing Mr. Yard. Old Ma'am Powers, the old nurse, was makin' your respected mother a little visit. She was always friendly to the old lady, you know, Doctor Potterby, and says she one morning, 'Ann,' says she, 'I seem to want some good, smart greens—let's go down in the far end of the gardin an' pick us a mess.' Madam Potterby always told us all to indulge Ma'am Powers wherever we could, an' I clapped my sun-bonnet right on. I observed that she picked all mustard that I hate like p'ison, but I found a sight of good pa'sley that to me's the best greens there is, and I set out to p'int it out to her; but I thought maybe she was stiff about stoopin' so low, or her eyesight was poor; an' when we come in I cooked 'em separate in the kittle, not stirrin', an' then I denied myself and helped her to most all the pa'sley when it come dinner-time and took the mustard myself; but I saw she didn't eat no great of the pa'sley, no more'n I did o' mine. I mistrusted she'd got tired an' heated out in the sun, but we was so polite helping each other to them greens. Along in the afternoon the truth come out that each of us preferred the other sort, and out o' politeness neither got which she liked. It's often so in life, sir; them greens has been a lesson to me many's the time."

Dr. Potterby's mind reverted to his choice of a guardian for the experimental babe. Yes, he must frankly confide in Mrs. Yard; besides it never would do to make another woman her superior.

"I asked you last evening whether you were skilled in the care of children, my good friend?" inquired the doctor, gently.

"You know my past, sir," replied Mrs. Yard. "I've not had experience since I was young; there was a houseful of us at home." She could not help making a mental reservation in respect to her employer's tender helplessness. "I think I should have as much sense about it as many others; 'twould naturally be a great deal of care to one of my years. You *ain't* thinking of adopting a child, I trust, sir?"

"Not exactly," said the doctor, a little confused. "I am about to make an experiment in the interest of science, of great value to the human race. I have been for years making researches and compiling statistics, and it is probable that under right conditions men might live to much greater age than is now possible. I may have spoken to you of these theories. You will understand that there are important rules to be followed in regard to diet, and altogether I must require much of your time. Perhaps you had better engage another coadjutor for your minor household cares, and I am ready to double your present salary. I know of no one upon whom I could so thoroughly rely."

"'Twould be kind of cheerful to have a baby running about the old place," said Mrs. Yard, unmindful of scientific experiments, "an' now that they're going to fix over our meeting-house, I should like to be able to do extra in my subscription. I will undertake the charge—unless you think Nancy Bland would suit you better."

"Oh, no, indeed," answered the doctor, absently.

"I must make one stippleation," urged the housekeeper as she turned to leave the room. "I trust you ain't goin' to put the little creatur' to no sort of torture with your experiments same's they use rabbits and frogs—there was a piece about it in my *Watchman an' Reflector*, how them students ain't got no compassion, and ought to be put a stop to."

"I assure you that vivisection has not entered into my plans as yet," replied

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Dr. Potterby, honorably. "There is, however, much foolish prejudice——" but Mrs. Yard was stepping quickly away, quite reassured, to her own dominions.

IV.

Mrs. Yard entered into the experiment of induced longevity with sincere zest, and when the doctor, accompanied by an Infant Asylum attendant and a small and very sleepy child, arrived at the old Potterby mansion, a few nights afterward, she housed and cheered them with real hospitality and compassion.

It is perhaps needless to say that the two women disdained the doctor's preliminary directions, and made the tired baby comfortable in a good old-fashioned way.

Interesting as it would be to follow the details of these first days, time and space forbid. Little Thomas became at once the really important member of the household, upon whose well-being all other things revolved. Dr. Potterby having at first selected him on account of his perfectly serene and healthy aspect, took pains to acquire an absolute possession; the child being a friendless foundling, no one was likely to interfere with his future. His benefactor alone knew the secret of sure continuance in this scene of things, but he kept a careful oversight besides upon the proper proportion of blood and brain nutriments, and all the healthful arrangement of this treasured child's surroundings.

In the meantime little Thomas toddled about and made the whole house merry. Mrs. Yard commonly spoke of him as young Methuselah, though nobody but herself and Dr. Potterby understood the strange pet name. It was far from displeasing to the doctor, who really seemed to be growing young again himself. So did Mrs. Yard; she repeated several times a day that a babe in a house was a well-spring of joy; she found herself forming many plans for the new Methuselah's long future.

The doctor at times felt oppressed by the certainty that he should see so small a part of this presumably extended lifetime. He wished that it could somehow be contracted, as if into one of those insect existences which last but for a day and can be investigated from birth to old age between dawn and dark. But, as a philosopher should, he possessed his soul in patience and went over and over his charts of directions for the future development of this scientific charge. The strain upon his resources would soon be here, when the natural inclination of the boy would clash with the mandates of science, and in facing these probable extremities Dr. Potterby sometimes felt weak and powerless. The child seemed gentle enough now, but if he were unruly, then, for a time, until he could be made to understand all that was at stake, it would be necessary to retire to some secluded spot and institute a mild captivity. Sometimes it crossed the good doctor's mind that all this early part of the process would have been easier to carry forward with a child who was deficient in intellect, yet ever his larger sense prevailed; it was better to prolong a valuable life than a useless one, and all his own energies should be bent to making the life of the New Methuselah delightful and successful.

One balmy summer evening, the library windows were wide open and the garden flowers filled the dim old room with fragrance. It was Sunday, and Mr. Masters had come to tea, arriving at precisely six o'clock as usual. Dr. Potterby rose to welcome him with unwonted show of pleasure, for the guest had been absent all the week, and his Wednesday evening visit was for once omitted. But there was no cheer in Mr. Masters's expression of face, he was in one of his dismal, surly moods, and gave but a limp hand into the doctor's stronger grasp.

"What news, sir?" asked the doctor, cheerily, trying to ignore the feeling of damp fog that pervaded his old friend's personal atmosphere.

"I am again defeated by the malice and envy of younger men; the omniscient young man, sir, is the bane of modern life. They live in a blind worship of petty details," and further than this the subject of a transatlantic electrical marine railway was not discussed.

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It was indeed a great subject, though defeated for the time being; yet this present disappointment was evidently harder to bear than any in that long succession which had saddened the heart of Mr. Masters. He made a futile attempt to revive his own and Dr. Potterby's interest in a famous scheme for engineering through Congress a bill for the reimbursement of slaveholders. It had been proposed that he should awaken public opinion through the pulpit, in which he never forgot his right of speech, and by means of circulars he was to awaken the Southern mind and propose to right their wrongs at a nominal commission or percentage, which would at once make him a rich man. "Sir," said Mr. Masters, "if the government permitted and legalized slaveholding, it made those slaves legal property; it had no right to free those slaves without reimbursement. The principles of humanity set aside, it was *robbery*, sir." Dr. Potterby gave the usual, somewhat doubtful, shake of the head which once would have started a vigorous evening debate, but Mr. Masters had lost his spirits and sat pondering the injustice of the age, but speechless, in his chair. Statesman as well as scientist, the unkind world turned a deaf ear to all his propositions.

"I must confess," said Dr. Potterby, "that I am completely amazed with the success of my experiments so far. The child grows steadily, and develops most wonderful aptitude and agility. I have never observed a more interesting young creature. A fair start in everything. Mrs. Yard says that I may rest assured that all is well, and I expect her momently now to make her daily report. One week is of course a short time, but certain points were already decided in my mind last night, at the week's end. Oh, here is Mrs. Yard now," as that worthy woman came beaming into the library, casting, it must be confessed, a mildly scornful glance at the back of Mr. Masters's head.

"He's doin' beautiful as can be, sir," said Mrs. Yard, without being asked. "I've just got him into his little crib. He's got a master head-piece, that child; when he wants to go upstairs he'll p'int, and when he wants to go downstairs he'll p'int. You're goin' to rear a little ornament to society, if I do say it, sir; an' so laughin' an' frolickin' the day through, an' wantin' to play hide an' seek with me an' the girls, like a child o' six."

"All very pleasing," murmured the sage. "Now we will make our careful record."

Mr. Masters gave a furtive glance over his shoulder at the great leather-bound blankbook, in which these voluminous records were kept, and then turned away again with contempt. Such things were too trivial. For his part the prolongation of life was not so desirable a thing to wish for. Asa Potterby and Mrs. Yard were two old women together. Their minds were enfeebled with luxury; he would go back to his plain scholar's work-room and be thankful for his undegraded wits. To the astonishment of his entertainers, he now broke away from them an hour and a half earlier than usual, but he found his basket in the hall and did not disdain to take it with him. Mrs. Yard was invited to sit down, and she and the doctor talked about little Thomas for an hour. They were proud to assist in the advancement of science, and the good woman's mind seemed at times almost inspired, so ready was she with suggestion, and with such patience she listened to her master's theories. There was a new impulse of life in the old Potterby mansion. One day Mrs. Yard missed the child, and found it in the library, where the doctor had left some sheets of important manuscript on the great desk, to build erections of his sacred books for little Thomas to overthrow.

V.

THE summer went swiftly by, a long piece of the young child's life, but a brief space of pleasure to its guardians. The doctor began to add a larger proportion of animal food to the diet list, and there were grumblings heard among the butchers and purveyors because the once indifferent doctor was often so impossible to suit. He furbished up his rusty knowledge of chemistry and tested various tissues and edible substances;

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not being content with the results of text-book experiment, until the decent library had certain unpleasant qualities in common with Mr. Masters's study itself. There was great solemnity of theory, and Mrs. Yard kept manfully to the rendering of formal reports, and weighed the daily allowances of food on those expensive and accurate scales provided by the doctor; but he was sometimes puzzled to account for an almost improper gain of flesh on little Thomas's part, not suspecting, good man! the secret supplies of thick gingerbread and lavish slices of bread and butter with which he was indulged. Life was rendered somewhat precarious in this way during the dangerous second summer, but Mrs. Yard carefully concealed any days of drooping, being but antiquated in her own ideas of the care of children, and much more inclined to consult certain rural acquaintances, mothers and grandmothers, and to apply simple household remedies by them dictated, than to confer with the doctor and attempt to revise his own scientific scheme.

For his part he was all confiding, and dreamed much in those days of that old age of vigor of which his own ignorantly shortened existence must fall short. This intelligently nurtured child, within whose grasp all good and necessary things were to be placed, was at the threshold of a surprising career. A century from now he would be still in full vigor and serenity of life; "a century from now," Dr. Potterby often repeated to himself, "my name as a far-seeing man of science and devotion to the interests of humanity, will be better known than to-day; they will speak of my labors with wonder, as having been pursued in the midst of this dull and ignorant age."

The August weather was peculiarly unwholesome that year, and such moist heat was always depressing to Mr. Masters's spirits. On a certain Wednesday evening he came to tea very ill-humored and dictatorial, but Dr. Potterby was mild-mannered and conciliatory, and tried to please his guest more than usual. He had ready an expensive new German work upon Electrical Engineering for which Mr. Masters's soul longed, but it was listlessly turned over, and even criticised with a show of severity, though a fierce gleam of satisfaction in his eyes as he received it had been thanks enough to the giver. Dr. Potterby did not resent the up-hill work of the conversation; he only deplored it and grew weary; at last he began to speak of his continued happiness in watching the development of little Thomas. "Yesterday," he said, solemnly, "yesterday I finally gave my revised will into the hands of my lawyer. With the exception of some temporary legacies which will in time revert, I have devoted my property to the forwarding of an experiment, so fraught with blessing to the human race. At the child's fifth year I put him under the charge of carefully chosen scientists——"

"Oh, mercy me!" there came a piercing shriek from the stairway, "he's in a fit, doctor, he's——" and Mrs. Yard's retreating voice became inaudible as she fled back to that perfectly lighted, perfectly aired, and perfectly warmed room which contained the crib of the illustration of prolonged longevity. The two elderly men came breathless to Mrs. Yard's assistance. She looked the picture of despair, though she said there still was hope. But the sad confession had to be made that little Tommy had strayed out into the garden that afternoon and was found there devouring a hard green apple.

Three days later a short funeral procession left the door of the Potterby mansion. Mr. Masters did not disdain to accompany his old friend, or to show real sympathy in the sad event. Mrs. Yard and her associates followed, weeping. It was not for little Thomas to serve as the great illustration of Dr. Potterby's theories. The New Methuselah was no more at the age of nineteen months and a few unreckoned days.

"You are a man of many ideas," said Dr. Potterby gravely to his companion. "I now see the practical failure of the one great scheme of my mature life."

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

IT was inevitable that Mr. Walter Pater should write a categorical defence of poetic prose, but it is unfortunate that he should do so in an essay on "Style," because if there is anything which style is not it is poetry, and because the confusion of the two, artistically speaking, has, perhaps, been more maleficent than any other agency in its effects on English prose. The introduction to his volume of "Appreciations"—the most notable contribution of recent months to what used to be called *belles lettres*—is a capital instance and illustration of this confusion. Poetic prose has, at all events, not succeeded with Mr. Pater. He has frittered away his force in it, and from one of the most delightful has become one of the most irritating of obviously artificial writers. Everyone can now see that his very winning "Studies in the Renaissance" contained the germ of the elaborate *ennui* which these "Appreciations" embody. The "Essay on Style" itself is written in that unaccented *adagio* which is the characteristic movement of the large leisure enjoyed by the Fellows of Brasenose, and—as, alas! they never seem to remember—peculiar to them. The result is a manner which, however poetic it may be, is as far removed as possible both from true style and from real prose.

Yet it is this very addiction to manner that Mr. Pater conceives as the essence of style. Literary art, he says, "like all art which is in any way imitative or productive of fact—form, color, or incident—is the representation of such fact as connected with soul, of a specific personality in its preferences, its volition and power." But is the quality in virtue of which—as Mr. Dobson paraphrases Gautier—

"The bust outlives the throne,
The coin Tiberius"

the "specific personality" of the artist who carved the bust or chiselled the coin that have thus outlived all personality connected with them? Not that personality and "soul"—if Mr. Pater pleases—are not of the essence of enduring art. They are, on the contrary, the condition of any vital art whatever. But what gives the object, once personally conceived and expressed, its currency, its universality, its eternal interest—speaking to strangers with familiar vividness, and to posterity as to contemporaries—is something aside from its personal feeling. And it is this something and not "specific personality" that style is. Style is the invisible wind through whose influence "the lion on the flag" of the Persian poet "moves and marches." The lion of "soul" may be painted never so deftly, with never so much expression, individual feeling, picturesqueness, energy, charm; it will not move and march save through the rhythmic, waving influence of style.

Nor is style necessarily the grand style, as Arnold seems to imply in calling it "a peculiar recasting and heightening, under a certain condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it." Perhaps the most explicit examples of pure style owe their production to spiritual coolness; and, in any event, the word "peculiar" in a definition begs the question. Buffon is at once juster and more definite in saying: "Style is nothing other than the order and movement which we put into our thoughts." It is singular that this simple and lucid utterance of Buffon should

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have been so little noticed by those who have written in English on style. English writers—like Mr. Hamerton, for example, who snubs M. Charles Blanc as "ridiculous" for talking about "*le style*," which he declares to be simply "individuality"—have apparently misconceived, in very curious fashion, Buffon's other remark, "*le style c'est l'homme;*" by which aphorism Buffon merely meant that a man's individual manner depends on his temperament, his character, and which he, of course, was very far from suspecting would ever be taken for a *definition*.

Following Buffon's idea of "order and movement," we may say, perhaps, that style results from the preservation in every part of some sense of the form of the whole. It implies a sense of relations as well as of statement. It is not mere expression of a thought in a manner peculiar to the artist (in words, color, marble, what not), but it is such expression penetrated with both reminiscence and anticipation. It is, indeed, on the contrary, very nearly the reverse of what we mean by expression, which is mainly a matter of personal energy. Style means correctness, precision, that feeling for the *ensemble* on which an inharmonious detail jars. Expression results from a sense of the value of the detail. If Walt Whitman, for example, were what his admirers' defective sense of style fancies him, he would be expressive. If French plastic art had as little expression as its censors assert, it would still illustrate style—the quality which modifies the native and apposite form of the concrete individual thing with reference to what has preceded and what is to follow it: the quality, in a word, whose effort is to harmonize the object with its environment. When this environment is heightened, and universal instead of logical and particular, we have the "grand style;" but we have the grand style generally in poetry, and to be sure of style at all prose should certainly be suspicious of the "soul" and "specific personality" which tend to make it poetic and individual.

And really this common confusion of style with personality—which latter is a poetic factor in literature—has not only led to the amount of poetic prose we have that is bound to perish because it is not the happiest expression of the writer's thought; because, at best, as Arnold remarked of one of Mr. Ruskin's rhapsodies, "what he is there attempting he will never, except in poetry, be able to accomplish to his own entire satisfaction." It has also tended to prevent the development of pure prose—prose like Swift's and Thackeray's—by obscuring the merits of such prose. Salience, idiosyncrasy, color, feeling have, on the one hand, been supposed necessary by every writer desirous of cultivating style—qualities which are really hostile to style in prose, though in verse metrical restrictions and opportunities supply to them just the element that in prose they lack. On the other hand Buffon's "order and movement" have been quite forgotten. Surely no one of Mr. Pater's authority could do his native idiom a worse service than by advocating poetic prose in the first place and calling it style in the second.

A CORRESPONDENT who wrote the other day in rather a pessimistic vein from Los Angeles averred that the monotony of the climate there was a depressing influence. There was not difference enough between the seasons, she said, to give to life that variegated flavor which is so acceptable, and goes so far to prevent the soul's palate from being jaded. When the correspondent's letter had been printed and found its way back whence it came, the local journals immediately denied all in it that was disparaging, and explained that the writer took sad views of life because of disappointment in a transaction in corner-lots. Whether southern California lacks seasons or not is a question of fact that is best settled on the spot, where daily instances of the climate may be put in evidence. Probably it doesn't, but if it does, its deficiency is a serious one.

We of New York and New England and the comparatively effete East abuse our climate a good deal, and sometimes with plenty of reason, but we ought not to forget that it is parcelled out to us in excellent variety. It is a vast inconvenience in summer sometimes to have to pick up a sick baby and rush for the seashore or the hills; and in the winter there is pneumonia and the whole family of throat and lung experiences; and in the spring there is the liver. But it is a well-seasoned climate all the

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same, and where we are not too set upon getting our whole annual experience of it in any one spot, it does as well by us as any climate can be expected to do by people of desires and infirmities such as ours. It is our duty not merely to make the best of it but to make the most of it. Does the valued and intelligent reader take pains to do that? Does he fully realize that in living in a climate that is seasoned he enjoys opportunities which all people do not have? And is he prepared for industrious and painstaking appreciation commensurate with his chances? Let him consider peoples whose lot is cast in regions where the meteorological vicissitudes are unimportant. Take the good people of Hayti, whose vitals are never frozen up; or the Eskimaux, or Icelanders, who never really get thawed out. Are they over-bright, these worthy folks? Read what Ibsen has found it necessary to write to enlighten the simplicity of his compatriots; inquire as to the experience of Hayti since Toussaint L'Ouverture's revolt; and draw such conclusions as you must as to the usefulness of due alternations of freeze and melt in making men's wits active and promoting their energies. There is said to be foliage in the tropics of a certain sort, great lazy leaves for which the botanists have names; but where there are to be oak or maple leaves, or hickory or beech, the sap must run up the trunk in the spring. Leaves with come-and-go to them, and wood with a snap in it, are not the product of those all-the-year-round climates. Similarly men. We are the salt of the earth, brethren; and it is to the shifting of our seasons that we owe very much of our savor. And therefore we ought to make it more of a religious duty to get the very most out of our seasons that we can. The winter hasn't been much of a winter; but by the time this reaches the reader's eye the winter will have ceased to be a cause of complaint.

Make the most of the spring. It is a trial oftentimes. It makes heavy the heads of men and pains them in the small of their backs, but that is precisely because they neglect it, and take no pains to accommodate themselves to its requirements. For its spirit is exacting in proportion to its value. It is the season of moods, of introspection, retrospection, meditation, procrastination, forecasts; of waiting around for things to begin; of catching the germs of enterprises to be hatched during the summer and launched into activity when the energies recur in the fall. It is a season that men are too much inclined to crowd, and it avenges itself on them for their unwisdom. Do not hurry it! Give it time to work itself out in you! Dawdle a little! If you cannot get into the woods, get into the parks; and when you cannot get to the parks, saunter on the avenues, and stop long before the flower-shop windows. Go to meet the spring if you can. Go to Washington in April; there you cannot hurry. There you must saunter and dawdle, and invite your soul to make suggestions to you. Go down the Potomac. Sit in the sun in Lafayette Square and listen to things as they grow. There you will hear the identical *lenes susurri* that caught the Horatian ear in the Campus Martius. There there is an atmosphere; there you have sunshine overhead, green grass underfoot, and the past and the present and the future all about you. Get a taste of a Washington spring, if only once; for it will come back to your senses as often as spring itself returns, and as often as it comes you will bless it.

It is generally supposed that the perceptive or passive sense of humor is a far more common possession than the creative or active sense, and therefore that the men who laugh far outnumber the men who make them laugh. That this last proposition may be true I will not deny: that it is true because the first is true I wish to disprove; and I expect to bring conviction to any candid mind.

I know no better answer to the question, "What is Humor?" than the definition compiled by my learned friend, Dr. Prætorius Philandroschky, Ph.D., of Heidelberg, which stands thus:

"The Revelation or Perception of the Surprising or the Incongruous in Cases or under Circumstances where the Mind perceives a parallel or concurrent ideal or possible Expectedness or Congruity, generally of a spiritual Nature."

With a definition like this for a basis any man ought to be able to build up a substantial and enduring theory of humor,

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and I shall try to induce you to accept this definition by merely citing a few instances of an illustrative character.

Suppose we go forth upon the first day of April, commonly called All Fools' Day, and see a pompous gentleman parading the streets with a paper attached to his coat-tails bearing the legend "KIK ME"

Why do we smile?

Because we perceive the incongruity between the humility and self-abasement of the written request and the pomposity and self-importance of its bearer; and at the same time we perceive the parallel or concurrent congruity of the sentiment with the smallness of soul which makes the man so big in his own esteem, although for all his wisdom and high-mightiness he is only the butt of a poor street-boy who knows no better than a spelling-reformer how to spell "kick."

But let us suppose that the street-boy has done what the street-boy would not be likely to do, for his sense of humor is too good, and affixed that placard to the back of a motherly old lady, let us say, or a Sister of Charity. Do we smile? No, we hasten to her, we lift our hat, we say deferentially "Allow me, Madam," and we remove the paper and tear it up before the dear soul can see what is written on it. The parallel or concurrent congruity is missing in this case. The joke is not a joke.

Let us consider another case. Here is a story that has been a test and touchstone of the sense of humor for two generations. One-half the world finds it diabolically funny; the other half will naught of it. It is of the frontiersman who came home from a journey and found his crops destroyed, his cabin gutted with fire, and his entire family lying dead, killed by the Indians. Leaning his elbow upon what remained of his mantel-shelf, he surveyed the scene in silence, and then said, slowly, deliberately, and decisively:

"This . . . is . . . perfectly . . . ridiculous!"

Did you laugh at that? Or were you shocked? If you were shocked, you saw only the incongruity between the phrase and the occasion. But if you laughed it was because you saw a certain congruity between the inadequacy of the expression and the inadequacy of *all* language to express the gravity of the situation. Put any other word in the place of that "ridiculous"—put "horrible," "terrible," "shocking," "crushing," "heart-rending,"—and you will see that, so far as adequacy of expression is concerned, the man might as well have kept mute. Indeed, you will see that his pitiful choice of words comes singularly near to conveying his idea that the completeness and perfection of his disaster put it almost outside the pale of rational consideration.

If these instances, and such others as the reader may choose to supply for himself, appeal to him with as much force as they do to me, I think we may consider the learned Professor's definition accepted. We then see at once that not only the making, but the taking of a joke—without which it is not a joke (and Shakespeare had a dim, unscientific gleam of this great truth)—depends entirely upon the personal experience or humorous education of the two parties to the joke.

For what merry jest concerning a tailor or a haberdasher could Prince Vortigern's grandsire have addressed to the naked Pict who unwillingly supplied him with a painted vest? Nay, the joke is the handshake of humor: one may proffer it, but it is no handshake if the other do not make it so.

Now, as the experience and education of all men cannot be the same all along the line of humor, and as we have made within ourselves all the jokes that we recognize at sight; as we also make and circulate our own quota of jokes, and as there must be many jokes which we never encounter, yet which lie latent within us, is it not fair to assume that our sense of humor is rather of the creative than the strictly receptive order? For otherwise we should be like unto the worthy Briton, who takes his joke home with him, dissects it, discovers its logical principle, sets it working again, and logically laughs.

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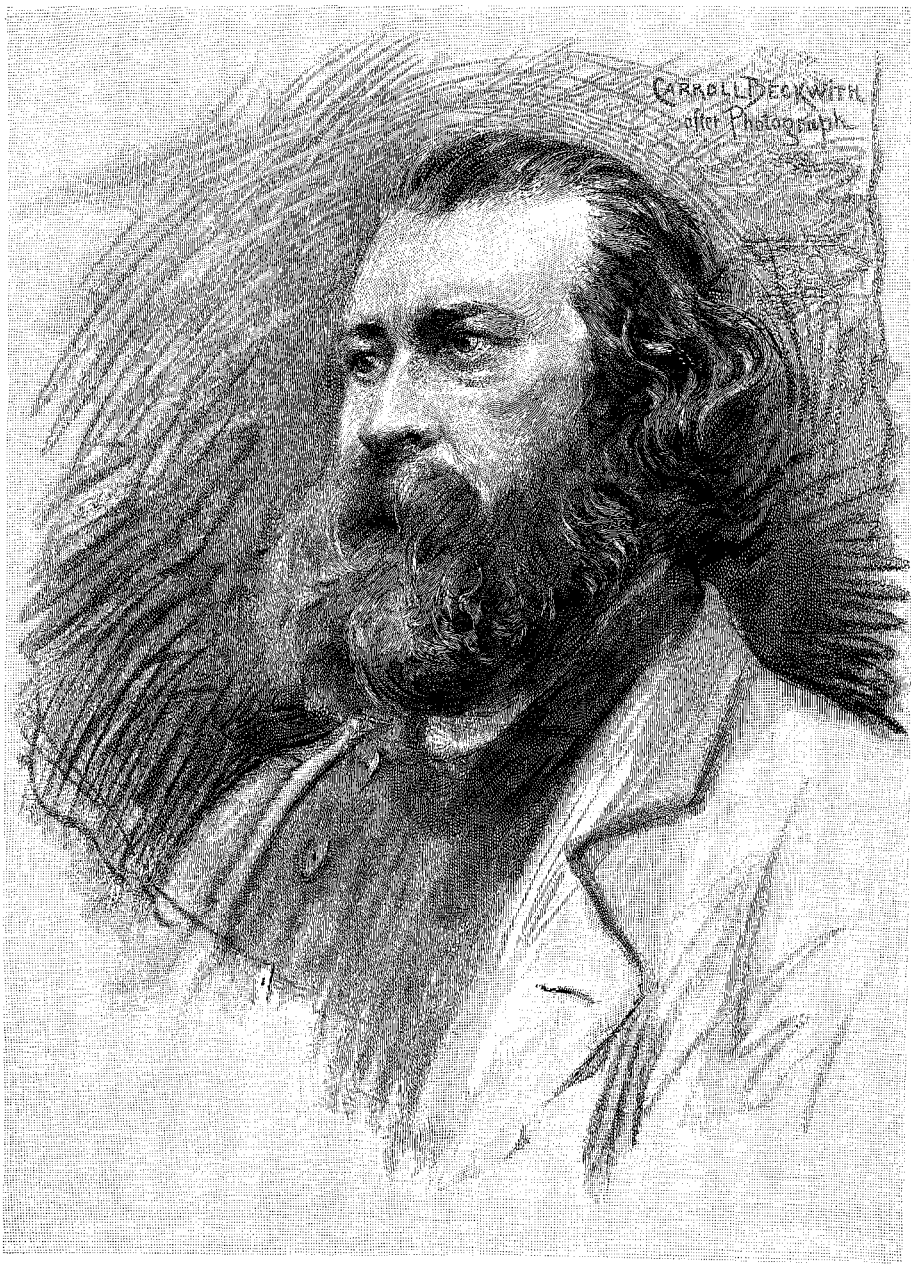

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

(Drawn by Carroll Beckwith, after a photograph taken in Millet's garden, in 1864, by Eugène Cuvelier.)

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